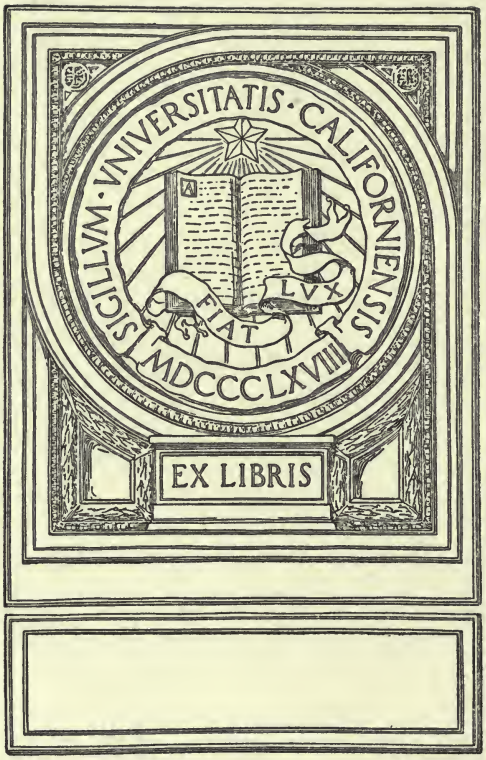
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THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

Turkey, Frontispiece

TURKEY

BY

EDSON L. CLARK

WITH A SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER OF RECENT EVENTS

By WILFRED C. LAY, Ph.D.

ILLUSTRATED

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HISTORY OF TURKEY

HISTORY OF TURKEY

INTRODUCTION.

NEARLY a hundred and fifty years ago, Bishop Berkeley penned that famous line, a line which has passed into a proverb, and become familiar as household words to all peoples whose mother tongue is the English language—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Never, surely, did poet express a great historic truth more tersely, or more happily. For twenty-five centuries, steadily, unvaryingly, the seat of imperial dominion in the civilized world has been moving towards the West. From Persia to Macedon, from Macedon to Rome, from Rome to the Empire of Charlemagne, from mediæval Germany to France and England, from France and England across the Atlantic to these distant shores of the New World, the imperial seat of civilization and political power has constantly advanced in the direction of the setting sun.

But now at last, having reached the waters of the Pacific, and thus completed the circuit of that part of the earth's surface occupied by the royal Aryan race, the Star of Empire has turned in its course. At the present time, aside from the fortunes of our own country, the progress of civilization and political power is not toward the West, but toward the East; and this eastward move-

ment of the course of empire is plainly destined to continue for generations and centuries to come.

Within the past few years, we have seen Germany rise to the ascendant in the political horizon of Europe. The history of the German people has been strange and sad. A people whose blood flows in our own veins; one of the grandest, noblest races that lives on the earth; simple, true-hearted, and earnest; ever toiling on with an industry which nothing can weary or discourage; standing at the post of duty or of danger with a courage as quiet and immovable as the rocks beneath their feet; with a power and scope of thought which long ago gave them the intellectual leadership of the world; and, to crown all, a pre-eminently reverent and God-fearing people, the Germans have lain, through weary centuries, paralyzed by their endless and hopeless divisions, awaiting their time, filling no place, taking no part in the great movements of the political world at all commensurate with their powers or their worth. First Italy, then Spain, then France, then England, then England and France together, rose to positions of controlling influence in Europe; but still Germany lay shorn of her strength, divided and despised. But at last her time also has come. Her ancient wounds have been healed. She has risen in her full strength, and, with a step of imperial majesty, has taken that foremost place which is her right. To every man of Teutonic blood this grand unification of Germany may well be the occasion of profoundest satisfaction, of devoutest thankfulness. For the predominance, the controlling influence, of this simple, earnest, laborious, and thoughtful people forebodes to the world nothing of evil, but only good.

Passing north-east, from Germany into the vast Empire of Russia, we seem to have stepped backward three hundred years in the order of human advancement. We find a people still in the childhood of their political and social development. The peasantry, forming the great majority of the nation, have but just been emancipated from a serfdom which bound them to the land they tilled. They are rude, ignorant, uncleanly, and superstitious. The communal system is an effectual bar to individual enterprise and progress, and during the sixteen years which have passed since emancipation, their moral and social condition has not greatly improved.[1] Yet in the political and social condition of the Russian people as a whole, there has been, during the past thirty years, a breadth and rapidity of progress to which few parallels can be found. It is not too much to say that during this period the Russian people has awoke to political self-

[1] The great want of the Russian peasant is a fair chance to reap the fruits of his own industry. From this the communal system in great measure debars him. The commune, or village, owns the land, assigns to every family the fields it is to occupy for the year, fixes every man's social position, has a hold upon him from which he cannot release himself, assigns his taxes arbitrarily, will not permit him to leave without a pass, and can call him back imperatively, even from St. Petersburg, and from the midst of the most important business, at a moment's warning. The Russian peasant has thus no freedom of action, no fair field for the exercise of his industry and his powers. He is in complete bondage to the commune. This ancient principle of social organization, so peculiar to the eastern and southern Slavonian peoples, must be abandoned, or greatly modified, in Russia—the peasant must be made the master of his own hands, his own fortunes, the products of his own industry—before there can be rapid and substantial progress among the common people. It is clear from Mr. Wallace's admirable work that this second and final emancipation has already begun, and that the time is not distant when it will be fully accomplished.

See Wallace's "Russia," chapters viii. and ix.

consciousness. Heretofore the world has been concerned only with the selfish, autocratic Russian government; hereafter it will have to do with the Russian nation. Towards the fifty millions of the Slavonians of Russi the Star of Empire is steadily taking its course. Far behind the nations of the West as they are in social and political development, there is that in them which must place them, in their time, among the foremost of earthly powers. And their coming time is not so far in the future as we have been wont to think. The distance which separates them from their more favored brethren they are already passing with mighty strides. In the Russian people we see the childhood of a grand and mighty manhood. Few races have ever existed more munificently endowed by nature than the Slavonians of Russia. A people so steadfast and patient; so simple, docile, and obedient; so grave and serious; so deeply, intensely religious; so full of poetry and song, with intellectual aptitudes and capacities so various and so great; so stubbornly, immovably faithful, loyal, and true, is a people which deserves to rise, and which must rise, in the long course of events, to no second place among the arbiters of the world.

Nowhere else, perhaps, is this eastward march of civilization and political power more conspicuously apparent than among the peoples whose rising fortunes are the subject of the present volume. No one, at all familiar with the present state of things in the East, can have failed to be impressed with the fact that for the past fifty years the Greeks and the Slavonian peoples of European Turkey have been rapidly rising to a position of great social and political importance in those fair and fruitful

regions so long blighted and held in check by the barbarian tyranny of the Turks. In the summer of 1876 no nation in Europe held a position of greater political importance than the little Principality of Servia. What action the Prince and people of that small state were about to take in the desperate struggle of the Christians of Herzegovina and Bosnia with their Moslem tyrants, was a question discussed with absorbing interest in every cabinet, in every newspaper, in every city and town of the civilized world. In the terrible struggle which followed, through lack of experience, of organization and discipline, of good leadership, and of effective arms, the Servians failed as deplorably as the armies of our own Union failed in the first battle of Bull Run. But that great disaster to them, like our first crushing defeat, was only a blessing in disguise. It was a fiery trial, producing in the end, not weakness and disgrace, but true courage, union, and strength. The Servians are now under a cloud; but the time is coming when they will emerge from obscurity and stand before the world in a very different light, as their fathers did sixty years ago.

Widely unlike as the Greeks and the Servians are, in language, in race, and in their early history, four centuries of Turkish oppression have placed them side by side in a similar social and political condition, and very nearly upon the same level. The Greeks were already an ancient people, had ages before played the grandest part ever taken by any people in the history of mankind, had fallen from their high estate, had sunk to the lowest stages of servitude and degeneracy, when, in the thirteenth and

fourteenth centuries, the Servians were just emerging from barbarism, just entering on what seemed the promise of a great national career.

To the Servians[1] the result of the Turkish conquest was chiefly to arrest their progress, to hold them, so to speak, in a state of suspended political animation, a fixed and stationary condition, for three hundred years. With the Greeks the case was very far otherwise. In their condition, that great catastrophe wrought a most important, a most beneficent change. It brought them a grand enfranchisement. It effected their political regeneration, made them a new people. In that fiery ordeal, the old political, ecclesiastical, and social system of the Greek Empire, with all its monstrous tyrannies and abuses, was wholly and forever burned away. By the Turkish conquest the Greeks were reduced to a condition of perfect equality; and from that day no people in the world has been filled with a spirit more intensely democratic. They were left very poor, and ignorant, and weak; they were reduced to the lowest round in the social ladder, and had to begin over again the whole order of their social and political development; but they began it in newness of life. They had passed through a new political birth, they were a new people. From that day, although for many centuries their progress was tedious, and painful, and very slow; although even yet they have not passed beyond the weakness of childhood, their course has been just as surely and steadily upwards as that of the sun in the heavens. Of this truth every thoughtful reader of the

[1] The Montenegrins and the Slavonians, both Moslem and Christian, of Herzegovina and Bosnia, are all Servians by race.

following pages will find evidence sufficient and conclusive.

The Servians have been essentially free for sixty-five years. In national character they are very unlike the Greeks, although members of the Greek Church. They are grave, serious, and conservative; more brave and warlike than the Greeks, more steadfast and persistent in their purposes. They have been more successful than the Greeks in the establishment and administration of their free institutions. The Principality of Servia has been more powerful and more influential than the Kingdom of Greece. What may be in store for these little States in the stormy and troubled future which seems to be before them, no one can foresee. But whatever may be their lot, these peoples are destined, beyond all doubt or question, to rise slowly but surely in political power and in social and material prosperity, until they hold some great and leading position in the magnificent regions of south-eastern Europe.

The peoples whose history and fortunes are traced in the following pages, deserve to be better known than they have yet been by American Christians. They are worthy of our warmest sympathies, of our efficient and constant aid. The preparation of this volume has been a labor of love. If it shall result in disseminating among his countrymen a better knowledge of these most interesting peoples, and in deepening and strengthening their interest in them, the author's end will have been fully attained

SOUTHAMPTON, MASS.,
June, 1878.

PART FIRST.

THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.

The Authorities chiefly followed are:

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Finlay's Greece under the Romans, and History of the Byzantine and Greek Empires.

Neander's History of the Christian Religion and Church.

Milman's History of Latin Christianity.

CHAPTER I.

JUSTINIAN.

THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE OF THE EAST.

WHEN in the year 622 Mohammed established both his religion and his power by his flight from Mecca to Medina, it might well have seemed to him that the Empire of Rome had very nearly reached the end of its great career. Internal confusion and disorganization had left the Empire the helpless prey of foreign enemies. The Avars, a powerful Tartar tribe which had invaded Europe and established itself to the north of the Danube, had overrun the European provinces; while on the east, the Persian monarchy, under Chosroes, the greatest of its later kings, had suddenly blazed up in a brief expiring flash of glory rivaling that of its early conquests under Cyrus. Invading the Roman dominions in 603, in the course of twenty years of uninterrupted victory, Chosroes subdued Syria and Palestine, traversed Egypt from the Mediterranean to the borders of Ethiopia, crossed the Lybian deserts and subdued the rich and beautiful province of Cyrene, now Barca, vanquished the Roman armies in Asia Minor itself, and advanced to the shores of the Bosphorus, where in 626 he joined his forces with the Avars

for the siege of Constantinople, in the vain hope of ending forever the Empire of Rome.

This descent of the Empire, from the highest pitch of power and splendor to the very verge of ruin, had been strangely rapid.[1] The glory of the Roman Empire of the East culminated and expired in the long reign of Justinian, who ascended the throne of Constantinople in the year 527, and died in 565. The reign of Justinian opened with brilliant promise. His Empire embraced something less than half of the vast dimensions of the early Cæsars. Western Europe was lost; the Vandals reigned over north-western Africa; and the Persians had pushed their frontier westward, until the Romans retained but the western half of Armenia and the north-western third of Mesopotamia. But, narrowed as it was, the Empire inherited by Justinian still embraced sixty-four provinces and nine hundred and thirty-five cities, and made its master by far the richest and most powerful sovereign in the world. The European provinces of the Empire were bounded by the Danube, the Save, and the Adriatic, though Moesia and Illyricum had already been sadly wasted by barbarian inroads. In Asia, the Roman arms still held the grand peninsula of Asia Minor, western Armenia, the five north-western provinces of Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, and Arabia Petræa. In Africa, the great and fruitful provinces of Egypt and Cyrene still furnished their abundant revenues of both money and corn to the government of Constantinople.

Justinian found the Empire in a condition of unusual

[1] Gibbon, vol. iv. pp. 46, 466; Finlay's Greece under the Romans, chapters iii and iv.

quiet and strength. The provinces were peaceful and obedient, the treasury was full, the army was efficient and well appointed, while both the civil and military service presented an array of able men unsurpassed either before or afterwards in the Eastern Empire.

The reign thus auspiciously inaugurated was not unmarked by great events, worthy of such a beginning. In the year 533, Belisarius, a general worthy of the best days of Rome, sailed from Constantinople for the conquest of the Vandal kingdom in the north of Africa; and with such consummate generalship and such perfect discipline was the expedition conducted, that a single brief campaign sufficed to annihilate the once terrible power of the Vandals, while scarcely a village was plundered, and the capture of the great city of Carthage did not interrupt for a single day the traffic of its busy streets. The great province thus so easily recovered remained for a hundred years, until it was conquered by the Saracens, one of the most prosperous and most valuable possessions of the Empire.

The splendid success of his African expedition inspired Justinian with the hope of breaking the power of the Ostrogoths in Italy. Belisarius entered upon this second and more difficult undertaking in 535. Sicily and Naples were speedily subdued, and in 536 Belisarius entered Rome. The Goths, however, were a people who were not to be easily subdued. The war thus begun continued with various vicissitudes for twenty years. It was ended by Narses, who although a eunuch—and perhaps the only eunuch who ever displayed the energy and ability of a great military leader—was fully the equal of Beli-

sarius. In 554, Narses destroyed the last remains of the Ostrogothic kingdom, restored the whole of Italy to the Empire, and became the first Exarch of Ravenna, under which title he governed his conquests for more than fifteen years. While these events were transpiring in Italy, a considerable district was also wrested from the hands of the Visigoths in the south of Spain—an acquisition of greater value to the Empire commercially than it was politically.

While Justinian derived no little glory from these great military achievements, his reign was made yet more illustrious by the peaceful labors of his civil officers, which have proved a permanent blessing to mankind. Under the personal direction and supervision of the Emperor, Tribonian and his fellow-jurists produced that great digest of Roman law known as the Code, the Pandects, and the Institutes of Justinian, which has ever since remained one of the highest legal authorities of the Christian world.

From these great achievements, the merit of which was in no small degree his own, Justinian derived a just renown. Nor can it be denied that he displayed many of the qualities of a great sovereign and a good man. He was morally virtuous, abstemious in his mode of life, sincere in his religious convictions, and zealous in the discharge of his religious duties. The master of considerable and varied learning, he was one of the most diligent and studious men of his times. After a single hour's sleep he often rose from his bed and passed the rest of the night in study, while his indefatigable industry made him familiar with the minutest details of the vast machinery of the imperial government. Yet with all

this, the government of Justinian was one of the worst ever administered by an active and virtuous sovereign. He was a weak, narrow-minded pedant. His religion was a puerile superstition, his zeal a fanatical bigotry, his industry a meddlesome and mischievous interference with the details of the several departments of government. His ample revenues were wasted with such lavish profusion in his distant and costly wars, his ruinous passion for building in every part of his dominions, and in ignominious tribute to his barbarian neighbors, that his treasury could be supplied only by the most oppressive extortion. Hence the single merit of large and regular remittances to the treasury was suffered to cover the greatest tyranny and official corruption in the provincial governors, until the whole Empire groaned under an intolerable burden of oppression.

Through almost the whole of his reign, the peace of the capital was destroyed by a bloody and terrible feud between the rival factions of the circus.[1] The contending parties of charioteers in the hippodrome were distinguished by the blue and green colors of their respective dresses. With one or the other of these parties almost the whole population of Constantinople took sides, so that the whole city came to be divided between the blue and green factions of the circus. The incessant conflict of these rival factions was carried into every question of social and political life, and very often stained the streets of the city with blood. The blue faction proclaimed themselves, and were regarded by Justinian, the especial champions of his person and government; and for this

[1] Gibbon, iv. 73, 287; Finlay's Greece under the Romans, pp. 235–274.

reason were tolerated in a career of violence and crime hardly to be paralleled in the history of civilized nations. "No place was safe or sacred from their depredations; to gratify either avarice or revenge they profusely spilt the blood of the innocent; churches and altars were polluted by atrocious murders; and it was the boast of the assassins that their dexterity could always inflict a mortal wound with a single stroke of their dagger. The dissolute youth of Constantinople adopted the blue livery of disorder; the laws were silent, and the bonds of society were relaxed. Creditors were compelled to resign their obligations, judges to reverse their sentences, masters to enfranchise their slaves, fathers to supply the extravagance of their children; noble matrons were prostituted to the lust of their servants; beautiful boys were torn from the arms of their parents; and wives, unless they preferred a voluntary death, were ravished in the presence of their husbands.

"The despair of the greens, who were persecuted by their enemies and deserted by the magistrates, assumed the privilege of defence, perhaps of retaliation; but those who survived the combat were dragged to execution, and the unhappy fugitives, escaping to woods and caverns, preyed without mercy on the society from whence they were expelled."[1]

It was the great defect of the imperial government that it was a vast corporation by itself, wholly distinct from the people of the Empire. Justinian's whole policy tended to increase and perpetuate this evil. He feared his own subjects more than his barbarian enemies. He

[1] Gibbon, iv. 59.

would not intrust them with arms for their own defence; even the imperial armies were recruited from barbarian tribes. The ancient municipal institutions of the Empire —the domestic governments of the cities and towns— which had been the foundation of its strength and prosperity, were deprived of their resources. Their revenues, which had provided for a local police, for the repair of roads, bridges, and fortifications, and for the ordinary municipal expenses, were transferred to the imperial treasury. The impoverished cities were thus left to fall to decay, or become the helpless prey of barbarian invaders." [1]

This misgovernment and oppression produced its natural results. The people of the provinces, especially those more remote from the capital, were inspired with a bitter hatred of the imperial government, which prepared them to welcome any foreign invader as a deliverer from the oppression under which they groaned. To make the condition of the unhappy people still worse, the government of Justinian was as feeble as it was tyrannical. During the latter years of his reign, his Empire lay the easy prey of every invader. A disgraceful tribute preserved a semblance of peace with the Persians and the Avars, but the Bulgarians, Slavonians, and Huns ravaged the provinces of the West almost unresisted, until the people whom they had slaughtered or enslaved were counted by millions, and wide regions, before populous and prosperous, had been changed to deserts.

It seemed as if nature itself had conspired with a weak and tyrannical government for the ruin of the Empire

[1] Finlay's Greece under the Romans, chap. iii., sects. 1 and 3.

Terrible earthquakes destroyed some of the most populous cities of the East, two hundred and fifty thousand persons perishing in Antioch alone; and a dreadful pestilence, which sprang up in Egypt in the fifteenth year of Justinian's reign, destroyed half the population of Constantinople, left whole cities desolate in both the East and the West, and continued for half a century to ravage the whole civilized world. Justinian died in the year 565, after a life of eighty-three years, and a reign of thirty-eight, leaving the Empire, which he had inherited in the fullness of power and prosperity, trembling upon the verge of ruin.

His three successors,[1] two of whom were men of character and ability, struggled hard and with some success to uphold the falling Empire. But in the year 602, by a mutiny of the demoralized army headed by Phocas, an ignorant and worthless centurion, the government was overturned. Phocas was raised to the throne, murdered in cold blood his deposed sovereign and all his family, and soon proved himself one of the most incompetent and brutal tyrants that ever disgraced the imperial throne. Chosroes, the Persian king, had obtained his throne by the aid of the slain Emperor Maurice. Upon the accession of Phocas, he declared a relentless war upon the murderer of his benefactor, and entered at once upon his great and long continued career of conquest. Phocas reigned eight years, from 602 to 610, and in that short period the ruin of the Empire was complete.

[1] Justin II., 565–578; Tiberius II., 578–582; Maurice, 582–602. Tiberius and Maurice were able men.

CHAPTER II.

HERACLIUS.

CAUSES OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE OF THE EAST—THE RESTORATION OF THE EMPIRE—THE TRANSITION FROM ROMAN TO BYZANTINE HISTORY.

IN this emergency, all eyes were turned to Heraclius, the aged Exarch of the now prosperous and powerful province of Africa, as the only hope of deliverance from the unendurable tyranny of Phocas. Too old to take the burden upon his own shoulders, Heraclius devolved the task of redeeming the Empire upon his son of the same name, who soon sailed for Constantinople at the head of a powerful fleet. The tyrant fell ignominiously, almost without a blow, and in 610 the young Heraclius was raised to the throne.[1]

Of the great qualities which he was afterwards to display, and the dazzling splendor of his subsequent military exploits, the first years of the youthful Emperor gave little promise. With the imperial purple he had grasped but the shadow of imperial power. The Empire was prostrate; its affairs, both military and civil, in hopeless

[1] Gibbon, iv. 457.

confusion; its territories upon the east and the west exposed without defence to the arms of victorious enemies. The fall of Antioch was the first news which greeted the ears of the young Emperor, and the Persians and Avars continued to advance until the capital, with some fortresses in its neighborhood, Macedonia, Greece, the south of Italy, Sicily, and north-western Africa, were nearly all that remained to Heraclius of the once vast dominions of Rome.

This utter prostration of the Roman power in the first years of Heraclius must be regarded as the transition point between the Roman and Byzantine Empires. The shattered and prostrate Empire was to rise from its ruins, and to stand for centuries the richest, most civilized, and most powerful state of the world; but it was to rise a Greek and not a Latin power. Italy, Africa, Syria, and Egypt were to be finally severed from the Empire; Latin was to give place to Greek as the language of the government and the law; and the common faith of the Greek Church was to become the vital and enduring bond of union to a reasonably homogeneous and harmonious people.

If we regard the conquests of Chosroes as the final destruction of the Roman Empire, we may properly pause at this point to notice the causes of the decline and fall of that vast dominion.

I. The first cause of the decay and disintegration of the Empire is seen in the incongruous and irreconcilable elements of which it was composed. So far as the Latin language prevailed, the various conquered nations became insensibly blended into one great people. By the over-

mastering influence of the power, civilization, and institutions of Rome, the inhabitants of Italy, Gaul, Spain, Southern Germany, Moesia, Thrace, and north-western Africa were gradually fused into a single people, with a common language, common ideas and institutions, and a common religious belief. But in the eastern half of the Empire the case was far otherwise. Among the Greeks, the tribes of Asia Minor, the Armenians, the Syrians, and the Egyptians, the Latin language gained little ground, and never became anything more than the official language of the government. All these peoples retained not only their own languages and nationality, but, excepting the non-Hellenic tribes of Asia Minor, which were heartily devoted to the Greek Church, certain striking peculiarities of religious belief. A strong antagonism and tendency to separation thus grew up, not only between the West and the East, between the Latin-speaking and the Greek-speaking portions of the Empire, but in the East itself, between the Greeks, the Syrians, and the Egyptians. To the Syrians and Egyptians, the government of Constantinople was the hated rule of strangers and heretics. They submitted with no great reluctance, many of them gladly, to the successors of Mohammed—a fact which explains the ease and rapidity of the first Saracen conquests.

II. The second and most efficient cause of the decay and fall of the Roman Empire lay in two great and radical vices of the imperial government; its entire separation from the people and all the interests of society, and its fiscal oppression. The imperial government, after the time of Constantine, was a close corporation, forming a

vast establishment complete in itself, holding the Empire in absolute subjection, allowing to the people no rights of self-government or even of self-defence, and governing them solely for its own advantage. Its great end from first to last was to bring the largest possible amount of money into the imperial treasury. As distinct from this end, the public good was something little regarded, rarely thought of. As might be expected of such a government, its fiscal extortions were universal, constant, and terrible. The population of the Empire was regarded in hardly any other light than as a great instrument for the production of revenue. The measure of the exactions laid upon the provinces was simply the largest amount that could be wrung from them. The taxes upon agriculture, already ruinous before the time of Constantine, were retained and increased by the Christian Emperors. Gradually the small farmers were everywhere ruined, everywhere disappeared; but, by a cruel refinement of fiscal ingenuity, every community was taxed as a whole, and the rich, so long as any remained, were compelled to make good the deficiencies of the bankrupt poor. As the result of these grinding extortions, the farming population of the country districts was everywhere ruined throughout the Empire. The great class of small landholders disappeared, and the whole agricultural territory of the Empire, beyond the immediate neighborhood of the cities, became divided into great estates, tilled only by serfs and slaves. The free laborers, reduced to utter poverty and helplessness, and worse off than the foreign-bought slaves, sunk to the condition of serfs; and lest the land should be left untilled and thus yield no revenue,

a law was enacted that any freeman who had cultivated lands for the space of thirty years should remain forever attached with his descendants to the same estate. The position of the slaves, as the chief producers of the agricultural wealth of the Empire, gave them great importance in the view of the government; and while the free laborers sunk to serfs, the slaves gradually rose to the same condition. Long before the time of Justinian this vast class of serfs and slaves had so increased as probably to exceed half the population of the Empire.[1] This fact is of itself sufficient to explain the fatal weakness of the state. That sturdy yeomanry, which must form the bone and sinew of every really vigorous country, had been annihilated by the fiscal oppression of the government and the vast and universal system of slavery. The only population remaining capable of any effort in self-defence was confined to the cities. But the people of the cities were so distrusted and feared by the government that they were not permitted to arm themselves for their own protection. They were compelled to depend wholly for safety upon their fortifications and the presence of regular garrisons. But this was not all. The entire separation of the government from all the interests of the people, and the oppression to which they were constantly subjected, had rendered all patriotic feeling impossible, and had filled the provinces not only with indifference as to the fate of the imperial government, but with positive hatred towards it. Thus, totally destitute of strength in the affections

[1] Sir James Stephen's Lectures on the History of France, Lect. I., on Ancient Gaul; Finlay's Greece under the Romans, pp. 181, 231, 240; Gibbon, vol. i. pp. 47–52, and notes.

and support of its people, the Empire rested alone upon its organized military force.

III. The third and immediate cause of the fall of the Empire was the demoralization of its armies. For the first three centuries of its existence, the Roman Empire was the military government of the commander-in-chief of the legions. So long as the army retained its early discipline, and the Emperors were men of energy and ability, the peace and order of society were tolerably well preserved. But it soon appeared how fatally insecure was the foundation on which this military government reposed. It did not take the army long to learn that it was really the master of both the Empire and the Emperor. Soon, in the full consciousness of its power, it began with a reckless and fatal levity to make and unmake its sovereigns. Through the whole of the third, and the first quarter of the fourth century, this tyranny of the army destroyed the prosperity of the Empire, and filled the provinces with constant and ruinous civil wars. Thus things went on until the accession of Constantine, in 324. That great man effected a complete revolution in the constitution of the Empire, and transformed it from a military to a civil government. The Emperor became the head, not of the army, but of the state, a lawful sovereign, to whom army and people alike were bound to render a loyal and implicit obedience. During the long and prosperous reign of Constantine, this great change was quietly and successfully accomplished. The army was effectually subordinated to the civil power, and came to feel a loyal devotion to the Emperor as its lawful sovereign. By this revolution the Empire was in great

measure relieved for two hundred years from the terrible military disorder under which it had so long groaned. But during the later years of the reign of Justinian, his miserable mismanagement, and the pitiful weakness of his government, prepared the way for the revival of the worst evils of the third century. The discipline of the army was relaxed, its efficiency was greatly impaired, a mutinous, insubordinate spirit spread itself through the ranks, and the train was laid for the fearful explosion by which, forty years later, the army rose against its sovereign, hurled him from the throne, elevated a worthless centurion in his stead, and thus destroyed the ancient Empire of Rome.

The first twelve years of the reign of Heraclius, from 610 to 622, were a period of such complete weakness and helplessness that the end of the Empire seemed close at hand. He had neither army nor revenue, and his humble supplications for peace, upon almost any terms, were rejected by the Persian king with silent contempt. In his personal character he displayed as yet none of the great qualities which were afterwards to astonish the world. He seemed a feeble, effeminate youth; thinking more of pleasure than of his arduous duties, with none of that energy, that imperial force of will which his position so urgently required. But after twelve years of insult and feebleness, and when his own fortunes and those of the Empire had sunk to the very lowest point, he suddenly awoke, as a lion from sleep. Supplying his want of money by borrowing the consecrated wealth of the churches, he at length succeeded in getting together a considerable force, made up of raw levies and the remains

of the broken, demoralized legions. From this point his movements were marked by the energy and far-seeing sagacity of military genius. Putting to sea with his undisciplined and as yet worthless army, he followed the southern coast of Asia Minor until he reached the Gulf of Scanderoon, the north-eastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea. There, in a deep and secure valley, inclosed by the mountains of Cilicia on the north, and those of Lebanon on the south, he formed his camp, and gave himself with the utmost patience and ardor to the training and discipline of his army. His success was complete, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing his army fired with his own spirit, and eager to meet their foes. In a few months he was ready for action. By a series of skillful maneuvers the Persian forces in the neighborhood were brought to fight a great battle under unfavorable circumstances, and were totally defeated. He then moved northwards with his victorious army, and fixed his winter quarters in the fruitful valley of the Halys. The next spring he advanced along the southern coast of the Black Sea to Armenia, the inhabitants of which flocked with enthusiasm to his standard. Thence he boldly struck southward for the very heart of the Persian kingdom. Disregarding the vast and victorious armies of his enemies in his rear; paying no heed even to the siege of his capital by the combined forces of the Persians and Avars, he crossed the Tigris, penetrated to regions never reached before by the Roman arms, defeated the Persian armies in a series of great and obstinately contested battles, took Dastagerd, the Persian capital, and did not leave the field until, by four of the

most brilliant campaigns ever conducted by a Roman general, he had broken the power of Persia, driven Chosroes from his throne, and left his kingdom a shattered wreck, to fall before the first wave of Saracen invasion.[1]

After these stupendous achievements Heraclius returned to Constantinople to celebrate his triumph and reorganize his Empire. The Avars retired again beyond the Danube, and the Croats and Servians, invited from the Carpathian Mountains to repeople the desolate provinces of the north-west, became a firm barrier against their further encroachments.

The Empire was restored, but it was sadly weakened and shattered, and in his old age and feeble health Heraclius found himself but poorly able to meet the tremendous onset of the Saracens. Before his death, in 642, Persia, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt had been again subdued, and made part of the vast Empire of the Caliphs. A few years later Africa was lost; and in the comparatively small fragment yet remaining of the boundless conquests of imperial Rome, the Byzantine Empire received its enduring form and dominion.

[1] For the military career of Heraclius, see Gibbon, iv. 464–84.

CHAPTER III.

LEO THE ISAURIAN.

THE EMPIRE A GREAT COMMERCIAL STATE—ITS SOCIAL CONDITION AND GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

OF the ten Emperors who followed Heraclius from 641 to 717, there is no occasion to speak particularly.[1] A single great event stands out conspicuously in the history of this otherwise unimportant period—the first siege of Constantinople by the Saracens.[2] In the year 672 the Caliph Moawiyah assembled a vast military and naval force, which the inefficiency of Constantine Pogonatus permitted, in the following spring, to advance unresisted to the very walls of the city. The Saracens pressed the siege with ineffectual valor until the approach of cold weather compelled them to retire for winter quarters to

[1] The order of succession was as follows: Constantine III. and Heracleonas, the sons of Heraclius, 641 (Constantine died, and Heracleonas was deposed the same year); Constans II., son of Constantine III., 641–668; Constantine IV. (Pogonatus), son of Constans II., 668–685; Justinian II., son of Constantine Pogonatus, a ferocious tyrant, and the last of the Heraclian line, 685–711. (From 695 to 705, Justinian II. was an exile, and the throne was occupied successively by two usurpers, Leontius and Tiberius.) Philippicus, 711–713; Anastatius II., 713–716; Theodosius III., 716–717.

[2] Gibbon, v. 273.

the Island of Cyzicus. In this strange way they continued the siege for seven years. But the strong fortifications of the city, and the bravery of its garrison, defied their unskillful attacks; the terrible Greek fire, then just invented, consumed their ships and spread consternation through their ranks, and the enterprise ended at last in disastrous failure. The land forces were cut off while attempting to retreat through Asia Minor, and the fleet was destroyed by a tempest off the coast of Pamphylia.

During the six years of confusion—from 711 to 717—which followed the extinction of the Heraclian dynasty, the Empire seemed again upon the very eve of destruction. But at this critical juncture, the accession of another great man to the throne again restored its fortunes, marked a great era in its history, and laid the foundation of its prosperity and power for three hundred years. This man was Leo III., the Isaurian and Iconoclast.

The accession of Leo the Isaurian, in 717, marks the completion of the great revolution which transformed the Roman into the Byzantine[1] Empire. Leo was a man of humble birth, a native of Isauria, a mountainous region in south-eastern Asia Minor. His father appears to have removed to Thrace, where he acquired considerable wealth as a grazier. A well-timed gift of five hundred sheep to the tyrant Justinian II. enabled the Isaurian shepherd to secure an honorable position for his son in the Emperor's guards. Thus introduced to the military service, Leo rose by the force of his genius to be the ablest general of the Empire. His masterly meas-

[1] So called from Byzantium, the original name of Constantinople.

ures for the defence of Asia Minor against the Saracens turned all eyes upon him as the only hope of the Empire, and he was hailed Emperor by the general voice of the army and the people. The virtuous but incompetent Theodosius III. gracefully retired, and Leo ascended the throne.[1]

The beginning of Leo's reign was made illustrious by the defeat of the second great effort of the Saracens for the capture of Constantinople—an event that marks the final repulse of the Saracen power in its conflict with the Empire. Hardly had Leo been crowned in the Church of St. Sophia, on the 25th of March, 717, when Moslemah, the equally able brother of the energetic Caliph Sulieman, advanced to the siege of Constantinople at the head of the best appointed and most powerful expedition ever sent by the Caliphs against the Christians. Eighty thousand soldiers constituted the land army, while the whole expedition by land and sea is said to have numbered one hundred and eighty thousand men. Leo met this tremendous attack with a bold and confident defiance. The vast naval armanent was allowed to enter the very harbor of Constantinople, where it suffered a series of overwhelming defeats. The land force was able to make no impression upon the defences of the city, and, by the timely aid of the Bulgarians, was defeated with great slaughter. The siege was feebly protracted into the second year, when the Saracen host, broken and dispirited, wasted by hardship, famine, and pestilence, abandoned the enterprise in despair. The land force succeeded in effecting its retreat through Asia

[1] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, i. 15–17, 28–32.

Minor, but the fleet was so nearly annihilated that no more than five ships returned to Syria.[1]

His power firmly established by this great success, the new Emperor proceeded to reorganize his Empire, and to impress upon it that distinctive and permanent character which it retained for three hundred years. To the genius of Leo III. the Byzantine Empire owed its permanent organization and long continued prosperity. At this point then let us pause to notice briefly its leading characteristics.[2]

During the century and a half which preceded the accession of Leo, the population and wealth of the Empire had greatly declined. The country districts, once densely peopled with a thriving yeomanry, had been desolated by barbarian inroads and fiscal oppression, until many of them, particularly in the northern European provinces, were almost uninhabited; and generally they had been divided into great estates, cultivated by serfs and slaves. Universal and long continued confusion had greatly relaxed the iron order of State and Church. Roads and bridges had decayed, and the provinces were no longer bound together by means of easy and free communication. In the cities, left far more than formerly to themselves, there had been a partial revival of municipal vigor, but with the decline of wealth and free communication, there had been a corresponding decline of intelligence and social activity. All ideas and habits of thought, and all business enterprise, had become narrow, local, selfish. The great strength of the Empire, its strong

[1] Gibbon, v. 278.

[2] See Finlay's Byzantine Empire, i. 1–10.

bond of union, now lay in the Church. Since the loss of Syria, Egypt, Italy, and Africa, almost the whole of the remaining population was zealously devoted to the faith of the orthodox Greek Church; and that church had become far more popular in character. The bishops, everywhere the most intelligent and most influential men in their several provinces, and men whose interests were completely identified with those of their people, were everywhere the leaders of society.[1] They were the presidents of the curiæ or city senates, judges, and provincial governors. The Emperors had long been striving to make their authority as absolute in ecclesiastical as it was in civil affairs, and for two hundred years had presumed by imperial edicts to dictate the faith of the Church; but at this time the popular and measurably independent position of the bishops gave the Church great strength,[2] and the bishops personally a great, and, on the whole, beneficial influence over the people.

The regenerated Empire of Leo was Greek in language and in faith, but not in spirit, or in the controlling elements of its population. The old transplanted Roman aristocracy of Constantinople was nearly extinct, and a new official aristocracy had arisen, of which the controlling element was from Asia Minor and Armenia. The upper classes of Constantinople were chiefly Asiatic, the middle classes largely Greek, the lower, a mixed multitude of all the races of the Empire. But all classes

[1] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, i. 25.

[2] The bishops, in effect, were the Church, as they had been for four hundred years; the people were but so many sheep, to be governed—and fleeced.

alike still proudly styled themselves Romans, and spoke contemptuously of the people of Greece proper as Helladikoi.[1] And in fact the civilization of the Empire was far more Roman than Greek. Its spirit was utilitarian, practical, positive. The Greek classics were still the basis of education, but were despised as the production of idealists and dreamers. There was still much sound learning, and many learned men. The upper classes were well educated for practical life, and the civil and military service abounded in able and competent men. The moral tone of society was comparatively good, perhaps better than it had ever before been in a population equally extensive.[2]

Leo and his successors for a hundred and twenty-five years, the golden age of Byzantine history, are known as the Iconoclast or image-breaking Emperors. The prevalence of Asiatic influences at the capital explains this great iconoclastic movement.[3] The ecclesiastics and common people had degraded Christianity into a worship of saints, images and relics. But there was still a strong party, especially among the better instructed Asiatic laymen, who protested against the prevalent image worship as a base idolatry.

This feeling found expression in the legislation of Leo, which, at first, while not denying the usefulness of pictures or decreeing their entire destruction, strictly forbade their worship. A later decree required that all images should

[1] The Greeks still continued to call themselves *Romaioi* until the revival of their national spirit within the past century, when they once more resumed their proper national appellation, and styled themselves *Hellenes*.

[2] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, i. 258.

[3] Id., i. 41.

be destroyed. It is worthy of notice that upon this point Charlemagne and the leading men of the Frankish Church were in accord with their iconoclastic contemporaries of Constantinople. Charlemagne himself wrote against the worship of images, and it was emphatically condemned by the Council of Frankfort in 794.[1] For a hundred and twenty-five years, excepting the period from 780 to 813, the iconoclastic policy was firmly pursued by the imperial government, and image or picture worship was generally suppressed. But the great body of the people were far too ignorant and superstitious to be reformed in this particular. Upon the death of the Emperor Theophilus, in 842, the reign of this "Asiatic Puritanism" came to an end, and image worship was finally and joyfully restored.

The great reform effected by Leo was the reorganization and purification of the civil government. Ever since the days of Constantine, the imperial government had been assuming more and more completely the form of a great beaurocracy, each department constituting a profession by itself, the details of which could be mastered only by long practice and patient application, and promotion in which was almost sure to follow the display of diligence and ability. It was this regular and scientific form of the imperial government, the like of which the world had never before seen, which gave it its great and enduring strength. These remarks are especially true of the administration of justice. The uniform procedure of the Roman law established throughout the empire, raised up everywhere a body of learned lawyers and judges, who, in

[2] Neander, vol. iii. pp. 234–243. See also Milman's Latin Christianity, book iv. chapters vii. and viii., and book v. chapter i.

turn, by the strong spirit of conservatism natural to their profession, gave to the law itself a degree of stability and consistency which not only afforded a great safeguard to person and property, but formed a strong check upon the absolute power of the Emperors. The government of the Empire was emphatically a government of law; and the regular and tolerably impartial administration of justice did more than almost anything else to reconcile the people to their lot under the absolute and oppressive government of the Emperors.

To those accustomed to the comparative brevity and purity of legal proceedings in English and American courts, this praise of the Byzantine judicature may seem but poorly deserved. The laws, an inheritance from a former age, and enacted many of them for a different condition of society, were often antiquated, confused, and even contradictory. The cumbrous and costly mode of procedure, still retained in the chancery and civil law courts of Europe (in distinction from the common law courts of England) afforded ample opportunity to skillful and unprincipled lawyers to protract their suits to the great loss of their clients; while the hearing and adjudication of all causes before a single judge without a jury, and a judge holding his office only at the pleasure of an arbitrary master, opened wide the door to corruption and bribery. The administration of justice in the Byzantine Empire was very far from being characterized by the purity and impartiality which have been attained in the courts of England and our own country; but it was far in advance of anything enjoyed, or which had ever been enjoyed, in any other country, and was justly regarded

by the people of the Empire as the great glory of their civilization.[1]

The long period of confusion which preceded the reign of Leo had left the legal tribunals of the Empire in a condition of sad disorder and corruption. His first measure of reform was the restoration of comparative vigor and purity in those tribunals. The beneficent results of this reform were felt for many generations throughout the Empire. His second measure was the thorough reorganization of the fiscal administration. He was obliged to rather increase than diminish the public burdens; but those burdens were judiciously arranged to press as lightly as possible upon the industry and enterprise of the country, while the revenue was collected and disbursed with order and economy. The result of these measures was a perceptible and immediate revival of prosperity throughout the Empire.

A third and very striking feature of the government of Leo and his immediate successors was their commercial policy. They saw clearly that henceforth commerce was to be the corner-stone of the strength of the Empire; and seeing this, they so framed the financial system of their government as to foster and promote the commercial interests of their subjects. Monopolies and restrictions were abolished, and duties and imposts were made fixed and moderate. Under this wise policy, the Empire became at once a great commercial state. During the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, until the rise of the commer-

[1] See Gibbon's masterly account of the Roman Jurisprudence, in chapter xliv. of his History; also Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. i. p. 80, and book iii. chapter xxvii.

cial republics of Italy, the commerce of the world centered at Constantinople, and brought with it enormous wealth.[1] The islands and maritime cities of the Empire again grew rich and prosperous; their vast mercantile marine again covered the Black and Mediterranean Seas. An immense caravan trade passed from Cherson (an ancient Greek colony upon the site of the modern Sebastopol) along the north shores of the Black and Caspian Seas to the frontiers of China; a second route connected the cities of Armenia and northern India; while the Saracen merchants brought to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, not only the products of their own country, but the rich traffic of the islands and coasts of the Indian Ocean. The commodities which thus flowed in abundant streams to Constantinople from the several quarters of the eastern world, were again disseminated in the West, partly by caravans through Bulgaria and by the course of the Danube to central Europe, and partly by sea to the numberless seaports of the South. The nations of the West, in their rudeness and poverty, could return but little money, but few of the products of industry or skill to the Greek merchants. But unfortunately their incessant wars supplied, in numberless captives, a commodity in constant demand throughout the Mohammedan as well as the Christian world; and the slave trade became one of the most important branches of Byzantine commerce. Of this vast and terrible mediæval slave trade, the Island of Crete or Candia was the principal mart.[2]

[1] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, vol. i. p. 248.

[2] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, i. 65, note; 328, 515, note. See also Hallam's Middle Ages, p. 473, and note. Mr. Hallam mentions some very sur-

The export trade of the Empire was largely sustained by its manufactures, and its production of wine and oil. The manufacturing skill of the civilized world was now largely concentrated in the Byzantine cities. The cities of Greece, especially Thebes, Corinth, and Argos, grew wealthy and populous in the manufacture of silk,[2] linen, and woolen fabrics of great variety and excellence; while many inland cities of Asia Minor enjoyed an equal prosperity in the production of needles, cutlery, combs, and a multitude of similar articles, with which they supplied the markets of the West. The large population employed in commerce and manufactures produced a great and constant demand for the fruits of the soil. This demand gave a high value to labor, and every city contained within its walls a large agricultural population who cultivated like a garden a considerable adjacent territory.

The military and naval forces of the Empire long remained vigorous and efficient. The army was almost wholly recruited from the neighboring barbarian tribes; but the tactics and discipline of the early Empire were in

prising as well as painful facts, showing the prevalence of a trade in slaves even in England, in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. From these statements it would appear that there were people in England in those times, who sold not only their servants, but their own children and other relatives to foreign dealers for slaves. He cites the following passage from the canons of a council held at London in 1102: "Let no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men of England have been sold like brute animals." To this citation he adds: "And Giraldus Cambrensis says that the English before the conquest were generally in the habit of selling their children and other relations to be slaves in Ireland, without having even the pretext of distress or famine."

[2] Silk had been introduced from China in the reign of Justinian I.—Gibbon, iv. 66–71

great measure still preserved. Until the middle of the eleventh century the Byzantine armies remained the best armed and disciplined, and the most formidable military force in the world. When well commanded, they never failed to prove themselves more than a match for any force which they encountered.

Thus, by the genius of Heraclius and Leo the Isaurian, was the falling Empire restored to lasting prosperity and power. For many generations it seemed to contemporary nations a grand and imposing state, unequaled in wealth and magnificence, and enjoying almost the perfection of civilization and social order. No other nation could boast of an administration of justice so regular and impartial, based upon a code of laws so elaborate and so rational. Its able lawyers, financiers, and civil officers of every class were trained in excellent schools; commercial enterprise and manufacturing skill filled its numerous cities with a busy and prosperous population; a vast and opulent commerce poured a constant stream of wealth into its treasury; its ably commanded and well disciplined legions sustained in many a desperate conflict the ancient renown of the Roman arms. Thus for three hundred years the Christians of the West, in their darkness, barbarism, and confusion, looked upon the Byzantine Empire as the proud embodiment of all that could give greatness and splendor to a nation.

CHAPTER IV.

MENTAL ASPHYXIA.

COMPLETE MORAL ENSLAVEMENT OF THE EMPIRE—INTELLECTUAL STUPOR OF THE CHURCH—THE PAULICIANS.

THE Empire had risen from its ruins, and in all its material interests was flourishing and prosperous; but mentally and spiritually there was no revival; a terrible paralysis had seized upon its whole intellectual life. There was no lack of learning, or of learned men. The ancient treasures of knowledge were still preserved and diligently studied; but learning had become fruitless; the intellectual soil was barren. The mental eye had become fixed steadily and only upon the past. The march of society in State and Church had become a dead routine, in which the only effort was to see to it that nothing diverged in the least degree from the beaten track of earlier days.

The Byzantine Empire presents the strange and unparalleled spectacle of a highly civilized people, unfettered by the system of caste, possessing and carefully preserving the literary treasures of an earlier and better day, yet existing for seven hundred years without discovering one new truth, developing one important or fruit-

ful idea, or producing one book, which for either style or substance deserved to be remembered by succeeding ages. This strange and miserable decay of the intellectual life of society and the Church, which marked the last thousand years of the history of the Empire, is something unique in human history. The like of it has never occurred elsewhere, either before or since.[1] To an observer of the third or fourth century, it might well have seemed that the restless, versatile activity of the Greek mind could only cease with the destruction of the Greek race. That mind had been the light, the intellect of the ancient world. From it, excepting only the religion and sacred writings of the Jews, had sprung all that the world had yet seen which had risen above the low level of a material civilization. The poetry, the history, the philosophy, the science; all the freedom of thought, all the boldness of investigation which had as yet enlarged and ennobled the human mind, had sprung directly or indirectly from the intellect of Greece. Converted to Christianity, the Greeks began at once to reason and speculate upon their new religion in all its doctrines, aspects, and relations, with the same vigor and subtlety which they had displayed in the fields of a heathen philosophy. That elaborate and harmonious system of doctrine, which from that day to this has commanded the assent of the Christian world, was in great measure the work of their skillful hands. When the spiritual life of the Church had almost passed away, this intellectual activity still remained. Fierce controversies upon disputed points of

[1] Chinese civilization approaches nearest to a resemblance; but the Chinese and the Greeks can hardly be compared.

doctrine still raged, and divided not only the clergy and theologians of the day, but the common people. In the fourth and fifth centuries, these religious controversies were the great subject of conversation, and of loquacious, endless discussion, even to the shopkeepers, artisans, and barbers of Constantinople. "Everywhere in that new capital of the world, at the races of the hippodrome, at the theatres, at feasts, in debauches, the most sacred names were bandied to and fro in eager disputation. Every corner, every alley of the city, the streets, the markets, the drapers' shops, the tables of money-changers and of victualers, were crowded with these off-hand dogmatizers. If a trader was asked the cost of such an article, he answered by philosophizing on generated and ungenerated being. If a stranger inquired the price of bread, he was told, "The Son is subordinate to the Father." If a traveler asked whether his bath was ready, he was told, "The Son arose out of nothing."[1]

But as the process of decay went on, even this intellectual activity, which, for a thousand years, had seemed an indestructible attribute of the Greek mind, at last died away. By the year 850, the dead sea of the Greek Church had almost ceased to be agitated, even by the acrid blasts of fanatical controversy. Men worshiped their pictures, their relics, and their guardian saints, and accepted their creed as it was fixed for them by the iron hand of authority, without one inquiring thought, or one longing aspiration for the freedom which they had lost.

This steady decay and final extinction of the intellect-

[1] "The Council of Constantinople," Edinburgh Review for July, 1867 p. 51.

ual vigor and activity of the Greek race, while still preserving and diligently using the literary treasures which were its priceless inheritance, and while the civilization of the ancient world still existed in almost undiminished splendor, is one of the strangest and saddest facts of human history. Few inquiries could be more instructive or profitable than that which should point out clearly the causes of this gloomy and at last total obscuration of the light of the ancient world.

It naturally occurs to us that there were several causes working together under the long and complete despotism of the Roman and Byzantine Emperors to produce this disastrous result;—the degeneracy of mankind under so many centuries of despotic rule; the depression, impoverishment, and disintegration of society by fiscal oppression; and especially, the vast and universal system of slavery.

But neither any one of these causes separately, nor all of them together, are enough to account for the great fact under consideration. For in the first place, at no time in the history of the Empire did there exist in the great body of its people a degree of physical or mental imbecility or degeneracy, which a single generation of free and rational government would not have been sufficient to remedy. After the concentrated beaurocracy established by Constantine the Great had held society in its iron grasp for almost a thousand years, it was still found that if the people of the cities were left to themselves, even partially, and for a short time, their military vigor was soon restored, and with it political sagacity enough for the successful management of their own affairs.

When, after the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders, in 1204, the Greek Emperors were compelled to remove their seat of government to Nicæa, in Asia Minor, and to fall back for support upon the devotion of their people, the archers of Bythinia soon became the most formidable part of their military force, proving themselves in no way inferior to their ancestors of ancient times. And when, about the year 1325, the progress of the Seljûkian Turks cut off the city of Philadelphia from all connection with the Empire, its citizens, undismayed by the ruin which surrounded them, stood manfully and successfully in their own defence; and, relieved from the tyranny and extortions of the imperial government, through two generations of entire independence, they enjoyed a degree of prosperity unknown to them for ages before. Mr. Finlay affirms, and apparently with good reason, that at the very time when the intellectual life of the Empire was finally dying out, its population was characterized by a higher moral tone and a better social order than had ever before been seen in any equally numerous portion of the human race.[1] Plainly, the race had not degenerated. There was no imbecility, either physical or mental, to account for the cessation of its intellectual activity.

That sad result did not spring from the impoverishment and disintegration of society produced by the fiscal extortions of the government. In the fourth century the cities of Greece had already begun to revive, and in the time of the Iconoclast Emperors, the sails of their vast and opulent commerce whitened the waters of the

[1] Byzantine Empire, vol. i. pp. 258–260.

neighboring seas. But, contrary to what has appeared in almost every other similar case in ancient or modern times, this great commercial activity brought no enlargement to the field of thought, wrought no deliverance to the human mind.

It cannot be referred wholly or chiefly to the blighting, deadening influences of a vast and universal system of slavery. The social and intellectual activity of the ancient world was confined mostly to its cities. But in the commercial cities of the Byzantine Empire there was far less of slavery than there had been in ancient Greece, or under the first Christian Emperors of Constantinople.

Nor can we say with Lord Macaulay, that this intellectual decay was produced by the fusing down of the whole civilized world into one uniform and stagnant mass, under "the vast despotism of the Cæsars."[1] It seems a rash thing to call in question a teaching of that great authority; yet it is clear that such an hypothesis is not sustained by the facts in the case. As we have already seen, the power and institutions of Rome did not avail to reduce the whole population of the Empire to one common and homogeneous mass. The peoples of the eastern half of the Empire still retained their languages and their national characteristics. It was the strong and irreconcilable antagonism between the three great national tendencies of the Empire, which we may call the Italian, the Greek, and the Egyptian, which produced the fierce and long continued controversies of the

[1] See the brilliant article on "History," in Lord Macaulay's Miscellaneous Essays.

Christian Church, and which led finally to the dissolution of the Empire.

No more is the long and unyielding despotism of the civil government a cause sufficient to account for this decay. Some of the most brilliant literary periods of both ancient and modern times have occurred under governments as despotic, in theory and in fact, as that of the Roman and Byzantine Emperors. It was under the same imperial government that the Empire was made illustrious by the two golden ages of Roman literature, the pagan and the Christian. No reason can be pointed out, in the character and working of that government, why learning and literature should not have continued to flourish in the Empire, as they did in Egypt, under the Ptolemies, as they have in modern times in France, in Germany, and in Russia. Indeed, no despotic government could well be more liberal in this respect than was that of the Roman Empire, until it formed its disastrous alliance with the ecclesiastical power of the Christian Church. The pagan Emperors, satisfied with acquiescence in their authority, the payment of their fiscal exactions, and a nominal acknowledgment of the religion of the state, left their subjects free, in great measure, to think, to write, and to teach as they pleased. Even the persecutions of the Christians were occasioned far more by a political dread of a religion which seemed hostile to the Roman institutions, than by religious intolerance. The last century and a half of the pagan Empire formed a period of universal disaster and confusion. Attendant upon this state of things, there was necessarily a considerable decline of popular intelligence and

literary activity. Yet the intellectual decay of the Empire during this period was in seeming rather than in reality. The moral and mental vigor of society had not passed away; it had been transferred to the disciples of a new religion. In due time, under the first Christian Emperors, it displayed itself in a brilliant period of the most vigorous and widespread intellectual activity that the Empire had ever seen. If the Christian Emperors could have imitated the tolerance of their pagan predecessors, and, even while sustaining Christianity as the religion of the state, could have allowed the old freedom of discussion and belief within the pale of the Church, there can be no doubt that the same results would have followed then, which have appeared in modern times under the equally arbitrary governments of Germany. The splendid theological literature of the fourth century would have branched forth into a rich and multiform intellectual activity. History, poetry, philosophy, and natural science would soon have begun to inspire the earnest devotion of clear and powerful minds, and the stores of human knowledge would have been greatly increased.

But this could not be. The arbitrary principle embodied in the imperial government had taken full possession of society. Naturally and inevitably, the bishops began to copy in the Church the despotism of the civil government, and to combine themselves into a vast and powerful hierarchy analogous to that of the State. The same despotic authority which the imperial beaurocracy exercised in civil society, this stupendous hierarchy asserted over the Church. It claimed to rule the Church

by the same divine right by which the Emperor governed the State. It assumed the right to fix beyond all appeal, and by an authority from which no man might dare to dissent, every article of religious belief, even to the minutest point. By its alliance with the government it was able to grasp this authority, and to wield it with irresistible power. It thus bound the human mind in an iron bondage from which there was no escape. In this moral despotism of the hierarchy of the Church appears the great and fatal secret of the decline and final destruction of the intellectual life of the Empire. That deplorable catastrophe was the result of one mighty and sufficient cause—the substitution of authority for reason in the decision of every moral and religious question. The government had already closed all political questions against free discussion. The Church now stepped in, and extended the fatal interdict to every question of morals and religion. Thus cut off from every subject of vital and practical interest, the human mind found nothing in the comparatively cold fields of philosophy and natural science to rouse and call forth its energies, and sunk into lethargic inactivity—a sad and terrible result which never has failed, and never can fail, to follow the invasion of the high prerogatives of the human reason by ecclesiastical authority, in exact proportion to the extent and energy of the invasion. This deplorable enslavement of the human mind was already complete before the time of Justinian, and its fatal effects became ever more and more apparent until the final extinction of the Empire by the Turks.

To this long and dreary reign of a dead orthodoxy there came one memorable interruption. Upon the dis-

tant banks of the Euphrates there arose, about the year 670, a new sect, called Paulicians, or followers of St. Paul.[1] The strange and unhappy history of this sect, which, with all its errors, remained the best and most Christian part of the Christian Church for more than five hundred years, demands a passing notice.

In the village of Mananlis, near Samosata, on the Euphrates, there lived a man in humble circumstances, but of a sincere and earnest mind, named Constantine. It happened, about the year 660, that this man entertained a deacon of the Greek Church returning from captivity. In gratitude for his kindness, his guest, upon departing, bestowed upon him a copy of the New Testament. Constantine at once gave himself to the study of his new-found treasure with the greatest earnestness. Catching the true spirit of St. Paul, he not only embraced, but began most zealously and successfully to preach, the simple doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ alone. Taking St. Paul for his example, and striving not only to teach his doctrines, but to imitate his evangelical labors, he baptized the churches which he founded with the name and with much of the spirit of the great Apostle. Rising above the superstitions which then universally debased the Christian world, these simple churches of the distant East rejected the worship of the Virgin Mary, of images, relics, and saints, and displayed a nearer approach than had been seen for centuries to the simple piety of primitive Christianity.

But their truth was strangely mixed with error. In

[1] For the rise and melancholy history of the Paulicians, see Neander, vol. iii. pp. 244, and Gibbon, chap. liv.

the midst of the moral and intellectual darkness which surrounded them, it was hardly possible that they should discern the truth in its fullness and simplicity. In those Eastern regions the old Persian dualism—the doctrine of two eternal and hostile powers, the one good and the other evil—had been preserved through the Gnostic and Manichæan heresies, and still kept a strong hold upon the public mind. With this doctrine the faith of Constantine was deeply tinged; and the constant antithesis presented in the New Testament between light and darkness, good and evil, God and the world, seemed to him to give it strong confirmation. The Paulicians thus came to believe not only in the existence of an eternal being, evil by nature, and forever hostile to the God of light and truth, but that this evil being created the world, and was the author of the old dispensation and the Old Testament Scriptures. They therefore rejected the Old Testament, and with it the Epistles of St. Peter, and everything in the New Testament which savored of the leaven of Judaism. They denied also the human body and actual sufferings of the Lord Jesus, adopting the Gnostic view, that He presented to the eyes of man only a seeming body and seeming sufferings.

But these errors, great and strange as they were, did not prevent them from apprehending, by faith, the love of God in His Son, nor from fixing in the one Mediator between God and man a simple and saving trust. Accordingly, there was soon manifest in the churches of these poor, unlearned people a resurrection of the true Christian life long unknown in the degenerate Church. For twenty years the Paulician churches flourished in

prosperity and peace; but by that time they had attracted the attention of the authorities at Constantinople, and the decree went forth for their extirpation. For a hundred and fifty years from this time they endured in frequent persecutions all that tyrannical power was able to inflict, and many thousands of them were put to death. This cruelty of the government finally drove them to open rebellion. They found ready and powerful allies in their Saracen neighbors, and for a time they waged war against their fellow-Christians with terrible success. But the final issue was against them—their country was wasted with fire and sword, and vast numbers of them were transported from the remote east to the extreme west of the Greek dominions, that their well-tried bravery might become a defense to the Empire against the barbarians of Europe. Planted in western Thrace and Macedonia, in the desolate border-land between the Greeks and Bulgarians, and there left to itself, the new colony took root and grew into a strong and prosperous community. It occupied the city of Philippopolis, and a long range of villages and strongholds stretching south-west from that city as far as the mountains of Epirus.

The mission of the Paulicians was not yet fulfilled. In their new seats they still displayed something of the same simplicity of faith and of earnest, evangelizing zeal which had marked their earlier history in the distant East. During the Middle Ages, when the people of Western Europe were buried in ignorance and superstition, and groaning under an intolerable tyranny in both Church and State, many a light was kindled at the smouldering embers of the Paulician altars, which illuminated the uni-

versal darkness with a bright and cheering ray.[1] The Paulicians of Thrace and Macedonia engaged in active missionary labors, by which their doctrines were disseminated far and wide in both Eastern and Western Europe; and many a pilgrim, pausing among them upon his journey to the Holy Sepulchre, imbibed their purer doctrine and nobler spirit, and carried them with him to his distant home. By the year 1100 the Paulician doctrine had taken deep root among the Bulgarians and Servians, in Italy and in Sicily.[2]

But it was among the Albigenses of the south of France that this so-called heresy obtained its firmest hold, accomplished its greatest work, met its most tragic fate. In the twelfth century the cities of Italy and the south of France were beginning to rejoice in the rising light of a new civilization. While barbarism still maintained an unbroken reign throughout the north of Europe, the people of Provence and Languedoc had already acquired a large measure of social culture and material prosperity. With this rising civilization among the Albigenses there sprung up a bold and free spirit which disdained a spiritual bondage to the Court of Rome, and led them to open

[1] There were two of these great migrations of the Paulicians to the West; the first, from motives, possibly, of policy rather than persecution, under the Emperor Constantine Copronymus, about the year 750; the second, enforced by John Zimisces, in the latter part of the tenth century. "Constantine Copronymus, with their own consent, transported a great body of Paulicians into Thrace, as an outpost to the Byzantine Empire. John Zimisces conducted another great migration to the valleys of Mount Hæmus."—Milman's Latin Christianity, vol. v. p. 159.

[2] In its long career and great extension, the Paulician faith branched into several distinct forms. The Euchites, Bogomilians, and Cathartists were all of a similar character and common origin.

their minds gladly to the Paulician faith. To this revolt from the authority of the Papal Church there could then be but one issue. The time had not yet come when those bonds could be broken, and the unhappy Albigenses were doomed. In the year 1207, Pope Innocent III. proclaimed a crusade against them, in which their savage and greedy neighbors were but too eager to engage. The horrors suffered by the disciples of the same faith five hundred years before, upon the banks of the Euphrates, were re-enacted and surpassed in the south of France. The blood of countless thousands of the people drenched the soil; the faith of the Albigenses was rooted out; and the country, before essentially independent, was subjected at once to the temporal despotism of the King of France, and the spiritual despotism of the Pope.

Such is the end of the sad history of the Paulician sect—a sect characterized, through all its long and eventful career, by an earnest though unsuccessful struggle with the darkness of the intellectual world and the remorseless tyranny of Church and State. There is one very important truth taught by this history which the Church of those evil times had never learned, which many in our own day seem unable to receive. It is that a great deal of doctrinal error may coexist in the human mind and in the Church, with that love to God and man which is the fulfilling of the law, and that faith which saves the soul. The Paulician heresy seems to have been the last flicker of light and life in the Eastern Church. That heresy suppressed, the dreary reign of superstition and of political and spiritual despotism remained age after age, unbroken and undisturbed.

CHAPTER V.

BASIL THE MACEDONIAN.

THE DECAY OF THE EMPIRE.

FROM the accession of Leo the Isaurian, in 717, the Iconoclast Emperors held the throne for a hundred and twenty-five years, until the death of Theophilus, in 842.[1] This period was the golden age of the Byzantine Empire. The Emperors were most of them men of energy and ability, the vast machine of the civil government was in full vigor and efficiency, justice was regularly administered, a rapidly growing commerce filled the Empire with wealth, and the iconoclastic policy of the government gave to the Church and society a moral tone, which was lost upon the restoration of image worship, never again to be recovered.

Theophilus left his throne to his wife Theodora and son Michael III., whose moral and intellectual manhood was purposely ruined by his mother, that she might

[1] The order of succession was as follows: Leo (III.) the Isaurian, 717–741; Constantine (V.) Copronymus, 741–775; Leo IV., 775–780; his widow, the Empress Irene, and his son, Constantine VI., 780–802; Nicephorus I., 802–811; Michael (I.) Rhangabe, 811–813; Leo (V.) the Armenian, 813–820; Michael (II.) the Stammerer, 820–829; Theophilus, 829–842. Theophilus was succeeded by his wife, the Empress Theodora, as regent for their son, Michael (III.) the Drunkard, who reigned 842–867

retain the power in her own hands. The first measure of Theodora was the restoration of image worship; and this reaction against the comparative austerity of the iconoclast government was marked, like the English Restoration of Charles II., by a carnival of license and vice. Mr. Finlay observes that "the overthrow of the Iconoclasts, and the destruction of the Paulicians, were victories of the Greek race and Church over the Asiatics, which were neither forgotten nor forgiven," and that the conquest of Asia Minor by the Turks was facilitated by the hatred of the native Asiatics to Greek rule.[1] From this time on, the history of the Empire is but the painful record of slow but steady and hopeless decay, which deserves and will repay but a very brief review.

The year 867 was marked by the accession of Basil I., surnamed the Macedonian, the founder of the longest, perhaps the most powerful dynasty which ever occupied the Byzantine throne. Basil had entered Constantinople a simple Slavonian peasant, with his wallet upon his shoulder, seeking employment. His intelligence and ability, his athletic figure and great strength, and his marvelous skill in taming unruly horses, in wrestling, and the sports of the chase, soon attracted the attention of Michael the Drunkard, and secured him an important position in the imperial household. The Slavonian groom soon became the worthless Emperor's prime favorite; and at length, as much apparently from caprice or spite as from any other motive, Michael placed the imperial crown upon his head, and made him his colleague in the government. Basil repaid this boundless

[1] Byzantine Empire, vol. ii. pp. 107, 108.

favor by assassinating his benefactor, and became sole Emperor in 867. He was a man as destitute of moral character as of any civil or military training for the high position to which he had been so suddenly and so strangely elevated. But so perfect was the political system of which he found himself at the head, and such was his native shrewdness and ability, that he was able to conduct the government with eminent success. A man of the people, and familiar with the popular wants and burdens, he set himself with no little energy to lighten the pressure of taxation and to introduce order, economy, and vigor into every department of his administration. His diligence was rewarded by the continuance of his family in the government of a powerful and prosperous empire for nearly two hundred years.[1]

As we contemplate the history of the Empire during

[1] The Emperors of the Basilian dynasty were as follows: Basil I., 867–886; his son, Leo VI. (the Philosopher), 886–912; Alexander, brother of Leo VI., 912–913; Constantine (VII.) Porphyrogenitus, son of Leo VI., 913 (Romanus I. was his guardian, afterwards his colleague or master, 913–944)–949; Romanus II., son of Constantine VII., 949–963; Basil II. (Bulgaroktonos), 963 (the Emperors Nicephorus II., 963–969, and John Zimisces, 969–973, were his guardians during his minority)–1025; Constantine VIII., brother of Basil II., 1025–1028; Romanus III., husband of Zoe, daughter of Constantine VIII., 1028–1034; Michael IV. (the Paphlagonian), second husband of Zoe, 1034–1041; Michael V., third husband of Zoe, 1042; Constantine IX., fourth husband of Zoe, 1042–1054; the Empress Theodora, another daughter of Constantine VIII., and the last scion of the family of Basil the Macedonian, 1054–1056.

Basil II., surnamed Bulgaroktonos, or Slayer of the Bulgarians, was the last really able man who ever occupied the Byzantine throne To recount the long list of undistinguished, and too often worthless Emperors, who reigned from 1056 to the accession of Constantine (XI.) Paleologus, the last Greek Emperor, in 1448, would be alike tedious and unprofitable.

this long period, we are struck at once by its still remaining grandeur, prosperity, and power, and by the most unmistakable indications of political, social, and intellectual decay. A diligent and skillful manufacturing industry and a vast and opulent commerce still filled the Empire and the imperial treasury with enormous wealth. The richness and magnificence of Constantinople at this period have rarely been equaled in any city of either ancient or modern times. When the Empress Theodora was forced to abdicate in favor of her son Michael the Drunkard, she reported as then in the treasury the immense sum of one hundred and nine thousand pounds weight of gold, and three hundred thousand pounds of silver, besides rich stores of other precious commodities. The Emperor Basil II., after twenty-five years of costly wars, left an accumulated treasure hardly less in amount. At the same time the Empire abounded in wealthy magnates whose riches bore no inconsiderable proportion to those of the government.[1] Literature and science were cultivated and ostentatiously patronized, and many men of great and varied learning still adorned society. The elaborate machinery of the civil government moved as yet with quiet and efficient order, and the military establishment showed no signs of decay. The reigns of Nicephorus II., John Zimisces, and Basil II. form a period of conquest and military glory hardly surpassed by any in the history of the Empire. Crete, Cyprus, Antioch, and northern Syria were recovered from the Saracens, and the boundaries of the Empire were once more

[1] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, vol. i. p. 252; Gibbon, vol. v. pp. 348-353.

extended to the Tigris; and finally, the able and indefatigable, but stern and cruel Basil II., surnamed Bulgaroktonos, or Bulgarian-slayer, after an obstinate struggle of twenty-two years, completely destroyed the powerful kingdom of the Bulgarians, and extended his Empire to the Danube and the Adriatic.

But this magnificence and military success were but the delusive covering of radical and universal decay. The despotism of the Emperors was now absolute in both State and Church. They elevated and deposed the patriarchs at their pleasure; the provincial bishops became the mere creatures of the civil power; all municipal institutions were abolished; the imperial senate had sunk into a mere executive council. A pompous and tedious ceremonial, which should conceal the sacred person of the emperor from the eyes of mankind, became a chief subject of thought and study to the degenerate Greeks. The court, much of the time thoroughly corrupt, was too often disgraced by shameless vice and by constant intrigues and conspiracies.

It was during this period that the wonderful machinery of the civil government, which had so long upheld the Empire, began to be neglected and broken up. Instead of the able and thoroughly trained ministers and civil officers who had heretofore filled the several departments of government, high and responsible trusts now began to be committed to eunuchs and slaves. With this neglect of the civil system there was a corresponding decline in the learning and ability of its members; and as the judges became poorer and less learned, the administration of justice became less regular and impar-

tial, and the security and order of society were sadly impaired.

With this period also passed away the commercial prosperity of the Empire. The wise policy of Leo the Isaurian was abandoned, and monopolies and imperial favoritism were allowed to obstruct the channels of trade. Swarms of Saracen pirates began to rove the seas and ravage the islands and coasts of the Ægean. Constant wars, which were in reality little else than great slave-catching expeditions, had long been waged by the Saracen emirs upon the border provinces, until eastern Asia Minor was almost depopulated; the long struggle of Basil II. with the Bulgarians left the provinces of the West equally exhausted; and thus the general vigor, the trade, and the population of the Empire were wasting away. As the middle classes disappeared, the country everywhere passed into the hands of great military nobles, who reigned like kings upon their vast estates, and lived in royal magnificence at Constantinople.

With the death of Basil II., in 1025, the glory of the Empire departed. The sovereigns of his line, who still occupied the throne for thirty-four years, were as incompetent as they were base and profligate. Everything tended steadily to ruin. The old vigor of the governmental system was gone; the army, no longer either properly disciplined or ably commanded, lost its ancient superiority over the forces of neighboring powers; places, privileges, and justice itself were openly and shamelessly sold; and the whole Empire groaned beneath an intolerable burden of corruption, misgovernment, and oppression.

The death of the Empress Theodora, the last scion of the family of Basil the Macedonian, in 1057, was followed the same year by a most important revolution, which placed the imperial crown upon the head of Isaac Comnenus, one of the great nobles of Asia Minor. From this time on until the Turkish conquest the throne remained in the possession of one or another of these great families. In the eyes of his contemporaries, the Empire of Isaac Comnenus seemed hardly less magnificent, prosperous, and powerful than that of Basil the Macedonian. It was, however, but a splendid shadow from which the strength and substance had departed. The old civil system now fell almost entirely into disuse. Official education and regular promotion in great measure ceased, and the offices of government were mostly intrusted to servants of the Emperors from their private principalities. "This change in the position of the dignitaries of the Empire enabled the sovereign to intrust the direction of the government to the stewards of his household. Now, though these men were not trained in the public service, yet their previous duties prevented the practice from producing so great an amount of public inconvenience as to cause general dissatisfaction. . . . . We must recollect that many of the great families in the Byzantine Empire at this period possessed households so numerous as often to count their domestic slaves by thousands. Those who maintained such establishments in the capital were proprietors of immense estates in the provinces, and the intendants who managed their affairs were consequently trained to business in a school which afforded them as extensive an experience of government as can

now be gained by the individuals who direct the administration of many of the German principalities."[1] Yet the change was every way and immensely for the worse. The policy of the new imperial system was narrow, short-sighted, and selfish. Roads, fortifications, the administration of justice, commerce, all the great interests of society were everywhere neglected, and universal decay seized upon the Empire.

While the ancient dominion of Rome was thus bowing with the decrepitude of age, other powers, fresh with the vigor of youth, and with which the tottering Empire found itself unable to cope, were rising to their place in the political sphere—powers whose appearance indicates the dawning of the modern age. The small but energetic and powerful republics of Italy were now beginning to fill the seas with their fleets and to dispute the ancient commercial supremacy of Constantinople. The Normans, already established in southern Italy and Sicily, were soon, under their famous leader, Robert Guiscard, to display their erratic but marvelous energy in the western provinces of the Empire; while in the distant east the Seljûkian Turks had begun to pour the swarms of their irregular cavalry over the high plains of Armenia.

The conquest of Asia Minor by the Seljûk princes was one of the most efficient of the immediate causes of the fall of the Empire. In the year 1063, the great Alp Arslan ascended the throne of Persia, and two years later he effected the conquest of Armenia and Georgia. The presence of the victorious Turks in Asia Minor compelled the Empress Eudocia, the widow of Constantine Ducas,

[1] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, vol. ii. p. 4.

the successor of Isaac Comnenus, to give her hand to a soldier; and Romanus Diogenes, a brave but rash and injudicious general, was crowned Emperor in 1068. Romanus opened his campaign with great vigor and success. The scattered bands of the Turks were chased beyond the Euphrates, and had the Emperor listened to the fair proposals of Alp Arslan, an honorable peace might have been secured. Those proposals were contemptuously rejected, and in the great battle which followed, Romanus was defeated and taken prisoner. After this great disaster to the Christian arms, the progress of the Turks was steady and irresistible. Upon the death of Malek Shah, in 1092, the Seljûkian Empire was broken up. The vast dominions of the dead Sultan were divided among his sons, while Soliman, the head of another branch of the royal line, marched to found for himself a new kingdom in the fair provinces of Asia Minor. A double rebellion in the Empire invited his arms to the very shores of the Bosphorus. Asia Minor was lost, and the ancient city of Nicæa became the capital of this new conquest of Islam, the Turkish Kingdom of Roum. The country thus subdued was at once colonized, and, in the course of a single generation, the Turks formed a majority of the inhabitants in Cappadocia, Phrygia, and Galatia.

CHAPTER VI.

THE END.

CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE CRUSADERS—FOUR EMPIRES—RECOVERY OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE GREEKS—CONQUEST OF THE CITY AND EXTINCTION OF THE EMPIRE BY THE TURKS.

IN the year 1081, a successful rebellion raised Alexis Comnenus to the throne—an emperor famous in history for his connection with the First Crusade. Alexis took Constantinople by storm. The city was pillaged and in part destroyed, thus receiving the first great blow which had ever been inflicted upon it. From this time on, the incessant march of the vast crusading hosts became to the government of the Empire the one topic of absorbing interest and its source of greatest danger. The First Crusade (in 1096–7) afforded Alexis some temporary relief by breaking the power of the Turkish Kingdom of Roum, and restoring the western half of Asia Minor to the Empire. But the help brought to the Greeks by the Crusaders was transient and delusive, while the danger to the Empire from these vast barbarian movements was constant and ever increasing. The Crusaders accused the Greek government and people of indifference, and even

of hostility to their cause. The mutual jealousies of race and religion were deepened by the licentious, marauding propensities of the Crusaders into a fierce and deadly enmity, until, finally, the adventurers of the West, forgetting their vows and the purpose for which they had ranged themselves under the banner of the Cross, turned their arms against their fellow-Christians of the Empire. That Empire was already rotten to the core and well deserving of such a fate, when, in 1203, the knights of the Fourth Crusade, aided by the Venetians, laid siege to Constantinople. The inadequate garrison defended the city with great bravery, but fortune soon decided in favor of the besiegers, and on the 12th of April, 1204, the ancient capital of the Cæsars bowed for the first time to a foreign foe.[1] Then followed a scene of horror rarely surpassed in all the dark history of war. The victorious Crusaders set fire to the city, and in the light of a vast and awful conflagration entered upon their fiendish work of plunder, lust, and blood. The city was ruined. Those of its opulent citizens who escaped with life, after having seen their houses plundered, their wives dishonored, and their children reduced to slavery, were driven forth in poverty beyond the walls. Every insult was heaped by the Catholic victors upon the ceremonies and the churches of the Greek faith. Horses were stabled in some of the churches, while others were made the scenes of licentious orgies too vile to be described. At length, after these scenes of horror had continued for several days, the Latin leaders restored some semblance of order, divided their enormous booty, proceeded to organize the government,

[1] Gibbon, vi. 85–93; Milman, book ix. chap. vii.

and on the 9th of May, 1204, elected Baldwin, Count of Flanders, the first Latin Emperor of Constantinople.

The new Latin Empire, however, was but a pitiful counterfeit of even the degenerate Greek Empire of the twelfth century. In the nominal division of their conquests, the Crusaders allowed to the new Emperor but a fourth part of the Byzantine dominions, while, in fact, the Empire of Baldwin soon embraced little more than the city of Constantinople, with the adjacent regions of Thrace. The Venetians reserved for their share the provinces of the north-west, with Adrianople for their capital, while Macedonia and Greece, under the name of the Kingdom of Saloniki, or Thessalonica, were bestowed upon Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat. The conquest of the capital, however, was very far from securing to the Latins the full possession of the Empire. Two members of the imperial family succeeded in establishing themselves as independent sovereigns. Michael Angelos Comnenus became the first Despot of Epirus; and a few years later his brother and successor, Theodore, having expelled Demetrius, the son of Boniface, from Macedonia, and the Venetians from Adrianople, assumed the title of Emperor of Thessalonica. Alexis Comnenus was Governor of Trebizond, when Constantinople was taken by the Crusaders. Assuming the purple as heir to the throne, he and his successors continued their poor play of imperial greatness in that distant province, until it was ended by Mohammed II. in 1461.

The honor of the Greek name and arms, however, was most successfully vindicated by Theodore Lascaris, who had been hastily invested with the imperial purple in the

midst of the tumult occasioned by the final assault of the city by the Crusaders. Theodore escaped across the Bosphorus, and, by his prudence and ability, soon succeeded in reorganizing the poor remains of Byzantine power and dominion in north-western Asia Minor. The important city of Nicæa opened its gates to him, and became for nearly sixty years the capital of a fourth Empire, which, by its prosperity and growing power, soon made good its claim to be regarded as the true representative of the ancient dominion of the Cæsars. Theodore Lascaris (1204–1222) and his two successors, John III. (1222–1254) and Theodore Lascaris II. (1254–1258), were all of them men of character, courage, and unusual administrative ability. Under their government, the history of the Empire of Nicæa presents one of the most pleasing and instructive portions of the later Byzantine annals.[1] The affairs of the Church were kept, to a far greater extent than formerly, separate from those of the State. The government was administered with liberality, economy, and vigor. The people, now proprietors of the lands they tilled, and made to feel a personal interest in the government, not only became industrious and prosperous, but rapidly regained their long lost military spirit. The Empire of John III. presented to the world the strange spectacle of a Greek Empire, strong in the field by the valor of its own citizens, and wealthy and prosperous through the agricultural and manufacturing industry of a free people. The Empire of Nicæa thus soon found itself superior in military strength to all its neigh-

[1] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, book iv. chap. i.; Gibbon, vi. 141–5.

bors, and extended its limits on every hand. The power of the Seljûkian Turks was now thoroughly decayed, and the several emirs, little else than independent sovereigns in their several provinces, were no match for the well-organized forces of their Greek neighbors. The Empire of Thessalonica possessed no elements of enduring strength, and its feeble existence soon came to an end. About the year 1240, Theodore Comnenus resigned the crown to John III., and the two Empires were again united.

The Latin Empire, the abortive result of the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders, pursued its feeble and inglorious career for a period of fifty-seven years, without revenues or resources of any kind, and with no military strength but what they derived from western adventurers, who, for a short time, flocked to Constantinople to share in the spoils of the East; the Latin Emperors were soon reduced to wander from court to court in western Europe, begging for succors which were grudgingly and scantily bestowed. At last, this poor shadow of an Empire wholly faded away, and in 1261 Michael Paleologus, Emperor of Nicæa, recovered Constantinople by the aid of the Genoese, and restored the Byzantine Empire.[1]

By this achievement Michael Paleologus acquired a renown which he in no wise deserved. "He was a type of the Constantinopolitan Greek nobles and officials in the Empire he founded and transmitted to his descendants. He was selfish, hypocritical, able, and accomplished; an inborn liar, meddling and ambitious, cruel

[1] Gibbon, vi. 150; Finlay's Byzantine Empire, ii. 423-8.

and rapacious. . . . He ought to be execrated as the corrupter of the Greek race."[1] With the recovery of Constantinople, the short-lived revival of the social and political life of the Greeks, which had appeared in the Empire of Nicæa, came to a sudden end. All the old vices of the Empire were revived in an exaggerated form. "Literary taste, political honesty, patriotic feeling, military honor, civil liberty, and judicial purity, seem all to have abandoned the Greek race."[2] A more wretched, shameful history than that of the restored Greek Empire, until its final overthrow by the Turks, does not disgrace the annals of mankind. Government and people were alike corrupt, and the slaves of a groveling superstition. There was abundance of heresy and schism, but the very subjects of these barren controversies reveal the degraded condition of the Church. A party called Quietists had arisen among the monks of Mount Athos, who placed the seat of the soul in the navel, and taught that if a man would shut himself up in solitude, and fix his eyes and his thoughts day after day upon his abdomen, he would, after a time, discern a mystical light, and be filled with ineffable joy. Gibbon cites the following directions from a Quietist abbot, as to the method of conducting this ecstatic meditation: "When thou art alone in thy cell, shut thy door, and seat thyself in a corner; raise thy mind above all things vain and transitory; recline thy beard and chin on thy breast; turn thy eyes and thy thoughts towards the middle of thy belly, the region of the navel, and search the place of the heart, the seat of the soul. At first all will be dark and

[1] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, ii. 463. [2] Id. ii., 462.

comfortless; but if you persevere, day and night, you will feel an ineffable joy; and no sooner has the soul discerned the place of the heart, than it is involved in a mystical and ethereal light."[1] A vigorous attack upon this absurdity by Barlaam, a Greek monk of Calabria, in southern Italy, drove Gregory Palamas to take the ground in defense that God dwells in actual but uncreated light, which was revealed to human vision at the transfiguration upon Mount Tabor, and which the pious soul, withdrawn from all transitory things in holy and long continued meditation, may still hope spiritually to behold. The dispute between the Barlaamists and the Palamites raged long and furiously, until a formal Synod of the Greek Church, presided over by the Emperor John Cantacuzene in person, decided in favor of the uncreated light of Mount Tabor, and Barlaam and his followers were pronounced heretics and schismatics. But though Barlaam saw his own teachings, with all sense and reason, rejected by the degenerate Church of the East, he did not live in vain. In the rising intelligence of the West he found a more congenial soil, and left a deep impress upon his age. He was a man of profound learning and true liberality of mind—the first of that long list of scholars and men of genius who made the Italy of the Middle Ages illustrious. Barlaam was the friend of Petrarch, and the first to call the attention of Western Europe to the poetry of ancient Greece in its original tongue. Leo Pilatus, a pupil of Barlaam, was the first teacher of Greek in the cities of Italy.[2]

Both the capital and the Empire were now but the

[1] Decline and Fall, vol. vi. p. 194. [2] Id., vi. 328–330.

miserable wrecks of their former greatness. The wealth and splendor of Constantinople were gone, its commerce was neglected and ruined. The Genoese had established a strong commercial colony at Galata, one of the suburbs of Constantinople, and the fierce war which they were waging with the Venetians led to obstinate conflicts within the very walls of the city. Three great fires, kindled by the victorious Crusaders, had left a large part of Constantinople a dreary waste of ashes and blackened ruins. Finlay cites Villehardouin, the historian of the Latin conquest, as affirming that more buildings were destroyed by these three fires than were contained in the three largest cities of France.[1]

The Turkish emirs, now stronger than the Emperors, were already crowding the Greeks steadily back to the sea, when, a little later than the year 1300, the conquest of Prûsa, or Brûsa, by Orchan, the son of Othman, laid the foundation of the Ottoman Empire. The new power advanced with rapid strides, and Asia Minor was soon lost forever to the Greeks; nor were the Turks long confined to Asia. They crossed the narrow straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and ravaged almost unresisted the opposite districts of Thrace. Turkish mercenaries became the principal military reliance of the imperial government. A deeper disgrace has rarely been inflicted upon the Christian name, than when the Empress-regent Anne of Savoy and John Cantacuzene, in their civil struggle for the possession of the throne (1341–1346), both depended for success upon Turkish allies, and both paid their barbarian hirelings by allow-

[1] Byzantine Empire, ii. 332.

ing them to carry off into slavery the Christian inhabitants of Thrace. Yet a lower depth of degradation was reached, if such a thing were possible, when about the year 1390, the Emperor Manuel, displaying the imperial standard at the head of the Greek contingent, attended Sultan Bajazet, as his humble vassal, to the siege of Philadelphia. The brave citizens of that last sad stronghold of Greek municipal vigor and independence at first disregarded Bajazet's summons to surrender. But when they saw the Emperor and the imperial standard among their besiegers, their hearts sunk within them, and they opened their gates in despair.

Amurath I., the successor of Orchan (1360–1389), made himself master of the greater part of the European possessions of the Empire, and removed his capital from Brûsa to Adrianople. From this time until the defeat and capture of Bajazet by Timour, in 1402, the Greek Emperors remained the humble vassals of the Turks.

The hour of doom to the ancient Empire of Constantinople, inevitable though long delayed, was now near at hand. The time had come when the last mission of that Empire could be performed. With all their feebleness, their intellectual stupor, and their childish superstition, the Greeks still preserved in all their perfection, for a fresher soil and a brighter day, the ancient language and literature of their race. The new custodians of this priceless treasure were now ready to receive their trust. In north-western Italy there had sprung up a cluster of little commercial republics, foremost among which were Pisa, Genoa, and Florence. Full of youthful vigor and enterprise, these little states grew rich and

powerful, and gradually drew to themselves a large share of the ancient trade of Constantinople. With this traffic came great naval power, and the sudden and wonderful accumulation of wealth. And with power, wealth, and the energetic, intense activity which characterized the people of these small but glorious republics, there soon came also increasing civilization and refinement and an eager thirst for knowledge. About the middle of the fourteenth century appeared the two immortal Tuscans, Petrarch and Boccaccio, the splendid first fruits of the learning and letters of regenerated Europe. Until that time there had been very few men in all the nations of Western Europe who could read the New Testament in the original Greek.[1] This long reign of darkness and ignorance was now to be broken. In the year 1360, Leo Pilatus took up his residence at Florence, in the house of Boccaccio, and became the first teacher of Greek in Italy; and about the year 1400, an eminent Greek named Manuel Chrysoloras established at Florence a school for teaching the language and literature of his native land. That school was soon crowded by the generous youth of Italy, and ere long the new learning had taken vigorous root in this fresh and fruitful soil. The mission of the Greek Empire was now accomplished. It had faithfully preserved, and safely transmitted to the rising civilization of modern times, the inestimable treas-

[1] "From the subversion of the Western Empire, or at least from the time when Rome ceased to pay obedience to the Exarchs of Ravenna, the Greek language and literature had been almost entirely forgotten within the pale of the Latin Church. . . . For the scholars of Italy Boccaccio positively asserts that no one understood so much as the Greek character."—Hallam's Middle Ages, p. 545.

ures of the ancient world. Venerable in nothing but age, feeble and decrepit with the burden of years, it was now to sink into the grave.

After the restoration of the Ottoman power, in 1413, the great ambition of the Turkish Sultans was the capture of Constantinople and the destruction of the Greek Empire. This grand enterprise was first and vainly attempted by Amurath II., with an army of two hundred thousand men, in 1422. This was the last escape of the devoted city. Thirty years later Mohammed II. repeated the attempt in which his father had failed, with ampler resources and more complete preparation; and in the month of February, 1453, the final siege of Constantinople was formed.

The fall of the city was not without dignity, nor altogether unworthy of its ancient fame. Constantine Paleologus, the last of the Emperors, was a brave and patriotic man, and worthy of a happier fate. He determined to defend the city to the last, and if it fell, to perish beneath its ruins. The garrison, made up largely of Latin auxiliaries, seconded his valor with the courage of despair, and the success of the Turks was not won without a tremendous and destructive conflict. But as the siege progressed, the walls crumbled under the fire of the Turkish artillery, the garrison was thinned and exhausted, and it was evident that the end was near. The final assault was made on the 29th of May. After a short but terrible struggle, the Emperor fell bravely fighting in the post of extremest danger; the Turks surmounted the walls, and the ancient Empire of the East was no more. Upon the terrible scenes which followed—a repetition of

the horrors endured by the city upon its first fall before the arms of the Crusaders—we need not dwell. Suffice it to say that the city was abandoned to the passions of the soldiery, its remaining wealth was plundered, and vast multitudes of the wretched people, after suffering every outrage that the cruelty of their captors could inflict, were chained together in droves and driven to a distant and hopeless slavery. When the Turks departed they left behind them a depopulated, empty city. They left, however, soon to return, to make Constantinople the capital of their own Empire, and the seat of a mightier power than any which, with a stable and enduring dominion, had for centuries swayed the destinies of the East.[1]

[1] For a brief account of the fall of Constantinople, and the events following, see "The Arabs and the Turks," chap. x.

PART SECOND.

THE MODERN GREEKS AND THE ALBANIANS.

The Authorities followed are:

Finlay's History of Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination.

Sir James Emerson Tennent's History of Modern Greece.

Stanley's History of the Eastern Church.

Creasy's History of the Ottoman Turks.

Urquhart's Turkey and its Resources.

The Travels of Macarius, Patriarch of Antioch, in Asia Minor, Bulgaria, Moldavia, Wallachia, and Russia, in the six years from 1653 to 1659, in Nine Parts, written by his son and attendant, the Archdeacon Paul of Aleppo, and translated from the original Arabic by F. C. Belfour, LL.D., for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Works of Col. William Martin Leake.

The eleven volumes of Col. Leake's Researches and Travels in the Morea, Albania, Northern Greece, Macedonia, and Asia Minor, are an overflowing treasury of the most exact and valuable information upon almost all points relating to the Greeks of both ancient and modern times.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREEKS UNDER THE SULTANS.

TRUE CHARACTER OF THE MODERN GREEKS—GOVERNMENT OF THE EARLIER SULTANS—REASONS FOR THE WILLING SUBMISSION OF THE GREEKS.

As we enter upon this second period of our history, we are met by a very important question which has been long and earnestly discussed, and upon which much learning and ability have been expended. Who and what are the modern Greeks; and in what relation do they stand to the imperial race of the ancient world whose name they bear? Some have maintained that the modern Greeks are but a mongrel, barbarian race, in whose blood so many and so various foreign elements have been mingled that their true Hellenic character has been wholly lost. Others insist, and with better reason, that they are true and proper Greeks, who, through all the vicissitudes of two thousand years, have preserved their blood and their national existence essentially unmingled and unchanged; that they are the lineal, legitimate descendants of the old Hellenic race. The question seems now to have been satisfactorily answered. The modern Greek or Romaic language bears a resemblance to the

ancient Greek surprisingly close and striking. It has been affirmed that the language of an educated Athenian of the present day does not differ more from that of his ancestors of the time of Pericles, than does that of the New Testament writers. It should be observed, however, that the educated Greeks are now making a strenuous effort to assimilate their language to the classic Greek. The statement above referred to has no application to the spoken language of the people. But even the ordinary vernacular of the common people seems to be much more like the ancient Greek than Italian is like the Latin. According to information collected three hundred years ago from prominent Greeks, by Dr. Martin Kraus, it appears, that although some seventy dialects of Greek were at that time spoken in Greece and the islands, these were all so much alike that one who understood one of them could readily understand them all, while in some retired localities of Thessaly and the Morea the language was still spoken in what to the educated Greeks of that day seemed its original purity.[1] But the true Hellenism of the modern Greeks is proved most conclusively, not so much by their language as by the physical and mental peculiarities which have universally characterized them as a race. The Greeks of seventy-five years ago, under the Turkish Sultans, except that they were far more ignorant and debased, were, in every feature of body and

[1] Tennent's Modern Greece, vol. i. p. 206. For a full and critical account of the Romaic or Modern Greek language, see Col. Leake's Researches in Greece, pp. 1–226; see also Tennent, chap. xiii.; and for an admirable account of the language as it is now spoken and written in Greece, Felton's "Greece, Ancient and Modern," vol. ii. pp. 501–10.

mind, almost the exact counterparts of their ancestors of seventeen centuries earlier, under the Roman Emperors. "Were there wanting any more convincing proof of the genuineness of the descent of the modern Greeks from their illustrious ancestors, than that they speak the same language, which has undergone fewer corruptions than almost any other; that they employ precisely the same characters in writing; that they call places by the same names; that they inhabit the same spots; that they retain many of the prejudices, the manners, and customs that are recorded of the old Greeks; we say, if more proof should be thought wanting, it will be found in the physical aspect, and in the character of the people. The same natural quickness of intellect, love of learning, attachment to country, vivacity, the same fickleness, the same deceit, are stamped in the character of the Greeks of to-day, as they were in the minds of the Greeks of the older times."[1] It now seems to be fully established that the modern Greeks are the lineal descendants, the true representatives of the ancient Greeks; that they have not become so much intermingled with foreign elements as to change essentially their national character. No one can carefully follow through the long history of the Byzantine Empire without being struck with the truth, that the Greeks have always remained as completely distinct from the various peoples with which they were mingled and surrounded, as they were two thousand years ago, and as

[1] Howe's Greek Revolution, p. 17. President Felton, than whom, perhaps, no higher American authority on this question could be cited, held the same opinion as strongly as Dr. Howe. See his Lectures on Greece, Ancient and Modern, vol. ii. pp. 313–4.

they are to-day. The population of Constantinople in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries was just as it is now, a mixed multitude of Greeks, Slavonians, and Asiatics. But, by some strange law of Eastern social life, these races have always remained inveterately distinct. The several types of national character among the Christian peoples remain at the present day just as separate and well-defined as they were a thousand years ago.[1] Even the kindred Bulgarians and Servians, though united in the same church, have shown little tendency to coalesce. The Epirot, or Albanian, is as unlike the Greek as his fathers were in the time of Pyrrhus, and the Greek has always been entirely distinct from them all. We may well inquire, however, what has become of that numerous population, sprung from the original inhabitants of the country, which, in the time of the Iconoclast Emperors, formed probably a majority of the people of central and eastern Asia Minor, and which were a race entirely distinct from both the Greeks and the Armenians? Almost alone, of all the peoples which have had an existence during the past fifteen hundred years within the countries subdued by the Turks, this race has disappeared. The ancient Lydians, Phrygians, and Cappadocians have no modern representatives. The race which furnished to the Byzantine Empire some of the best and ablest of its

[1] "How strongly difference of race can tell under identical conditions of climate, religion and government, is exemplified in towns where Greeks have been dwelling side by side with Bulgarians for centuries. The one is commercial, ingenious and eloquent, but fraudulent, dirty and immoral; the other is agricultural, stubborn and slow-tongued, but honest, cleanly and chaste."—Mackenzie and Irby, Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe, p. 23.

sovereigns has wholly passed away. The history of its disappearance is a sad one. It was in great measure exterminated by the slave-hunting inroads of the Saracens, and the destructive conquests of the Tartars and the Turks. The poor remains of this once vast population, through their ever deepening hatred of Greek rule, were but too much inclined to coalesce with their conquerors. Great numbers of them embraced Mohammedanism, and were thenceforth known as Turks. The few of them who still held fast to their faith after the Turkish conquest would seem to have been lost in the growing numbers of the Armenians; although, possibly, a careful examination might still discover some scattered relics of this once important race among the Christians of Asia Minor.

The Greeks now boast loudly of their Hellenic blood and descent, and imagine that in them are centered all the ancient glories of their race. But this claim, on their part, is of very recent date. Until the great awakening of political life and activity among them a hundred years ago, they had almost forgotten their own nationality. The greatness and long dominion of Rome had wholly eclipsed in their minds the memory of the earlier and more splendid civilization of Greece. They never called themselves Hellenes or Greeks. They were Romaioi or Romans; their language was Romaic, and the fond and constant dream of their ambition was the restoration of the lost Empire of Rome. For the last two hundred years before the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, all that remained of the Empire was almost entirely Greek. But this Greek Empire was one of the most pitiful, contemptible tyrannies that ever dis-

graced the Christian world.[1] By long centuries of oppression the Greeks had been thoroughly enslaved. All true manliness, all patriotic aspirations, all political virtue and honesty, all unselfish devotion to the public good, seemed to have been banished from the race. The common people were industrious, frugal, temperate, chaste; but they had no higher thought than devotion to their orthodox faith, and to live in such comfort as they could under the heavy yoke which pressed, with no relief, or hope of relief, upon their necks. The higher and more intelligent classes were wholly unprincipled and corrupt—the willing tools, for their own selfish ends, of any tyrant, the terrible oppressors of their own people whenever they had the power. During this period the Greeks were doomed to drink the cup of servitude to its last and bitterest dregs. The government of the Emperors was bad enough, but that of the Venetians and the numerous Italian and Frankish despots, who had established themselves at various points in Greece proper and the Islands, was in most cases far worse. These latter were Roman Catholics; and to a tyranny no less grinding than that of the Greek Emperors they added the more cruel oppression of ecclesiastical hatred and religious persecution.

With the fall of Constantinople and the conquests of Mohammed II., the Greeks as a nation disappeared from

[1] "A corrupt aristocracy, a tyrannical and innumerable clergy, the oppression of perverted law, the exactions of a despicable government, and still more, its monopolies, its fiscality, its armies of tax and custom collectors, left the degraded people neither rights nor institutions, neither chance of amelioration nor hope of redress."—Urquhart, p. 19.

history. Their fall was most ignoble, without one redeeming feature. They subsided at once into the willing, unmurmuring slaves of the Sultans. They were still industrious and thrifty, and their diligence was one of the main supports of Turkish power; they were the best sailors in the Levant, and formed the bone and sinew of the mighty naval force of the Sultans; but for nearly three hundred years they were invested with no more of political importance than the cattle they fed or they ships they sailed. At the great battle of Lepanto, in 1571, forty thousand Greeks were serving on board the two contending fleets. But they were there simply by a tyrant's will, seemed to have no interest in the issue, to be entitled to no consideration from either of the contending powers. The willing submission of the Greeks to Turkish rule during all this long period, while still preserving their language, their nationality, and the vivid remembrance of their former glories, and while rather rising than sinking in the social scale, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of history. The goverment treated them merely with the toleration of contempt; they were *rayahs* and infidels, a subject caste, a class of slaves; they paid the hated *kharatch* or capitation tax, the conspicuous and ever-present badge of their servitude, for every male above the age of ten or twelve years; they paid the land tax of the Sultan's tenths, and all the endless exactions of their local rulers; they paid the stranger, the more inhuman tax of every fifth male child to fill the ranks of the janizaries and the civil servants of the Sultan; yet, for many generations, even the Mohammedans of Asia Minor were not more

submissive or more faithful subjects of the Porte than the Greeks.

But for this comparative content of the Greeks under Turkish rule, there were some very substantial reasons. In the first place, it cannot be doubted that the Turkish conquest was an actual benefit to the Greeks, wrought a positive improvement in their condition. The Turks were far better men, and far abler rulers than the wretched tyrants whom they superseded. As a rule, they were grave, serious, honest, and straightforward, while their vigor and energy in the conduct of affairs made them the wonder of the world. The government was vigorous and well sustained, its fiscal exactions were not severe, order and quiet were maintained, Moslem law was administered with tolerable impartiality, and the Greeks found themselves far better off than they had been before. It seems to be conceded that for the first century following the fall of Constantinople, the Turkish dominions were better governed and more prosperous than most parts of Christian Europe; that the people, both Mohammedan and Christian, enjoyed a larger measure of private liberty and of the fruits of their labor, than fell to the lot of their contemporaries under the confused and too often tyrannical governments of the West. This was owing, in some degree, to the fact that the great majority of the high officials of the Empire were men of Christian birth. They had been drawn from the ranks of the tribute children, and carefully educated, and thoroughly trained for the posts they were to fill. It is probable that a knowledge of the honorable service to which

the children, torn from them, were devoted, in both military and civil life, had much to do in reconciling the Greeks to this cruel and unparalleled tax.[1]

These Christian children, derived from captives and the quadrennial tribute, were the strong foundation of the Ottoman power. That power rested on no popular basis, was not the supremacy of a dominant race. It was the despotic rule of a single family, resting upon a powerful military and civil force of household servants, absolutely devoted to the person of the Sultan. The tribute children filled the ranks of the janizaries and the regular cavalry, and from their number came three out of four, probably, of all government officials. In the reigns of Solyman the Magnificent and Selim II., eight out of ten Grand Viziers, twelve of their ablest generals, and four admirals, were of Christian birth.[2] "Never was a more perfect instrument of despotism created by the hand of man. Affection and interest alike bound the tribute children to the service of the Sultan; no ties of affection and no prejudices of rank or race connected them with the feudal landed interest, or with the oppressed subjects of the Empire. They were as ready to strike down the proudest descendant of the Seljûk emirs, or the Arab who boasted of his purity of blood, as they were to go forth to plunder the Christian enemies of the Sultan, and extend the domain of Mohammedanism. The Turks formed

[1] "It is said that there was seldom need to employ force in collecting the requisite number of suitable children, and that the parents were eager to obtain the enrollment of their boys in the list of janizary recruits."—Creasy, i. p. 161.

[2] Creasy, i. p. 175.

a dominant race in the Ottoman Empire, but the tribute children were a dominant class even among the Turks."[1] To this iron despotism of the imperial family, the great Mohammedan feudatories of Asia Minor were as sternly subjected as the Christian peoples of the European provinces. The ecclesiastico-judicial posts of the Ulema were open to them, as to all educated Mohammedans; but it was rare indeed that one of them was intrusted with any other important civil office, or with high military command. In the long decline of the Empire the great mass of the Moslem population have been even more oppressed than their Christian fellow-subjects.[2] Yet from the beginning the Turks have ever stood immovably loyal to their Sultans, revering them as the heads of their faith, the vicegerents of God.

But the vigor and stability of the Ottoman government were not owing wholly or chiefly to the ability and training of these Christian-born officials. These officials were but servants of the Turks, and by Turkish institu-

[1] Finlay, p. 49. "Of the forty-eight Grand Viziers who succeeded to the office after the conquest of Constantinople, twelve only were native Turks. —Hammer, viii. 421." Id., p. 140.

[2] On his return to Antioch in 1659, Macarius passed through Argosti, a town in ancient Pontus, some fifty miles north-east from Tocat. Speaking of the condition of the Christians of this town, Paul of Aleppo observes: "Concerning their political condition, we were told, that besides the Kharadge they give no more any year to the government than the Moslems do, and that the Moslems, at every period of time that a new Aga comes to them from Constantinople, pay him each person a Sanbadge of twenty piastres, or something less; and that they are used with an indescribable degree of tyranny; so that they would prefer having to pay tribute as Jews or Christians, rather than as Mohammedans, and it would be lighter for them."—Travels of Macarius, ii. p. 438. See also Finlay, p. 343, and Col. Leake's Tour in Asia Minor, p. 7.

tions they were made all that they became. The greatness and long-enduring power of their government was the proper result of the superior qualities, not military alone, but social, intellectual, and moral, of the Turks themselves. Their religion, as compared with the childish superstition of the Greeks, was a living and earnest faith, impelling them to the zealous performance of moral duties, and giving tone and dignity to the national character. In education and intellectual culture the Turks were in advance, not of their Christian subjects alone, but of the greater part of Christian Europe. The members of the Ulima, comprising the great body of educated ecclesiastical lawyers, and the schoolmaster, were held in high honor. Every village had its schools, every large town had its medressehs or colleges, in which were taught the ten regular courses of grammar, syntax, logic, metaphysics, philology, the science of tropes, the science of style, rhetoric, geometry, and astronomy.[1] Equally thorough and effective was their practical training for the duties of public life. For a hundred and fifty years the household of the Sultan was a great and admirable school in which the princes of the blood, a great number of Turkish youth, and a multitude of the more promising tribute children, were trained together, under the strictest discipline, for the public service in its various branches. The same thing was true in its degree of the household of almost every great Pasha and high dignitary of the Empire. "The Deftardar (High Treasurer), Iskender Tchelebi, who was put to death in the year 1535, had upwards of six thousands slaves, consisting chiefly of cap

[1] Creasy, i. pp. 170–3.

tives torn from their parents at an early age, many of whom were of Greek origin. These slaves were educated in his household in a manner not very dissimilar to that adopted in the serai of the Sultan for the tribute children. The greater part was in due time formed into bodies of troops, and served in the Ottoman armies; many received a learned education, and were trained to enter the political and financial departments of the administration. The superiority of their education is proved by the fact that when they passed into the Sultan's household, after their master's execution, several rose to the highest offices of the state, and no less than seven of these purchased slaves of Iskender Tchelebi obtained the rank of vizier."[1]

Another point in the training of the Turks which must not be overlooked, was that remarkable domestic and social discipline, which down to the beginning of the present century remained so universally characteristic of all the better portions of Turkish society—a discipline which formed the youthful Turk so invariably to a grave and serious dignity of demeanor, to quiet self-command, and to such imperturbable composure and self-possession under all circumstances however trying.[2] When at Yannina, the capital of Albania, in 1809, Mr. Hobhouse went to visit two little grandsons of the famous Ali Pasha, one of them twelve, the other seven years of age. These two boys had each his own separate establishment, and lived

[1] Finlay, p. 54.

[2] "I am not surprised at anybody's sympathy with the Turks, for they and the Spaniards are still in manners the first gentlemen of Europe." Correspondence London Times, in "The Mail," Dec. 29, 1875.

in his own house. The elder of the two Mr. Hobhouse found alone with his tutor, a grave and reverend Moslem, with a beard flowing low upon his breast, who sat composedly upon his marrowbones, with many bows, but saying never a word. But not so the young prince, who received his illustrious visitor with a lofty courtesy, a gravity and dignity of deportment, and an easy self-possession which would have become a cabinet minister, and which filled him with surprise. After doing the honors of his own house the lad attended his guest on a visit to his brother. In this child of seven years Mr. Hobhouse found hardly less of sobriety, dignity of demeanor, courtesy, and self-possession than had been displayed by his elder brother. Once he so far forgot himself as to show a little of the playfulness of childhood, when his brother gravely admonished him, saying, "Remember, brother, that there are strangers present." [2]

Afterwards, on visiting the Pasha of Negropont, at the city of Egripo, Mr. Hobhouse had a very ludicrous experience, in which these peculiar characteristics and results of the social discipline of the Turks are no less strikingly displayed: The Pasha "then asked what I had come to see, and was answered, 'The town and its situation, which were reported to be very beautiful, and also the strait, a great natural curiosity.' This last object was not clearly understood; and when, as an explanation, I added that it was the stream of water under the bridge to which I alluded, the visages of all in the room put on an air of astonishment, mixed with a certain smile chastised by the gravity of their looks, altogether indescribable; and the

[2] Travels in Albania, etc., i. p. 60.

Vizier (Pasha) asked me, with a great deal of naïveté, whether I had no water of that sort in my own country, adding, that England being, as he heard, an island, he should have thought we had great plenty. I endeavored to inform him that it was not the saltness of the water to which I alluded, but the flux and reflux. That this did not serve me in any stead was evident from the continued surprise marked in the faces of all present; but his Highness assured me that I should have the proper attendance to convey me to the bridge, where I might view the object of my journey. . . . Several of the Pasha's soldiers were waiting without in the yard, and these, preceded by two of the most reverend-looking personages of the whole Court, with white wands, and their beards hanging down to their waists, accompanied me in a sort of procession towards the bridge. We had some distance to walk, the crowd gathered as we proceeded, and in a short time our train filled the street. We walked very slowly, the two majestic conductors being saluted respectfully by fifty people, and very leisurely returning the saläm and usual obeisance. The passengers and surrounding crowd perpetually questioned my attendants as to the object of the procession, and were told that a Frank was going to look at the water. I could hear the Turkish words signifying 'water, water,' a hundred times repeated. I advanced to the bridge with all my suite, went half way across it, and looking over the railings for half a minute, turned round to one of the grave chamberlains, and said I was satisfied, when he and his companion bowed profoundly, and, without saying a word, turned on their heels, and marshaled and preceded the attendants back to the

house where I had left my horses, a great crowd following as before."[1] These solemn and stately chamberlains were true Turks, and the same grave and courteous dignity, the same composure, the same quiet self-possession and self-command which they displayed, have been universally characteristic of their countrymen for four hundred years. Prof. Creasy observes that the Turks, as a people, were trained to dignity, self-respect, truthfulness, a sense of justice, sobriety, cleanliness, integrity, and charity, though power or fanatic war often transformed this character by taking off the restraint.[2] These facts must be well considered and carefully borne in mind, if we would understand the willing submission of the Christian peoples to their Turkish conquerors, or the effects of their subjection upon themselves.

We must also remember that all that can be said in favor of the government of the Sultans, even in its best days, is but partial and comparative praise. After all, that government was but a rude barbarian despotism, based upon no principle of justice or of right. As compared with the Christian governments of the present day, it was a crushing, relentless tyranny. The life and fortune of every subject were absolutely at the mercy of the Sultan and his ministers. Heads were struck off continually and without compunction; justice was venal and uncertain; against the rapacity and extortion of men in power there was no safeguard; Moslem morality was not Christian morality, and polygamy, concubinage, and the crime against nature spread as a moral leprosy through the whole framework of Turkish society. The Christians

[1] Id., i. 369–71. [2] Ottoman Turks, i. 177–8.

were a subject and helpless caste, whose very existence was at the mercy of their conquerors.

And yet, for a hundred and fifty years, with all its anomalies, defects, and abuses, the Ottoman Empire was, for the times, and as compared, not alone with the wretched tyrannies which it had superseded, but with most of the nations of Christian Europe, a well-ordered and prosperous state. The hand of an able and powerful master was felt in every department of the government, in every province of the Empire. The local governors were, as a rule, men of education, ability, and character. The exactions of the government were comparatively very moderate, yet so carefully were its revenues collected and husbanded that they far surpassed those of any other European state. "It was this financial moderation, coming as a relief after the rapacity of the Greek Emperors, which made the Greeks hug their chains; and it forms a strong contrast to the excessive financial burdens and constant interference with individual liberty which characterize the system of administration in modern centralized states." [1]

A surprising degree of quiet and good order were maintained by a rude but vigorous police in both city and country. Crimes, except as committed by lawless local tyrants, were extremely rare, and travelers from the west were surprised to find wealthy Turks going unarmed, yet without fear. "In the populous cities of the Ottoman Empire, and particularly in Constantinople, which contained more inhabitants than any three Christian capitals, the order reigning in the midst of social

[1] Finlay, p. 39.

corruption, caused by extreme wealth, the conflux of many different nations, and the bigotry of several hostile religions, excited the wonder and admiration of every observant stranger."[1] The great highways of the Empire were lined with massive and commodious khans, usually one at the end of every half day's journey, while the number of these costly structures in the great cities was surprisingly large. In 1810, Mr. Hobhouse found three hundred and eighty khans in Constantinople, many of them very fine; "so many immense stone barracks or closed squares," open absolutely to all.[2] Wise and liberal trade regulations filled these great thoroughfares with the steady currents of an enormous traffic. The fertile plains of Asia Minor and Macedonia became the granary of Southern Europe, and the other products of the Empire, both agricultural and manufactured, were largely exported. A great part of this immense commerce soon passed into the hands of the Greeks, who thus accumulated great wealth. The middle classes of the towns were industrious and thriving, while the rayahs, or Christian peasants of the country, depressed as was their social condition, lived in comfort and plenty. Mr. Urquhart affirms that down even to 1833 there was no peasantry in the world so well housed, clothed, and fed, and every way so comfortably off, as the Greeks, and more especially the Bulgarians of Macedonia and Bulgaria.[3]

In 1806, Col. Leake visited Serres, the capital of the dominions of Ismail Bey, in the large and fruitful valley

[1] Id., p. 192. [2] Albania, &c., ii. p. 339.

[3] Turkey and its Resources, pp. 99–102. To the same effect, see Slade's Turkey, ii. p. 97.

of the Strymon, in south-eastern Macedonia. He there found one of the few remaining illustrations of what must have been the general condition of the Empire two hundred and seventy-five years ago. "The surrounding plain is very fertile, and besides yielding abundant harvests of cotton, wheat, barley, and maize, contains extensive pastures now peopled with oxen, horses, and sheep. No part of the land is neglected, and the district, in its general appearance, is not inferior to any part of Europe; though probably neither the agricultural economy, nor the condition of the people, would bear a close inspection. . . . A large portion of that part (of the valley) which is in the district of Serres, is the private property of Ismail Bey and his family, one of the richest and most powerful subjects of the Sultan, if he can be called a subject who is absolute here, and obeys only such of the orders of the Porte as he thinks fit, always, however, with a great show of submission. Besides his landed property, he is engaged in commerce, and derives great profits from the farm of the imperial revenues. . . . When he builds a new palace, or repairs a road, or builds a bridge, the villages furnish the materials and labor, so that his household and troops are his principal expenses. Deficient in the extraordinary talents of Aly Pasha (of Albania), he is said to be free from his cruelty, perfidy, and insatiable rapacity. Though he never conceals his contempt of Christians, and treats them with the usual harshness of the most haughty Mussulman, he is spoken of by the Christians themselves as a just and attentive governor, and whose extortions are comparatively moderate. Hence his territory presents a more

prosperous appearance than any part of Aly Pasha's. The culture of cotton being very advantageous to him, he is anxious to encourage its exportation, in which he is himself engaged, and hence the Greek merchants of Serres, who carry on an extensive trade with Vienna, enjoy sufficient protection, though personally they are often ignominiously treated by him. As to the rayahs in general, it is sufficient to mention one of the labors and exactions imposed upon them, to show their condition even under a governor who has the reputation of being indulgent. Every village is bound to deliver the Bey's tithe of the cotton in a state fit for immediate exportation, that is to say, cleared of the seeds and husks, instead of supplying it as it comes from the field; and even to make good the loss of weight caused by the abstraction of the seeds, by the addition of an equal weight of cleared cotton. The Turks justify this oppression by alleging that it is customary in all cotton districts; the only kind of answer they ever deign to give when they are the strongest. . . . The Greek community is governed with very little interference from the Bey by the Greek metropolitan bishop and the archons."[1] Ismail Bey would seem to have belonged to the famous order of Deré Beys, or local, hereditary, and almost independent feudatories of the Empire, so important in the last century, but exterminated by Mahmoud II. An equally pleasing aspect of prosperity and good government was seen at the same time in the dominions of the famous Kara Osman Oglu, another of the Deré Beys, and perhaps the foremost and most pow-

[1] **Travels in Northern Greece, vol. iii. p. 201.**

erful of his order. The capital of this prince was at Magnesia, forty miles north-east from Smyrna, and his ample domains, held by a tenure older than the Empire itself, formed a large province in south-western Asia Minor. His exactions were so moderate, his government so mild and equable, and his people so prosperous, that for the first twenty years of the present century there was a great and constant migration to his dominions from almost every part of Greece.

The considerable measure of protection and prosperity enjoyed by the Greeks under the earlier Sultans, which caused their situation to be envied by the subjects of some of the neighboring Christian powers,[1] was one great reason of their willing and cheerful submission to their Turkish conquerors. Another, and perhaps more effective reason, was the ostentatious patronage extended by Mohammed II. to their national Church. They had been more oppressed and more bitterly persecuted by the Roman Catholics of the West than by the Turks themselves. Mohammed II., with all his brutal ferocity, was a sagacious and far-seeing statesman. He saw very clearly the advantage of making the bitter hatred between the Greek and Latin Churches subservient to his own purposes; of rendering the Greek hierarchy a servile instrument of his power, and of leaving the Greeks behind him, in his westward progress, contented and loyal subjects, rather than secret but restless and dangerous enemies.

[1] It seems to be generally conceded that the Hungarians were ready to welcome the Turks as deliverers, greatly preferring the yoke of the Sultans to that of the Germans of Vienna. See Creasy, i. p. 330. "The Transylvanians and Hungarians long preferred the government of the House of Othman to that of the House of Hapsburg."—Finlay, p. 7.

He accordingly claimed to assume the same relation to the Greek Church which had been borne by the Emperors before him. Calling upon the Greek prelates to elect a Patriarch in due form, he directed that he should be inaugurated with all the ancient pomp and ceremony, bestowed with his own hand the insignia of his office, gave him a purse of a thousand golden ducats, and a horse with gorgeous trappings, on which he was privileged to ride with his train through the city, assigned him a palace for his residence, and made him an acknowledged agent of his government.[1] The greatness of the Patriarch was by no means an empty show. He was made the responsible head of the Greek subjects of the Porte. In common with all the bishops in their several provinces, he was invested with judicial powers in all causes between Greek and Greek, extending to fines, imprisonment, and sometimes to capital punishment. A prison was provided for his use, and the ministers of the government were directed to enforce his judgments. This policy of the Porte was completely successful. "The Sultans never involved themselves in ecclesiastical disputes. . . . Theological differences and church government only interested them as questions of public order and police, and personal preferences were only determined by pecuniary payments. Hence the Greek Church was for a long period left at liberty to arrange its own internal affairs; its vices and its virtues were the spontaneous efforts of its own members; its religious action was rarely interfered with, so that it must bear the blame if morality and faith did not prosper within its bosom."[2] Nominally the Pa-

[1] Tennent, i. 342. [2] Finlay, 162.

triarch was elected by the Synod of the Greek Church; but in reality, with every bishop in the Empire, he owed his appointment directly to the rescript of the Sultan. The whole hierarchy thus became entirely dependent upon the government, its devoted servants, too often the willing and rapacious tools of its tyrannical power.

Under such a government the condition of the Church was, of course, precarious. Great dangers sometimes threatened it; it sometimes suffered great oppression. The fierce and bigoted Selim I. seriously contemplated the extirpation of Christianity from his dominions, and actually ordered that all stone churches should be given up to the faithful, that the Christians should be suffered to worship only in houses of wood. But these outbursts were infrequent and transient; the danger was most commonly averted by judicious bribes. For a very long period the Greeks, especially the higher Greek priesthood, contemplated their ecclesiastical condition with great satisfaction. Under the protection of the mighty Sultan, the cause of orthodoxy reposed in perfect safety from the hatred and tyranny of the Papal West. They accounted themselves happy in their servitude, and loudly extolled the tolerant liberality and generous protection of their Moslem masters.

Of the state of feeling among the better classes of the higher Greek priesthood while the Empire was still powerful and prosperous, Paul of Aleppo, superstitious, and somewhat narrow-minded and bigoted, but simple, honest, kindly, gossipy, shrewdly observant, and laboriously exact, the very Herodotus of modern travelers, is an excellent example. The whole tone of his ponderous

work is that of contented, satisfied loyalty. There is no undercurrent, no indication of a hidden feeling, of disaffection, of the conscious suffering of oppression and wrong, towards the government of the Sultans. He follows the imperial highway from Aleppo to Constantinople; notes the populous villages and plentiful comfort which he finds on the road; visits Brûsa and Constantinople, and is filled with admiration at their magnificent churches, large congregations, and imposing church services; speaks with affectionate loyalty of Mohammed IV., the reigning Sultan, prays for his long life and prosperity, and relates with grateful interest that the year before he had pitched his tent that he might observe the Easter festivities of his Greek subjects;—in short, he tells his story throughout as if he had no other thought than that the Greek churches were enjoying the fullness of peace and prosperity, subject to no tyrannical yoke, to no oppressive burden.[4]

The visit of Macarius to Moscow was just at the time when the Cossacks and Russians were freeing themselves from the terrible tyranny of the Poles. The sight of the murderous atrocities inflicted by the Poles upon the Cossacks, his fellow-Christians of the Greek Church, filled our writer with the fiercest indignation, and caused him to break forth in language which displays at once the strength of his antipathy against the heretics of the West and his grateful sense of the security enjoyed by the Orthodox Church of the East under the tolerant protection of Turkish power. "We all wept much over the thousands of martyrs who were killed by those impious wretches, the enemies of the faith, in these forty or fifty

[4] Travels of Macarius, book i.

towns. The number probably amounted to seventy or eighty thousand souls. O you infidels! O you monsters of impurity! O you hearts of stone! What had the nuns and women done? What the girls and boys and infant children, that you should murder them?" "And why do I pronounce them (the Poles) accursed? Because they have shown themselves more debased and wicked than the corrupt worshipers of idols, by their cruel treatment to Christians, thinking to abolish the very name of Orthodox. *God perpetuate the Empire of the Turks forever and ever!* For they take their impost, and enter into no account of religion, be their subjects Christians or Nazarenes, Jews or Samarians: whereas these accursed Poles were not content with taxes and tithes from the brethren of Christ, though willing to serve them; but according to the true relation we shall afterwards give of their history, they subjected them to the authority of the enemies of Christ, the tyrannical Jews, who did not even permit them to build churches, nor leave them any priests that knew the mysteries of their faith."[1] This was the feeling of the great majority of the higher orders of the Greek clergy, and probably, to a considerable extent, of the Greek people also, down almost to the present century. Partly from conviction and a sense of security and protection, partly from interested and mercenary motives, the members of the priestly hierarchy were not only loyal subjects but zealous supporters of the Turkish government. "Their instructions were to preach to their flocks interminable hatred to the Latins, and due submission to the Divan, as gentle mas-

[1] Id., vol. i. pp. 183, 165.

ters, who exacted from them no military service, and for whose occasional acts of tyranny they were bound to feel grateful to Heaven, as entitling them to that ultimate comfort which is promised to all who mourn." [1]

[1] Tennent ii. p. 55. "Had Mohammed II. treated Greece as Ferdinand and Isabella treated Grenada, Turks, Slavonians, Wallachians, and Albanians would have instantly occupied the country. But the conqueror chose a nobler and a wiser course; . . . without fear, he gave them a new centre of nationality, by restoring the Orthodox Patriarchate of Constantinople. . . . The boon thus voluntarily conferred on the Greek nation enlisted the prejudice and bigotry of the people in the cause of the Sultan's government. He was accepted as the temporal head of the Orthodox Church because he was regarded as its protector against Catholicism. By this insidious gift the Sultan purchased the subservience of the Greeks, and for the two succeeding centuries his successors were the acknowledged defenders of the orthodox against the pretensions of the Pope. . . . Not only was he Christian treated with more humanity in Mussulman countries than the Mohammedans were treated in Christian lands; even the Orthodox Greek met with more toleration from Mussulmans than from Catholics; and the knowledge of this difference formed one strong reason for the preference with which the Greeks clung to the government of the Ottoman Sultans in their wars with the Christian powers for more than two centuries."—Finlay, p. 152.

CHAPTER II.

GOOD AND BAD QUALITIES OF THE GREEKS—THEIR POLITICAL REGENERATION—POPULATION OF EUROPEAN TURKEY, AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF ITS SEVERAL CLASSES AND RACES.

THE modern Greeks have never been favorites with the Christians of the West. The old antipathy between the Greek and Latin Churches has been a heritage too well preserved, even among the Protestants of England and America.[1] None could doubt the inestimable value of the services rendered by the Greeks in the fifteenth century to the rising civilization of the West. None at all familiar with the facts in the case could overlook the remarkable qualities which have always characterized them as a race—their tough, long enduring, indestructible national spirit; their intellectual quickness and versa-

[1] "The schism between the Eastern and Western Churches, the rivalry between the Eastern and Western Empires, had wrought a lasting effect on the minds of many who had never heard of either Church, or either Empire. A kind of dislike or contempt towards the Christian nations of the East had been fostered for ages in the minds of the Christian nations of the West. The 'Greek of the Lower Empire' was held up to scorn as the type of everything that was vile, and the modern Greek was held to be, if anything, a little viler than his Byzantine forefather."—Edward A. Freeman, on "The True Eastern Question," Littell's Living Age, Jan. 8, 1876, p. 68.

tility; their love of learning; their vivacity and cheerfulness under the most depressing social conditions; their patient industry and irrepressible commercial enterprise; their astonishing aptitude and ability in the conduct of every form of business; their intense love for their native land; or their undying, unconquerable faith in their national destiny. Those who knew them best were also aware that the great mass of simple, home-keeping Greeks had always been marked by a very high degree of honesty and social virtue; that vices and crimes were almost unknown among them;[1] that the simple village elders who apportioned the taxes and had charge of the finances of the little communities were almost always faithful to their trust; that even the Turks could trust the Greek peasants to pay their taxes in kind. And while the Greek merchant, schooled to craft and bribery in his dealings with corrupt and rapacious Turkish officials, was too often looked upon throughout Europe as an adept in every form of knavish chicanery, it was known that at home the little manufacturing and mercantile communities of the Greeks were generally characterized by a degree of probity and mutual fidelity which has never been surpassed. In the latter part of the last century, the manufacturers (embracing the whole body of the people) of the little village of Ambelakia, in north-eastern Thessaly, and the merchants (Albanian Greeks) of the

[1] In European Turkey, excepting the ruder tribes, the Armatoli, and in general all pistol wearers, "crimes are unheard of, save amongst those whose office is the preservation of order; and the most remarkable industry and frugality, I will not say characterize the body of the nation, but form the essential features of each individual disposition,"—through the despotic power of public opinion in the little Greek municipalities.—**Urquhart, p. 9.**

small island of Hydra—two communities which may be taken as examples of many others—taking advantage of the peculiar circumstances of the times, built up with wonderful skill and rapidity a vast system of business operations which brought them sudden and enormous wealth. Yet these immense transactions were conducted by these simple people without law or judge, without bond, receipt, or note, and for years neither fraud nor bankruptcy was known among them.[1] In a word, the best authorities are unanimous in their testimony that the laboring, home-keeping classes of the Greeks, forming the great majority of the nation, from the Turkish conquest to the present time have been generally characterized by industry, honesty, sobriety, and domestic virtue.

But in the obscure and isolated condition of the Greeks, these better qualities of the national character were comparatively hidden and unknown, while they were attended and overshadowed by others far more conspicuous, and too often repulsive. As a race, the Greeks

[1] Id., pp. 47–52, 55, 56. An English reviewer cites the following testimony of a Scotch gentleman, who, in the triple character of soldier, lawyer, and professor, had lived long among the Greeks and knew them well: "The Fanariots . . . were the most cultivated, but also the most intriguing; the grocers were grinding and avaricious; the military chiefs ferocious and depraved; the bishops, who in former times were almost all Fanariots, partook of the virtues and vices of that class; the peasants were honest and simple; so, in a measure, were the feudal proprietors and the married parochial clergy; so in an eminent degree were the Hydriot merchants. During their long period of carrying trade it is said that they never kept accounts, and never broke their word. Masses of specie were transported from island to island in the girdles of sailors, or poured out on the tables of the cabins, and then loosely tied up in a bag with a ship-rope; and in their dealings they shrank from ever adding an oath to their word."—London Quarterly Review for April, 1869, p. 256.

were blustering, fickle, and immeasurably vain, inclined to be envious, jealous, and factious,[1] while in the higher and more intelligent classes, long ages of oppression had developed all the vices of slaves. The prelates, primates, tax-gatherers—all, in short, whose position brought them into direct dependence upon Turkish officials, were too generally selfish, rapacious, and corrupt to the last degree. "The governing class, in the ecclesiastical establishment, was selected from the aristocratic element, and no more selfish and degraded class of men has ever held power, than the archonts of modern Greece and the Fanariots of Constantinople."[2]

These things were open to the eyes of the world. All men saw them, and were disgusted with them. All the great services, all the better qualities of the Greeks, were forgotten or unknown; these vices of a notorious class were charged upon the whole people, and for them, most unjustly, the Greeks, as a race, were despised. In the eloquent language of President Felton, "For the second time in the history of civilization, the arts and

[1] This envious, quarrelsome disposition has been everywhere the bane of Greek society. Ambelakia, referred to above, is one of the twenty-four villages of Mount Pelion, the ancient Magnesia, in south-eastern Thessaly. The people of this district, secure in their mountain fastnesses, have been for many generations perhaps the freest and most prosperous section of the continental Greeks. "But they make a foolish use of their advantages. Internal discord divides every village into parties; a similar jealousy prevails between the principal towns, and each of them strives by bribery, intrigue, and the interest of their patrons at Constantinople, to injure its particular rival or adversary. The Turks are, of course, enriched, and the Greeks impoverished by these quarrels."—Col. Leake's Travels in Northern Greece, iv. 390.

[2] Finlay, p. 178.

letters that embellish life were scattered by the Greeks over the world, after a tremendous national catastrophe; and for the second time the recipient world, having eagerly availed itself of the proffered benefactions, requited the unfortunate race from which the benefactions came, with the most unmeasured denunciations, insomuch that the very name of Greek became synonymous with all that is mean, treacherous, and false."[1]

The progress of the Greeks for the past fifty years has not been such as greatly to encourage their friends, or to awaken any public enthusiasm in their behalf. Few truly great and noble characters have been produced among them. Their independent government has seemed to many observers a miserable failure. Their public men have been pronounced selfish and venal. Their religion is still but a childish superstition, a bigoted devotion to ceremonies and empty forms. With all their schools, intense and widespread as has been their eagerness for learning, their mental activity has borne little practical fruit. It has seemed as if education only served to destroy all taste for honest industry, to produce a narrow, selfish thirst for office and power. Seeing these things, many very intelligent men have been inclined to pronounce the Greeks a childish, selfish, and conceited race, wholly incapable of any really high and honorable national career. But any such judgment is hasty and very wide of the truth. These discouraging facts are only upon the surface. They merely indicate that the Greeks are, as yet, in the childhood of their political development; that they have not yet had time to outgrow the

[1] Greece, Ancient and Modern, ii. p. 390.

enormous evils entailed upon them by ages of servitude; that the great mass of the common people, in whom, for centuries, has been the real life and hope of the nation, has thus far been too poor, too ignorant, too destitute of social organization, and too little schooled for political action, to make its influence decisively felt; and that hitherto the predominant element in their social and political life has been the old corrupt, aristocratic class, formed under the Turkish regime. If we look beneath the surface, to those slow and quiet movements on which the progress of society and the destinies of nations really depend—movements mighty and irresistible in the end, but which often pursue their course for years and generations with little display of their power; which lie, it may be, almost hidden from the hasty glance of the superficial observer—we shall find abundant reason for a much more hopeful view.

Pitiful as has been the figure made by their independent government, the progress of the Greeks as a people during the past century has been rapid and immense. A hundred and twenty-five years ago the nation was made up of two widely dissimilar sections. On the one hand was what we may call, though not very correctly, the aristocratic party, embracing the prelates, monks, primates, tax-gatherers—all, in short, who were devoted to Turkish interests, and seeking for wealth, place, or power in connection with the government. The men of this class were comparatively intelligent and wealthy; they were active, ambitious, and pushing. There were among them a few virtuous and worthy men, but as a rule they were thoroughly selfish, dishonest, and corrupt, schooled to

every form of craft, intrigue, and bribery, and too often worse and more rapacious tyrants to their own people than the Turks themselves. On the other hand were the hard-working common people, constituting the vast majority of the nation;—a simple peasantry, industrious, frugal, sober, honest, and chaste, but steeped in poverty and ignorance, shut up in their little communities, cut off from all political knowledge and activity, knowing nothing of the outside world, and accustomed to bow submissively to a tyrant's nod.

With the great changes of the past hundred years, more especially of the past fifty years, both these classes are becoming slowly but completely transformed. In independent Greece the old Turkish aristocracy disappeared with the Revolution. Many of its members had died, and their places were taken by new and younger men. Of those who still survived, many became prominent under the new order of things; and although the Ethiopean could not change his skin, and in moral character they were much the same as before, in the total change in their circumstances and relations they became at once very different men. They were no longer slaves of the Porte; they were free citizens of independent Greece; and, whatever their faults or their vices, they were filled with intensest love for their native land. They might have little political integrity, might not be superior to a bribe, might be intriguing and self-seeking, but they loved their country, and, after their own selfish interests, were willing to labor for its good. Many of these very men thus filled their positions under the new order of things, as bishops, cabinet ministers, governors, legislators, and

judges, with a fair degree of diligence and success. Much of the old leaven still remains; but better influences are steadily gaining strength, and the time is soon coming when there will be needed only the balance-wheel of an intelligent and powerful public sentiment to make the public men of Greece as honest and faithful as those of other Christian nations.

But, important as is the change which has taken place in the higher classes of the Greeks, a yet greater transformation is going forward in the ignorant and oppressed peasantry, who form the large majority of the nation. They have become fired with an eager thirst for knowledge. Their old lethargy and ignorance are giving place to activity and intelligence; not the intelligence of school-books and newspapers alone, but that political intelligence which prepares men to perform wisely and successfully the duties of citizens in a free commonwealth. As needs must be, this great change is very slow. The habits of ages are not overcome in a day. Even now it is only in its earlier stages. The Greek peasantry are still ignorant and oppressed. They still lack that political intelligence which would enable them to provide effectually for the public good, to compel their government to be honest and just. But, though slow, it is steady and sure. Considering their unfortunate circumstances, their progress and improvement, even within the past thirty years, can only fill us with surprise. However slowly, the Greeks are surely rising to a position of manly and intelligent freedom. The old burdens which have so long oppressed them will be thrown off; the shackles which have so long bound them will be broken; their narrow-

ness and bigotry will broaden into an intelligent liberality of sentiment; rising above their present childish superstition, their minds will become freely open to the truth, to the teachings of a purer Christianity; the grievous faults of their national character will be chastened and corrected; and they will yet take that high place to which their great qualities as a race so clearly entitle them, among the free and Christian nations of the earth. Just as surely as we believe in the inherent progressiveness of human society; just as surely as we believe in the wise and all-controlling providence of the God who made man in his own image; so surely may we believe that the Greeks are yet to fulfill a grand and worthy destiny as a nation, that they shall yet rival and repeat the ancient glories of their race.

The movements which, so slowly, yet so steadily and surely, are carrying the Greeks onward to the high position they are one day to occupy, date back to the Turkish conquest. Such a brief survey of the history of the Greeks from that great event to the present time as will enable us to trace these movements in their origin, their working, and their results, will be the purpose of the following pages.

Paradoxical as the statement may appear to those not familiar with the subject, it is none the less true that the Turkish conquest wrought a grand and permanent enfranchisement for the Greek nation—was to them the birthday of a regenerated political life. This great revolution in their political and social condition effected for the Greeks, by a slower process and in remoter consequences, all that the French Revolution accomplished for

the oppressed peasantry of France. It swept away all castes, classes, privileges, distinctions, and left the whole nation on a footing of absolute equality. It seemed to make them slaves, bowed them by sheerest force under a heavy and tyrannical yoke; but there was a deeper sense in which, in their narrow and lowly sphere, under the overarching firmament of Turkish power and oppression, they were left almost perfectly free. "The Ottoman government, though in some respects the most tyrannical in Europe, was in others the most tolerant. It fettered the body, but it left the mind free. The lower orders of its Christian subjects were in general possessed of more intellectual cultivation than the corresponding ranks of society in other parts of Europe. The Greeks particularly were no longer industrial slaves or agricultural serfs; their labor was both more free and more valuable, and their civil rights were as great as those of the same class, even in France, before the Revolution. The Ottoman government corrupted the higher classes of the Greeks more than it oppressed the lower. The cruelty and injustice of the Turks were irregularly exercised, and were more galling than oppressive."[1]

As to the religious affairs of its Christian subjects, the government gave itself no concern. For the first time in a thousand years the Greeks were free to think, teach, preach, and believe as they would. So long as they paid their taxes, and met the various demands of their local governors promptly and cheerfully, the Turks left them almost wholly to themselves.

[1] Finlay, p. 341.

But this is not all. The Greeks are directly indebted to the Turks for those municipal institutions which have proved of such incalculable importance to them in their later history. It was not simply that they were left free in their little communities to manage their own affairs as they pleased. They were *forced* into a municipal organization and to municipal action which laid the foundation-stone of their political progress, fixed and intensified their national life, and through long ages of servitude effectually schooled them for the freedom which was sure to come.[1] This subject demands and will repay a careful consideration.

The Turkish conquest found the Greeks bound hand and foot in a most miserable bondage, which, as Mr. Urquhart observes in a passage already cited, "left the degraded people neither rights nor institutions, neither chance of amelioration nor hope of redress."[2] That great revolution destroyed the rapacious and tyrannical aristocracy, reformed the corrupt and overgrown hierarchy, swept away all monopolies, all distinctions of caste and class, all oppressive social exclusions, and leveled the whole nation to perfect equality; "so that in industry alone this hitherto effeminate people were reduced to

[1] The vital importance of these municipal institutions has been clearly seen and strongly set forth by Prof. Creasy, Mr. Finlay, and other historians. See Creasy's History of the Ottoman Turks, i. pp. 169–330, and Finlay's Greece Under Ottoman and Venetian Domination, pp. 174–351. But perhaps no other writer has ever studied this subject so thoroughly, or treated it with such fullness and convincing force, as Mr. David Urquhart, in his admirable work referred to at the commencement of the preceding chapter.

[2] Turkey and its Resources, p. 19.

seek merit and distinction, as well as the means of existence."[1]

At the same time the nation underwent a great and terrible sifting. The Turkish conquest was attended and followed by a vast and widespread apostasy from the Christian faith. This defection extended to all classes of society. Among laymen and ecclesiastics, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant alike, the timid and wavering, the time-serving and selfish, the bold, ambitious, and warlike, hastened to escape from impending servitude, and to secure the power, privileges, and protection of a dominant class by abjuring their faith. It has been estimated that at the end of the seventeenth century there were not less than a million of Mohammedans, in the European provinces of the Empire alone, of Christian birth or descent. Only those held fast to their faith in whom the national feeling was invincibly strong. And whatever may have been their weaknesses, their vices, or their ignorance and superstition, from that day to this, the Greeks, as a people, have loved their religion, have clung to their national hopes and aspirations with a love stronger than life.

To the Turks, the Greeks were mere tax-payers—a conquered people, their own rayahs[2]—on the fruits of whose industry they were to live. They cared nothing for the religion, the belief, the education, or even the

[1] Id., p. 20.

[2] "When the allied powers endeavored to intercede in favor of the insurgent Greeks, the substance of the answer of the Porte, for a long time, was little more than, 'Are they not our rayahs?'—meaning, have we not a right to do as we like with our own human cattle?"—Col. Leake's Travels in Northern Greece, i. 467, note.

social well-being of this subject caste, except as these things affected their own interest or the general order of society. They did not want the trouble of governing their rayahs, and therefore not only did not interfere in their domestic affairs; they compelled them to take care of themselves—a contemptuous neglect on the part of their conquerors which proved of inestimable value to the Greeks. They were forced into a municipal organization, municipal action, and municipal freedom, which were the salvation of their national life.

After the conquest, the great majority of the Greeks remained a quiet, rural, agricultural population, holding their land upon various but usually definite and not very burdensome terms. But to enable them to meet the exactions of the government, and to insure their submission and obedience, everywhere, in every town, every village, and every country district, the Greeks were formed into little corporate bodies or municipalities, each with its own elders, heads, primates, or archons. These communities were held collectively responsible in all things to the government. The elders divided and assessed the taxes; to them the local governors addressed all requisitions, as for extraordinary contributions, for quarters and entertainment to traveling officials, and for the compulsory labor, a certain number of days in the year, to which the villagers were held, upon roads, bridges, fortifications, and other public works; they were answerable for the presence as well as the obedience of all their members.

In their small way these communities soon became, in a surprising degree, little self-contained, self-sufficient, and self-governing republics, in which the most perfect

equality prevailed. Their clergy were their arbitrators and judges; their elders, chosen yearly in the church, their administrators and financiers. The municipal tie in these little communities soon became exceedingly strong. In them was generated a public sentiment of prodigious power, which became the law and the life of the nation. "It was regarded as one of the worst crimes of which a Greek could be guilty, to appeal to a Mohammedan judge, if a Christian bishop could be made arbitrator of his difference."[1]

This moral bond became almost the only law of the rayah, not so much punishing as preventing crime. The people of each community were shut up together, watching and watched, jailers to themselves. These municipal institutions fixed and preserved the language, religion, and national character. It is not their Church or their priesthood which has kept the Greeks in full vitality and vigor through all the weary ages of their servitude; it is this municipal life, into which they were forced by the Turks. "It is the moral authority—it is the support of fellowships and friendships that results from the close pressure of man and man, and the strong linking of interests, and opinions, and affections, under the municipal bond; so that the good opinion of the fraternity in which each has been brought up is to every man more than faith or law."[2] "The local energies and local patriotism of all the Christian municipalities in the Ottoman Empire could readily unite in opposition to Ottoman oppression, whenever a connecting link to centralize their efforts

[1] Finlay, p. 175. [2] Urquhart, 36-39.

could be created. . . . Ecclesiastical ties greatly facilitated this union, but they neither created the impulse towards independence, nor infused the enthusiasm which insured success. The first step to liberty in modern Greece was made in the municipalities. They were the political soul of the nation."[1]

This municipal form of society was not confined to the Greeks. It was a fundamental principle of the Turkish polity throughout the Empire. The earlier Sultans always aimed to leave all local affairs, expenditures, public improvements, and police, to the local authorities and municipalities. All towns and cities were thus endowed with important municipal privileges and powers. To this municipal constitution of society was owing that surprising degree of social order and the absence of crime among the common people which has always characterized the Empire. When Mr. Senior was in Constantinople, in 1857, he visited Achmed Vefic Effendi, an intelligent and accomplished Turk, then Minister of Justice, and who lost his office a few days afterwards *because* he was a just judge. This eminent official assured our author that in that great, dark, unwatched city, there was little crime; that it was prevented by the municipalities of the several districts. He said that the people of each district formed a senate, who would not tolerate evil doers among them; that they had no dangerous class but the dogs; and that there was ten times more of disorder and crime in the Frankish quarters of Galata and Pera than in the city proper.[2]

[1] Finlay, pp. 351–2. [2] Senior's Journal, p. 18.

In a greater or less degree these statements seem to have been true of Constantinople for four hundred years; and not of Constantinople alone, but of all the better ordered parts of the Empire. There have been robbery and violence enough on the part of armed robbers, a lawless soldiery, and tyrannical officials, but among the great mass of the quiet, home-keeping people, crime has always been very rare indeed. Rev. T. C. Trowbridge, for eighteen years a missionary in Asiatic Turkey, in a manuscript communication dated July 1st, 1875, uses the following language: "I have lived in Turkey for eighteen years; have passed through the most disturbed districts of Kûrdistan and other dangerous regions, such as the Balkan Mountains in European Turkey and the Taurus in Asiatic Turkey, and I give it as my sober opinion that life is more secure in Turkey than in the United States. There are more murders and homicides in New England in a month than there are in the whole of Turkey in a year." It is the strong municipal bond under which the people have thus for ages been educated to social order, and which so powerfully restrains them from crime. Nor has this restraining influence been felt in Turkey alone. In a greater or less degree it has prevailed in most parts of the East.

Under the Turks also, the Greeks had this great advantage, that the yoke to which they were subjected was one of open and acknowledged force. The tyranny was heavy, but it was frank and open. It was fully seen and understood. There were no spies, no secret police, no interference with the ordinary life of the people. It did not, as the infinitely worse tyranny of so many so-

called Christian governments has done, penetrate with its deadly espionage into the innermost life of the subject, destroying all freedom of action and of opinion. Within the sacred sphere of their moral and social life the Greeks were free. The tyranny from which they suffered was mere naked violence, which, if they could not escape, they could manfully endure. The weak yielded and apostatized; the firm and faithful bore their burdens, excluded from the full enjoyment of their rights of their own free will, and patiently suffering for conscience sake.[1]

Another point to be always borne in mind is that from the beginning the Greeks always felt themselves the rivals of the Turks. They never wholly lost their political hopes and aspirations, or their faith in their national destiny; never ceased to feel that their bondage was only for a time; that the day was surely coming when their freedom and their lost dominion would be regained. It might be possible by just and equal legislation to unite Turks and Arabs, or Turks and Armenians in a common national destiny. Turks and Greeks could never be so united. The Greeks were only biding their time, waiting for the day, surely coming, however distant, when they should break the yoke of their tyrants and drive them from the land of their fathers.[2] As the Turkish power slowly waned, and the Greeks began to rise in intelligence and conscious strength, this feeling grew steadier and more intense, and long before the close of the last century, the revolution, a mortal struggle between the two races, was manifestly near at hand.

[1] This point is ably discussed by Mr. Urquhart, pp. 12, 13.

[2] Finlay, pp. 37–8.

We thus have before us the proof of our proposition, that the Turkish conquest effected a grand and permanent enfranchisement for the Greeks as a nation, was to them the birthday of a regenerated political life. The Turks found the Greeks the cowering, hopeless victims of a crushing tyranny; helpless, enervated, debased; a race of slaves. The whole system of that moral and social as well as political oppression under which they had so long been bowed to the earth, the conquerors at once and forever swept away. Freed wholly, among themselves, from all class distinctions and privileged orders, the Greeks were left in absolute equality to begin their political career anew. Relieved from the financial exactions of their old tyrants, they lived in comparative plenty and comfort; the restoration of the Patriarchate and the protection of their national Church gave a centre and bond of union to their national life; above all, the thorough and effective municipal organization which the entire nation was forced to adopt, and through which it was constrained constantly to act, proved to it the salvation of language, religion, and national life, the source of a new and powerful national spirit, the effectual school of a true republican freedom.

From this great revolution we are to date the rise of a regenerated Greece. For many generations, owing not so much to the oppression of their Moslem masters as to their own prostrate and helpless condition, the progress of the Greeks was very slow. But progress there has been from the beginning, even under the Turks—a movement advancing at first by feeble and almost imperceptible steps, but gradually gathering force and mo-

mentum, until more than a hundred years ago it had begun to display itself in an intensity of national feeling, a widespread and vigorous activity, and a rapidity and energy in its onward march which arrested and fixed the attention of Europe. For three hundred years the Greeks had disappeared from history, had been lost sight of and forgotten. But from that time they could be forgotten no more. They had resumed their place among the Christian peoples—a place destined to become even more important and commanding as the generations pass away. They are still weak and superstitious, fickle, childish, and vain. As yet they have not passed the childhood of their new political development. But they have two great and priceless possessions, the fruits of their long municipal pupilage, which make their future secure—one, the perfect democratic equality; the other, the full moral and social freedom, which have become the perpetual, indestructible birthright of the race. These two great possessions, of which no revolution, no temporary subjugation can deprive them, are the sure conditions of constant and unending advancement; the certain promise that the auspicious movement so long ago begun in the history of this oppressed race will go steadily on to a final and worthy consummation.

Let us now turn to inquire briefly concerning the population of the European provinces of the Empire under the earlier Sultans, and the distribution of its several classes and races. According to the conjectural estimate of Prof. Creasy, the Greeks in the time of Solyman the Magnificent numbered three millions of souls. Of these there were one million in Asia Minor, two millions in

Europe. He rates the population of European Turkey at fourteen millions, without counting the few genuine Turks—reckoning the Slavonians (Bulgarians and Servians) at six and a half millions, the Wallachians at four, the Greeks at two, and the Albanians at one and a half.[1] Of the Asiatic Greeks, those near the coast spoke their own language ; those of the interior had been subdued by the old Seljûk princes three hundred and seventy-five years before the taking of Constantinople, and, having forgotten their native tongue in this long interval, spoke then as they do now, only Turkish.[2]

The number of true Turks in the European provinces outside of Constantinople has never been large. The predecessors of Mohammed II., in their first conquering inroads into Europe, granted certain districts in Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Bulgaria, as feudal holdings to their Turkish followers. These Turks, from Iconium, the ancient capital of the Seljûk kingdom in Asia Minor, the Greeks have always called Koniarides, or Iconians. With these Iconian Turks came some tribes of Yurûks, or nomad, shepherd Turks, who fixed themselves in the same neighborhood, and gradually abandoning their wandering habits, became settled and agricultural. In the early years of the present century Col. Leake found these Yurûk and Iconian Turks still occupying their ancient seats, a quiet, peaceful, industrious people, the only Turks in Europe who did not despise agricultural labor, and little inclined to obey a summons to arms, or to seek their fortunes abroad in the service of the government. To this rule, however, Mehemet Ali, the famous Viceroy of

[1] Ottoman Turks, i. p. 320. [2] Macarius, i. pp. 6–7.

Egypt, who was a Turk from the neighborhood of Kavala, formed one remarkable exception.[1] Besides these two classes of Turks, who seem to have been the only Turkish colonists who ever settled in Europe, were the spahis or feudal cavaliers, who were fixed everywhere in the conquered territory. As each district was subdued, its land was divided into three parts. The first part was vacouf, or sacred; its revenue was devoted to the support of mosques, hospitals, &c. The second part was made allodial, and was held as freehold property, Moslem occupants paying the land tax (Sultan's tenths), and Christians the land tax and capitation tax. The third part was reserved as the Sultan's domain lands; and from these lands were granted the three classes of military fiefs—the timars, ziamets, and beylics, or lordships.[2] The timariot held from three hundred to five hundred acres, and was bound to be always ready to follow the Sultan's standard, mounted, armed and equipped, either alone or followed by from one to three men at arms, according to his income. The ziam held more than five hundred acres, and was bound to appear with from four to nineteen mounted followers. The later writers speak of timariots and ziams together as spahis or cavaliers The Sandjak Bey was the commander of the cavaliers of his district, and was to appear at the head of twenty followers and upwards from his own fief.

These cavaliers exercised no authority over their tenants; they were simply entitled to the land tax for their support. In the time of Mohammed II. there were their

[1] Leake's Travels in Northern Greece, iii. pp. 174–5; Finlay, 147.
[2] Creasy, i. pp. 25–26, 160–6; Finlay, p. 51.

ty-six sandjaks in the European provinces, each furnishing four hundred cavaliers. These fiefs were first granted to the soldiers of the old regular army, infantry and cavalry, who, after the organization of the janizaries, were paid not in money but in lands. Most of the earlier spahis were thus genuine Turks. At first these fiefs were granted only for life; but hereditary descent being allowed, soon became established. In the time of Solyman the Magnificent, they descended regularly from father to son. A considerable part of the Turks found seventy-five years ago in the villages and country towns of European Turkey, belonged to the families of the old spahis. The spahis served as irregular cavalry in the field; for the defence of the country, a garrison of janizaries was established in every fortress and important city. The janizaries were allowed to marry, and for the support of their families were permitted to engage in trade and other pursuits. At length they were suffered to enroll their children in their ranks, and became at each post a settled colony of trading militia, without discipline or military training, and little inclined to obey a summons to the field. But the janizaries originally were all of Christian birth. Beyond Constantinople, almost the only true Turks in Europe were the spahis and their descendants (and many of these were of Christian blood), the Yurûks and the Iconians.

If we start from Saloniki (Thessalonica) in southern Macedonia, draw a line north-westwards to Ochrida, and thence onwards to Scutari and the Adriatic, we shall have a loose approximation to an important ethnological boundary. Above this line to the northern border of

the Turkish dominions, the country is almost wholly occupied by the Bulgarians, Servians, and Wallachians. The country below this line is the land of the Greeks and Albanians. If now we start from Ochrida, and passing along the chain of the Pindus Mountains to the northern boundary of independent Greece, turn thence westwards to the north-eastern corner of the Gulf of Arta, we shall have another boundary line, separating Albania from the country of the Greeks. In the territory, including the Morea or Peloponnesus, south of our first boundary line, and east and south of the second, the European Greeks are mainly found. Albania embraces the two districts known in ancient times as Epirus and Illyria. The southern district is still known by its ancient name, and the modern Epirots are almost as unlike their northern countrymen as the ancient Epirots were unlike their neighbors the Illyrians. The Epirots speak their own language and have their own peculiar manners, usages, and dress; but they are in many points intimately associated with the Greeks. The two peoples mutually and largely interpenetrate each other's territory. Yannina, the capital of Epirus, is properly a Greek city, as are the seaports Arta and Prevesa, and many villages have a numerous Greek population. On the other hand, even before the Turkish conquest a great Albanian immigration had commenced in the districts properly Greek. As war and oppression drove the Greeks more and more from the open country, the spaces thus left vacant were filled by colonies of this ruder and hardier race. "The whole surface of Bœotia, Attica, Megaris, Corinthia, and Argolis, a considerable part of Laconia, several districts

in Messenia, and a portion of Arcadia, Elis, and Achaia, were colonized by Albanians, whose descendants preserve their peculiar language and manners, their simple social habits, and their rude system of agriculture to the present day."[1] They occupy also the islands of Ægina, Hydra, Ipsara, and Spetzia. These Albanians are gradually intermarrying and blending with the Greeks, and made common cause with them, as did many of the Christians of Albania, in their great revolt against the Turks. Marco Botzaris, the noblest hero of the Greek Revolution, was a Christian Epirot from the mountains of Suli. It can hardly be doubted that the Greeks and Epirots are destined, sooner or later, to be united in a common national development.

Besides the Albanians, and the Turks, correctly or incorrectly so called, who at the beginning of the present century formed a large minority of the population in many of their towns and villages, the Greeks had among them, in the mountainous districts of Thessaly, numerous and flourishing colonies of still another people, the Wallachians. Col. Leake found these Wallachians a quiet, diligent, and prosperous people, largely devoted to mercantile and mechanical pursuits at a distance from their homes, and every way an important and valuable class of the population.[2] Many of them were wealthy merchants in Italy, Spain, Austria, and Russia. Others were shop-

[1] Finlay, p. 147.

[2] Travels in Northern Greece, i. pp. 274–283. According to the statements in this passage, of five hundred Wallachian villages, none of them small, scattered among the mountains of Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia, two of the largest and most important are Metzovo and Kalarytes, in the Pindus range.

keepers, silversmiths, gunsmiths, and tailors in the cities of Turkey. But wherever they might wander to seek their fortunes in the years of active life, they were pretty sure to return with their gains to spend the evening of their days at home.

CHAPTER III.

STATE OF LEARNING—STATE OF RELIGION—THE GREEK CHURCH.

BEFORE the Turkish conquest, as we have already seen, the religious and intellectual life of the Greeks was at a very low ebb. Although here and there a single and partial exception appeared to a statement so sweeping, all manly independence and vigor of thought, all soundness of literary judgment, all critical discrimination and correctness of taste, seemed to have disappeared from the race. The Greek writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have little to recommend them except the information which may be gleaned from their pages in relation to contemporary events. "When their language is free from grammatical barbarisms, the imagination of the reader is tortured by involved phraseology, undefined epithets, and obsolete expressions, or his patience is exhausted by a profusion of tasteless ornament or inapplicable imagery. Of those who confined themselves to the humbler walk of compiling from the labors of others, the only object seemed to be an anxiety to amass material, however gross, and congregate incidents, however ill-attested. Truth and fable, the sacred and profane, superstition and historical veracity, are promiscuously blend-

ed throughout their volumes. . . . During nearly twelve centuries, no new discovery calculated to promote the dignity or happiness of mankind, no fresh idea to cast a light over the speculative pursuits of their fathers, no high production of discerning judgment, no grand effusion of creative genius, was added to the patrimony which they had derived from their ancestors."[1]

The educated classes still studied, wrote, and spoke their ancient language; and their Greek would seem to have been as good as the Latin of the monkish writers of the West. But with the common people, even of Constantinople, it was not so. In their speech the classic Greek had already become transformed into Romaic. Sir Emerson Tennent agrees with Col. Leake in the opinion that the modern Greek language was formed in the East at about the same time with Italian and French in the West.[2] But, feeble and puerile as the literature of the Greeks had become, they had not lost that intellectual curiosity and love of knowledge which seems the perpetual and indestructible characteristic of their race. Their ancient literary treasures were still diligently studied. In the century preceding the Turkish conquest, an important change was manifest in the scholastic pursuits of the Greeks. They began to write less and to give themselves with more eager enthusiasm to study—a change healthful and hopeful, in so far as it indicated in them a growing consciousness of their own weakness and appreciation of the more manly and vigorous productions of a better age. "Apparently ashamed of their own degenerate

[1] Tennent, ii. pp. 150–1. [2] Id., ii. 66.

productions, the enlightened body of the people turned with avidity towards the literature of their ancestors, and by degrees the passion for authorship was abandoned for domestic study and the culture of their ancient tongue. It was to this revolution that we are indebted for the host of illustrious scholars, who, about the period of the downfall of their country's independence, awoke in Italy and the West a taste for the learning and language of the early Greeks." [1]

With the capture of Constantinople and Trebizond, the learning of the Greeks in great measure disappeared. Their scholars were dispersed, their schools were broken up, and although the monasteries still possessed their libraries, sometimes large and valuable collections of ancient authors, the selfish, scheming monks and higher clergy, unmindful of both the duties and the opportunities of their position, seemed to think only of pushing their own interests under the patronage of the Turks. The light of learning was not wholly extinguished, but it only glimmered faintly here and there in the darkness, and, for two hundred and fifty years, the education of even the more intelligent Greeks enabled them to do little more than read and understand the ecclesiastical Greek of their Church services.

The state of learning among the Greeks of the latter half of the fifteenth century was low enough, but their religion was yet more debased. They had forgotten the Scriptures; [2] they had ceased from all controversy and

[1] Tennent, ii. 155–60.

[2] Except as they were formally read in ancient Greek in the regular lessons of the Church service.—See Travels of Macarius, i. p. 186.

discussion upon matters of faith, save as they were provoked by their fierce hatred of the Latin Churches of the West; they accepted their Church ritual with the uninquiring, unthinking acquiescence of a dead orthodoxy. Dissociated from morality, religion consisted wholly of outward forms. "Prayers were morality, kneeling was religion." The common people were devout, there was no lack of fervor in their worship; but that worship was paid almost wholly to the Virgin, to the saints, to pictures and relics. There was depth of religious conviction and strength of religious sentiment; but their religion had been perverted into a heathenish superstition which could be made to cover and sanction the greatest crimes. The pirate and the robber would not start upon their plundering errands until they had obtained the blessing of a priest, kept a lamp always burning before a picture of the Virgin, humbly besought her guidance and help in their bloody work, paused over their victims before striking the murderous blow, to see whether they had the means to buy absolution from the Church, hung up votive offerings at some neighboring shrine, and in the midst of a thousand enormities, would shudder at the idea of eating meat on a fast day.[1]

From the religion of the Greeks the life and light of a true Christianity had almost disappeared—almost but not wholly. The traditions of the Church, the pictures of Biblical scenes which covered the walls of the churches, the ritual, even the ceremonial of their Church service—all these things, like the traditions and ceremonial of the Jews, had their value to a people so rude and simple,

[1] Tennent, i. 373-4.

afforded them something of spiritual light and guidance, something of moral and religious instruction.

Of the state of religious feeling, belief, and practice among the better classes of the more cultivated and intelligent Greeks, during the earlier centuries of Turkish rule, we have an excellent illustration in the Travels of Macarius. Paul of Aleppo is very sincere and earnest, very religious and devout. He loves the Christian faith and the Greek Church, more especially the latter, with intensest devotion. He is no monk, has a wife and children whom he tenderly loves, is in sympathy with men, and has a mind large enough and liberal enough to observe with thoughtful interest the character of the government and the condition of the people in the countries which he visits. But his religion is little in advance of that of the monks of the West three centuries earlier. It finds its expression almost wholly in ascetic austerities and the observances of the Church. Of the Scriptures he has nothing to say, except some casual references to them as they are read in the regular services. Respecting the great fundamental truths of the Christian faith, he is wholly silent. They have been fixed forever in the ancient creeds, there is no longer any occasion to speak of them, or think of them, except as they are assailed by heretics. All his religious interest is centered upon the rites, usages, and ritual of the Church. The holiness which he loves, and to which, so far as the weakness of the flesh will permit, he aspires, is to be sought almost exclusively in the rigid observance of every fast, the scrupulous fulfillment of every rite, the diligent, conscientious, complete performance of every appointed ritual

service, by day and by night; above all, in reverent devotion—he does not call it worship—before every sacred picture and relic.

The devout Syrian is filled with wonder; he labors to express the depth of his delighted admiration at the almost superhuman piety of the whole Russian people, from the Czar to the lowest peasant. The filthy austerities of the monks were to him evidence of surpassing holiness. "We saw upon several of them, with our own eyes, girdles of iron chain, which they had worn upon their bodies for a period of forty years. Their shirts and their other body garments they never change till they are entirely worn out upon them. They never wash them at all; and the odor and unction of devotion and sanctity are manifest on their persons. Yet, wonder of wonders! for all this, their smell was to us as that of musk! Oh, their sleekness, blessedness, and felicity! God set our portion with them! We thank Almighty God that he has vouchsafed us, in our time, a sight of these saints." [1]

Such piety as was manifested in the universal adoration of holy pictures, he had never seen. "Here all, both at the doors of their houses and of their shops, and also on all the public streets and roads, set up holy images; to which every person, as he enters or goes out, turns his face and crosses himself. So, likewise, whenever they come within sight of a church-door, they bow to the images from a distance. . . . This is, indeed, a blessed country, and here the Christian faith is preserved in its undoubted purity." [2] And then, such wonders of

[1] Travels of Macarius, ii. p. 197. [2] Id., i. p. 273.

faith and devotion as were seen in the constant attendance of the people, high and low, insensible to fatigue and to the fiercest rigors of Arctic cold, upon their perpetual and interminable church services. "We did not go forth from the church till the sun was risen. . . . We suffered, during this night, from the severe cold and frost, what was sufficient to kill us, especially as we had to stand upon the iron pavement. God is witness that our souls were ready to depart from us. . . . But what surprised us most was to see the boys and little children—not those of the common people, but the sons and daughters of the great officers of state—standing bareheaded and motionless like statues, without betraying the smallest gesture of impatience. What wonderful constancy and faith!"[1] "The worst of all was that we did not leave the church until evening; and then scarcely had we seated ourselves at table, when the bells were again tolled for vespers, at which we must rise to give our attendance. What is to be thought of this persevering assiduity, from which this pious nation never deviates, in its attention to all the offices of religion, amidst the most trying circumstances? Are we to suppose them insensible to fatigue, and to believe that they can live without eating; that they are never to be satiated with the most constant succession of prayers and *metanoias*, standing up to them on their legs during the whole time, with their heads uncovered in the coldest weather, without the smallest appearance of weariness or faintness from the length of the service, which is always so excessive?"[2]

[1] Travels of Macarius, ii. 226–7. [2] Id., i. p. 350.

But when he comes to speak of the new and strange fancy of the Patriarch Nicon in adding to the long service *a sermon* for the instruction of the people, his amazement has no bounds. He can only express his utter astonishment at the incredible piety and fortitude of these Russian saints. "We entered the church as the clock struck three, and did not leave it till ten, having stood there with them about seven hours on our legs, on the iron pavement, enduring the most severe cold and piercing frost. But we were consoled for all this by witnessing the admirable devotion of this people. Nor was the patriarch satisfied with the ritual and the long *synaxaria*, but he must crown all with an admonition and a copious sermon! God grant him moderation! His heart did not ache for the Emperor, nor for the tender infants! What should we say to this in our country? Would to God we were thus patient! Without doubt the Great Creator has granted to this nation to be His peculiar people; and it becomes them to be so, because all their actions are according to the spirit, and not to the flesh; and they are all of this disposition. Nor was yet this enough; but after the Emperor and the Patriarch had sent us a banquet, and we had sat down to table, still in that state of stupefaction, the bells immediately began to ring for vespers!" [1]

The religion brought before us in these passages is indeed perverted and obscured. We hardly recognize in it the faith once delivered to the saints—the faith of the Apostles, the early Christians, and of our own evangelical

[1] Travels of Macarius, ii. 51–2.

churches. Yet after all, we cannot help feeling that there have been far worse forms of Christianity than that of the simple, devout, kindly and honest archdeacon of Aleppo. He was true to his convictions, fervent and sincere, faithful according to the light he enjoyed; and of him more, perhaps, was not required. The like charity we may extend to his fellow-believers, the rude and lowly Greek peasantry of Europe. Their religion was most unscriptural; was mixed with much which may truly be called heathenish superstition. It was a childish faith, but it was the faith of children in moral and intellectual development; and living in honesty and domestic virtue, industrious, frugal, and patient, following the spiritual guidance of their simple pastors—as poor, almost as ignorant as themselves—standing steadfastly for the faith as it had been taught them, and performing faithfully what they believed to be their religious duties, we may trust that even their poor, distorted service was not unaccepted of Him who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax.

Although the early perversions of Christianity kept nearly equal pace in the East and the West, the Greek and Roman Churches have been distinguished for fifteen centuries by radical and most important differences. The Eastern Church retained the rhetoric and the subtle philosophy of the Greeks; the Western Church, practical, unphilosophical, submissive, inherited the legal, organizing, administrative genius of Rome. The Greek Church was unpractical, unaggressive, intellectual, contemplative, stationary. The Roman Church, with neither love nor aptitude for subtle speculation, received its theology

from the Greeks, but was active, flexible, progressive, imperial. "The East enacted creeds, the West discipline."[1] "The first decree of an Eastern Council was to determine the relations of the Godhead. The first decree of the Pope of Rome was to interdict the marriage of the clergy."[2]

Monasticism was as widely prevalent, as highly honored, in the one church as in the other. But between the monks of the East and those of the West there was this immense difference: The monks of the East were inactive, unaggressive, never thinking of any earnest effort to extend the triumphs of their faith, but preferring rather to escape from all labor, whether of body or of mind, and seek for perfection through spiritual repose and holy contemplation. The monks of the West, on the other hand, when living up to their discipline, were among the most earnest and laborious of men. Their great idea was to seek for holiness by an unceasing conflict with the weaknesses of the flesh. To this end they deemed no means more effectual than such constant occupation, either physical or mental, as should give the tempter no access to their souls. Perpetual employment, either in religious exercises, in the literary labors of the cloister, in subduing and tilling their ample fields, or in Christian activity abroad, was thus the law of their life. They were filled with an irrepressible energy and zeal for conquest; and from the days of St. Patrick to those of Francis Xavier, they have been among the most laborious, enterprising, and successful missionaries that the Christian Church has ever produced.

[1] Milman's Latin Christianity, i. p. 119.
[2] Stanley's History of the Eastern Church, p. 109.

But while the Christian West has thus been ever advancing to new conquests, among the ancient churches of the East, excepting only the mission of Ulfilas to the Goths, and the stupendous operations of the Nestorians, any such aggressive Christian labor has been almost unknown for fifteen hundred years.

"In the midst of the Mohammedan East the Greek populations remain like islands in the barren sea; and the Bedouin tribes have wandered for twelve centuries round the Greek convent of Mount Sinai, probably without one instance of conversion to the creed of men whom they yet acknowledge, with almost religious veneration, as beings from a higher world." [1]

For the thousand years which followed the division of the Roman Empire between the sons of Theodosius in 395, the balance of advantage in the radical differences between the Christianity of the East and that of the West was immensely in favor of the Church of Rome. The Church of the East stood motionless and helpless in the midst of its foes. But not so the mightier Church of the West. That Church grappled manfully with the new world of barbarism, by which it seemed about to be overwhelmed, subdued it to itself, and out of the moral and social chaos which surrounded it, slowly but surely built up a new civilization, better and nobler than that which had been destroyed. But in modern times the scales have turned; and now, for many generations, the Greek Church has held a position far more favorable, far less oppugnant to the development of light and truth and the progress of society than that of its ancient rival.

[1] Stanley, p. 122.

The Church of the West, obedient to the tendencies which it had inherited from imperial Rome, early assumed a centralized and monarchical form, with unlimited spiritual authority in the hands of the Pope. And the Popes, thus clothed with absolute power, became the source and the authors of an immense body of ecclesiastical legislation, the decretals and canon law, which fixed rigidly and unchangeably almost every point relating to the moral and religious interests of society and the Church. In its long contest with the barbarism of the Middle Ages, this centralized, energetic power of the Western Church was the ground of its invincible strength, and to it we are largely indebted even for the better things of later times. But when the age of darkness began to pass away, and the Christian communities of the West were ready to break forth in a larger and freer development, this despotism of the Roman Church, so minute and all-embracing, so absolute and relentless, became an iron bondage, a millstone about the neck of society, an insuperable bar to all healthful progress, to all freedom of thought and of action.

The Church of the East, on the other hand, has always been comparatively free. It has had no spiritual sovereign, no centralized and despotic power. The Patriarchs have been no more than presiding bishops, and the great body of the bishops have formed an aristocracy with no monarchical head except the Emperors. The constitution of the Eastern Church was thus as distinctively aristocratic as that of the Western was monarchical and despotic. Again, the Church of the East has never been cursed with a mania for ecclesiastical legislation. Almost all points left undetermined by the great councils have

remained unfixed by any ecclesiastical authority. In this respect alone, the Greek Church, as compared with the Papal, enjoys a measure of freedom at the present time of incalculable value and promise. No ecclesiastical law has ever prohibited or limited the reading of the Scriptures and the services of the Church in the language of the common people; or enjoined the celibacy of the parochial clergy; or denied the sacramental cup to the laity; or asserted the infallibility of the Church; or required auricular confession; or affirmed the doctrines of transubstantiation, purgatorial punishment, and works of supererogation; or sanctioned the sale or granting of indulgences.[1] The principle has always been established that the church services of every nation of the Greek faith should be in its own language; and although, with the lapse of time, the language of these services has in most cases become antiquated and unfamiliar to the common ear, the principle is still the same. So also the circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular of each people has never been forbidden, has in many cases been favored and earnestly promoted. "The Arabic translation of the Scriptures, even in the Coptic Church, is listened to with the utmost attention, and is taught in Coptic schools."[2]

The parochial clergy are usually in Turkey, always in Russia, married men, but are not allowed to marry after ordination. The bishops and higher clergy are all from the order of monks, and therefore unmarried. The laity hold a far higher and more important position; the separation between laity and clergy is far less wide and

[1] Stanley, Lecture I.; Tennent, chap. x. [2] Stanley, p. 127.

complete in the Greek Church than in the Latin. The Greek priesthood claim no such divine powers as are arrogated to themselves by the priesthood of the Romish Church. The words of ordination are a simple prayer for the divine blessing; the words of absolution, not as in the Romish Church, "I absolve thee," but, "May the Lord absolve thee."[1] The vows of the Greek priest are not, like those of his Latin brother, indelible. It is possible for him to divest himself of holy orders and return to the ranks of common life. The monks are not necessarily priests, as in the West. "The monastic orders, although including many clergy, are yet in the East to a great extent, as they are never in the West, but as they were entirely in early times, lay and not clerical institutions. The vast community of Athos is, practically, a lay corporation, assisted by a small body of chaplains."[2] These statements make it clear that the Greek Church has been subjected to the bondage of ecclesiastical authority in a far less degree than the Church of Rome. But another and far more important point remains to be considered. As we have seen, the Turkish conquest reduced the whole

[1] Stanley, p. 126.

[2] Id., p. 126. This statement of Dean Stanley, however true at the present time, is a little misleading as to the condition of the Greek monasteries in the past. When Colonel Leake visited the Greek monasteries of Thessaly and Macedonia, in the first decade of the present century, it would seem that the lay brethren did not outnumber the clerical monks or caloyers. At Meteora, in western Thessaly, there were twenty caloyers, whom alone he calls monks, and as many lay inmates. Lavra (or Laura) and Vatopedhi, two of the largest of the twenty monasteries of Mount Athos, had, the former four hundred, the latter three hundred caloyers, either present or absent, besides which each had connected with it, "a great number of cosmics," or lay brethren.—Travels in Northern Greece, vol. iii. pp. 114-140; vol. iv. pp. 537-542.

Greek nation to a perfect legal equality, transformed it into a vast democracy. As the result of this revolution, there gradually grew up among the commonalty of the Greek Church a powerful and indestructible spirit of democratic freedom. And as this spirit grew and strengthened, there came with it an ever-widening distinction between the great body of the people, with their simple and lowly married pastors on the one hand, and the vast ecclesiastical corporation of the monks and higher clergy on the other.

The whole hierarchical system of the Greek Church is based upon the monastic order; and of the Greek monastic order, the twenty convents of Mount Athos, the Holy Mountain, are the central, and in the eyes of all Christians of the Greek communion of whatever nation, the sacred seat.[1] But the Greek monastic life, as we have already seen, has been from the beginning indolent, stationary, fruitless. Averse to all labor, whether of body or of mind, save as they engaged in it for their own subsistence or in the hope of gain, the Greek monks for many centuries have lived in stupid ignorance, leaving the treasures of ancient learning stored up in their libraries unstudied and neglected; have put forth no evangelistic effort for

[1] Mount Athos is the ancient promontory or peninsula of Acta, sixty miles south-east from Saloniki or Thessalonica, across the narrow neck of which, a mile and a half wide, Xerxes dug his famous ship canal, on his invasion of Greece. The monastic community occupies the whole peninsula, on which no female, whether woman, beast, or domestic fowl, is permitted to land. In these convents are represented all the families of the Greek faith—the Greek, Bulgarian, Servian, Wallachian, Russian, and Georgian. Besides the peninsula, they possess large estates in different parts of European Turkey, some of them in Russia.

the instruction of the people and the advancement of their faith; have had no thought or aspiration for the public good. The only virtue to which they aspired was the rigid observance of the ritual of the Church, and the fasts, austerities, and penances prescribed by their monastic rule. Their only passion was for the accumulation of money and the pushing of their own personal interests. Such a life made the Greek monks, as a rule—a rule not without its honorable exceptions—narrow, bigoted, selfish, and useless in the last degree. From this order the bishops and all the higher clergy were taken, and formed a hierarchy worthy of such a parentage. To make the matter worse, the high offices of the Church were prizes eagerly coveted by the wealthy Greeks; and many of these, often among the most worthless of men, were continually entering the monasteries for the most selfish ends.[1] Among the Greek prelates for the three hundred and seventy years following the fall of Constantinople, there were always here and there men of virtue, honesty, and public spirit, sometimes of sound learning and true liberality of mind. Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Constantinople in 1635, was a man whose "whole life was a complicated struggle against the Jesuits of the Latin and the hierarchy of the Greek Church, and a yearning after the Protestant, chiefly the Calvinistic, theology of Geneva, Holland, and England."[2] Germanos, Bishop of Patras, was the first to raise the standard of revolt in 1821, and there were other prelates who took part in the revolution with a patriotism as manly and disinterested as his. But the great majority of the Greek bishops from 1453 to

[1] Finlay, p. 178. [2] Stanley, p. 455.

1821 were mere tools of the Porte, mere hangers on upon Turkish officials, always ready to secure their personal ends by bribery and intrigue, the selfish and rapacious tyrants of their flocks. "The monks and the dignified clergy became intriguers at Turkish divans, flatterers of Ottoman officials, and systematic spies on the conduct of the parish priests, and on the patriotic sentiments of the laity. They served for three centuries as the most efficient agents of the Ottoman government, in repressing the national aspirations for independence among the Greeks."[1] "The entire body of the unmarried clergy, from the humblest cenobite to the enthroned chief of their religion, may thus be looked upon as one connected and classified system of tyranny; each individual existing by the spoils of those immediately beneath him, and all supported by the hard-wrung contributions of the Greeks. They can only be regarded as an insulated weight, an incubus imposed upon the mass of the people, with whom they had no mutual sympathies, and from the midst of whom they might have been removed without rending a single tie or inflicting an essential injury."[2]

Under the Turks the four original Patriarchates of the Eastern Church were still represented. There were, 1, the Patriarch of Constantinople; 2, the Patriarch of Alexandria, who, with all his pompous titles, was a prelate without a church, supported by the enforced contributions of the merchants, Copts, and Roman Catholics of Egypt; 3, the Patriarch of Antioch, established in the time of Macarius at Damascus, and the head of the

[1] Finlay, p. 159. [2] Tennent, vol. i. p. 412.

feeble remnant of the orthodox Arabic-speaking Christians of Syria; and 4, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the poorest of the four, and the only one empowered to name his own successor. Of these once mighty dignitaries, the Patriarch of Constantinople was the only one possessed of any real power or importance. The other three were, after a time, driven by their poverty to Constantinople, and their offices became little more than high titular dignities in the Greek Church.[1]

In reorganizing the affairs of the Greeks, Mohammed II. constituted a Grand Synod of the leading prelates of the Greek Church, under the presidency of the Patriarch of Constantinople, to stand as the responsible head of the Church and nation, and to be the medium of all communications between the government and the Greek people. It consisted at first of sixteen archbishops. Four of these, the Archbishops of Heraclea, Cyzicum, Chalceden, and Drekos, held their seats ex officio; the other twelve were named by the Patriarch. This Synod elected (or rather nominated, for in every case the real appointing power was reserved to the Sultan)[2] the Patriarch of Constantinople, the minor Patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch, and the archbishops and bishops generally. It took cognizance of all the affairs of the Greek people, secular as well as ecclesiastical; through it were forwarded all the firmans of the Porte relating to them; it was empowered to confirm or annul all decrees of the minor prelates in

[1] Tennent, i. p. 361.

[2] "Waddington, *Greek Church*, 54, says the words of the barat of the Sultan were, 'I command you to go and reside as bishop at ———, according to the ancient custom, and to the vain ceremonies of the inhabitants.'"—Finlay, p. 163, note.

their respective sees.[1] The first four Patriarchs obtained their office by a fair election, without any money payment. The fifth, Simeon of Trebizond, bought the deposition of his predecessor and his own elevation for a thousand ducats. From this time the Patriarchate, and every other important office in the Church, had its price. The Patriarch held his position only until another candidate appeared with a sufficient bribe; bribery, simony, and intrigue, as universal as they were shameless, became almost the only ladder of advancement to the corrupt hierarchy. Thus, while the great body of the nation, with its simple married pastors, was slowly growing into a vast Christian democracy, the monks and higher clergy formed a great and corrupt ecclesiastical corporation, entirely separate in their whole character and in all their interests from the mass of the people. The common people looked up to the bishops with something of respect, mingled with superstitious awe and fear, as the heads of their faith, and as holding in their hands the awful powers of the Church; yet too often hated them as rapacious tyrants, and were glad to be freed from their power. According to Sir Emerson Tennent, there were many districts which obtained from the Porte the privilege of living without bishops, and of being governed by Exarchs, without salary, chosen from the ranks of their married priests.[2]

Of the *papas* (popes) or married parochial clergy of the Greeks as a body, for the three hundred years following the Turkish conquest, the best authorities are agreed in speaking with much respect. The members of

[1] Tennent, i. 353. [2] Modern Greece, i. 411.

this order differed greatly in character, according to their varying circumstances. Among the wild robbers of the mountains the priests were sometimes tempted to make a trade of pardoning crimes, and to promote rather than oppose the wickedness which brought them gain. In the towns, through their ignorance, poverty, and inferior social position, they were greatly demoralized, and many of their number were base and worthless men. But the great body of the order, living away from the corrupting influences of the towns in the quiet agricultural districts of the country, were simple, virtuous, and sincere. Cut off from all hope of Church preferment, living with their families among their people, sharing in their toils, their burdens and trials, their pleasures and their joys, completely identified with them, looked up to by them with reverent affection as their friends as well as their spiritual guides, they were generally, as far as their qualifications would permit, true pastors to their flocks.

They were as poor, as superstitious, almost as ignorant as their people. Their education merely sufficed to enable them to read the Church services; they were often obliged to pursue some industrial calling for the support of their families. But with simple faithfulness they performed the ministries of their Church, and kept their people steady and true in their devotion to a persecuted religion. "The parish priests were a class of men destitute of learning, and possessing no great personal authority; but as the agricultural classes in the villages formed the heart of the nation, the parish priests had an influence on the fate of Greece quite incommensurate with their social rank. . . . The secular clergy, without seeking

the mighty charge, and without being suited worthily to fulfill the mission, became by the nature of things the real representatives of the Greek Church, and the national ministers of religion. To their conduct we must surely attribute the confidence which the agricultural population retained in the promises of the Gospel, and their firm persistence in a persecuted faith. The grace of God operated by human means to preserve Christianity under the domination of the Ottomans."[1]

[1] Finlay, pp. 180–1.

CHAPTER IV.

CONDITION OF THE GREEKS IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES—ARMATOLI AND KLEPHTS—THE AGE OF PIRACY—VENETIAN CONQUEST OF THE MOREA.

FOR a hundred and fifty years after the conquest of Constantinople, the Ottoman Empire remained in the fullness of power and prosperity, and the population, both Mohammedan and Christian, steadily increased.[1] The Sultans were able and energetic men who held the reins of government firmly in their own hands; the Pashas and local officials were held in steady subjection; rebellions and civil dissensions rarely disturbed the peace of the provinces; the laboring classes, both in the agricultural districts and the towns, were industrious and prosperous; manufactures flourished; the trade of the Empire, both domestic and foreign, was vast and lucrative. "Various manufactured articles were, for two centuries, generally imported from the Sultan's dominions into other countries, particularly camlets, a strong stuff composed of silk and mohair called grogram, rich brocaded silks, embroidered scarfs, Turkey carpets, leather and yarn, besides Angora wool, cotton wool, and raw

[1] Finlay, p. 61.

silk, flax and hemp, in addition to the usual produce exported from the Levant, Southern Italy and Sicily at the present day. . . . Livadea and Athens . . . supplied sail-cloth for the Ottoman navy. English ships already visited the Morea and Missolonghi to load currants, and often brought back rich scarfs, sashes of variegated silk and gold tissue, and Turkey leather of the brightest dyes, which were manufactured at different towns in Greece, particularly at Patras, Gastouni, and Lepanto."[1]

But with the seventeenth century began the decline of the Ottoman power, and a period of great depression and calamity to the Greeks. The Sultans were no longer masters of their own Empire; supreme power was in the hands of ministers and favorites; the great Pashas had become semi-independent and defiant, the minor officials rapacious and tyrannical; rebellions and civil wars laid waste the provinces;[2] and a vast and terrible system of piracy and slave-catching destroyed the trade of the Empire, and depopulated and ruined the islands and coasts of Greece. In the seventeenth century, the Greeks descended to the lowest point of feebleness and misery ever reached in all their history—a point from which they began to rise in the vigor of a regenerated national life.

The social condition of the Greeks during the first

[1] Finlay, p. 187.

[2] When Macarius and Paul of Aleppo returned to Asia Minor, in 1659, they found the whole Peninsula, from Brûsa to Aleppo and Diarbekir, in confusion, through the formidable rebellion of Abaza Hassan El Jelali, Pasha of Aleppo.—Macarius, vol. ii. pp. 415, 431, 435.

three centuries of Turkish rule differed widely in different parts of the Empire. In the extent of their sufferings at the outset, through the havoc of the conquest itself; in the character and degree of their subsequent servitude; in their exposure to corrupting influences, to local oppression, and to the inroads of enemies, their circumstances varied as widely as the districts in which they dwelt.

I. The Greeks were very numerous in Western Asia Minor, in Southern Macedonia, and in the neighborhood of the capital. In these central regions of the Empire, which foreign foes never invaded, which were rarely wasted by civil strife, and in which the power of Turkish rule was steady and irresistible, the condition of the Greeks differed very widely, in some respects for the better, in others for the worse, from that of their brethren in Greece proper and the islands. In the first place, having yielded in most cases to overwhelming force and without resistance, they had suffered less at the great revolution of the Turkish conquest. In some districts, especially in the Morea and the islands, where the Venetians made a stubborn defence, the destruction of the Greek population was so great as to essentially diminish the numbers of the race. To say nothing of the awful carnage which followed the subjugation of any city or province in which serious resistance was encountered, the immense deportation of the inhabitants which followed left many districts entirely depopulated. Nor was this devastation limited to places taken at the point of the sword. The fate of the great island of Lesbos, or Mytilene, is an example in point. This

rich and populous island had belonged to seigniors of the Genoese family of Gattilusio. In the hope of preserving his dominions, the last Seignior of Mytilene, Nicholas Gattilusio, not only surrendered his capital, but turned Mohammedan; while the people who hated their Catholic lords were equally prompt in transferring their allegiance to the Turks. The island had become a nest of Sicilian, Italian, and Spanish pirates, who from this convenient refuge infested the Turkish waters, and in 1462 Mohammed II. determined to break it up. Neither prince nor people were saved by their submission. The seignior was rewarded for his treacherous apostasy by the bowstring; one-third of the people, the most intelligent and skillful, were removed to fill the empty streets of Constantinople; a second third, the youngest and fairest, were sold into slavery, and only the remaining third, the poorest and meanest of the inhabitants, were left to occupy the island.

The booty in slaves was one of the chief rewards of the Turkish soldiery. It was thus a prime end of every expedition, as had been the case in almost all the wars of the ancient world, to bring back a great host of captives for the slave market. Whatever the event of the campaign, the captives must be gathered, the slaves must be had. The second invasion of Germany by Solyman the Magnificent, in 1531, resulted in an ignominious retreat; but thirty thousand captives served to appease the army and defray the cost of the campaign.[1] "Those terrible incursions into Styria, Carinola, and Carinthia, and into Italy as far as the banks of the Isonzo and Tag-

[1] Upham's Ottoman Empire (Constable's edition), vol. ii. p. 11.

liamento, were often made merely to gratify the troops with a rich booty in slaves, not with the intention of making any permanent conquests."[1]

The Venetians pursued the same course on their part. "The Venetian government excited the activity of its mercenary troops by granting them two-thirds of all the booty they collected, and by establishing regular sales by auction of the captives brought into the camp, paying the soldiers three ducats a head for each prisoner."[2] Thus, between the Turks and Venetians, the unhappy Greeks of the South were ground as between the upper and the nether millstone. Modon was destroyed by the Turks, Megara by the Venetians. The Greek population in the neighborhood of Argos and Nauplia was exterminated; the great island of Negropont was taken from the Venetians after a brave defence, and most of its Greek inhabitants sold for slaves. In 1537, the island of Ægina, then flourishing under Venetian rule, was taken by the famous Barbarossa, the Admiral of Solyman the Magnificent. The city was destroyed, all the males capable of bearing arms were slain, six thousand young women and children were carried into slavery, and the island was left without inhabitants.[3]

From horrors like these, the Asiatic and Macedonian Greeks of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were in great measure free. They subsided quietly into their new position under Turkish rule—a position which remained fixed and permanent. They were not greatly oppressed; they lived in comparative comfort and plenty —and so they remained for four hundred years; as well

[1] Finlay, p. 77. [2] Finlay, p. 77. [3] Id., 83.

off, according to the statement of Mr. Urquhart, already cited, as any agricultural peasantry in the world. Yet, though always a prolific race, their numbers have remained for all these four hundred years very nearly the same. There has been no essential increase. Of this important fact the reasons are obvious. The Greeks of these provinces lived shut in and kept down by a military aristocracy of an alien race and a hostile faith. They paid their taxes in kind, and labored, hoped for, nothing more than the means of subsistence from year to year. The weight of Turkish power was so heavy, so steady, and so utterly irresistible, as to leave them neither hope nor aspiration for any change. Worst of all, they lived in constant, intimate exposure to Turkish influences in their most depressing, corrupting form. The temptation to apostasy was great and never-ceasing, and there can be no doubt that for three centuries their loss by apostasy, and the tribute of the fifth male child, was enough to counterbalance the natural increase in their numbers. For the past hundred years it would seem that the Greek population had slowly but steadily increased.

II. For the first three centuries of Turkish rule, the inhabitants of Northern Greece and Albania, from Mount Olympus, Ochrida, and Scutari on the north, to the Gulf and Isthmus of Corinth on the south, held a position very peculiar, and in some respects singularly advantageous. Throughout this wide region, almost alone in the Ottoman dominions, a great part of the Christian population retained their arms and a large measure of freedom. The Albanians will demand a separate consideration. In Northern Greece, through all this period,

we meet with two classes of brave and warlike Greeks, always in arms, always trained to a life of hardihood, adventure, and military daring, which were destined together to play a very important part in the coming events of their national history—the *Armatoli* and the *Klephts*.[1]

The whole of Northern Greece, as far as the boundaries of Attica, was subdued by Bajazet I. and Amurath II.; Albania finally surrendering to Amurath in 1432.[2] Attica, Megaris, and the Morea yielded to the arms of Mohammed II. after the fall of Constantinople. From that time, excepting the twenty-three years of Scanderbeg's heroic reign in Albania, and now and then a successful Venetian invasion, the whole of Northern Greece remained in the undisputed possession of the Turks. Their authority, however, was very imperfectly established. The plains of Thessaly and Karlili[3] were occupied and appropriated in the usual way, but the warlike mountaineers, who formed a large majority of the population of Northern Greece, were really unsubdued. Safe in their fastnesses among the mountains, and encouraged and supported by the Venetians, they continually vexed and wasted the Turkish settlements in the plains.

[1] For a full account of the Armatoli and Klephts of Northern Greece, see Tennent, chap. xi.

[2] Tennent, i. pp. 122, 166.

[3] Karlili is the name given by the Turks to the district lying south of Albania, between Arta and the Gulf of Corinth, including the ancient Acarnania and Ætolia. "The name is supposed to have been attached to the country by the Turks, because on their first arrival they found it in possession of a Frank prince, named Charles Tocco."—Leake's Travels in Northern Greece, vol. i. p. 224, note.

Too much occupied with other and more profitable enterprises to undertake the almost impossible task of the thorough conquest of these wild mountains, the Sultans finally had recourse to concession and compromise. The Christian mountaineers, upon the payment of tribute, were permitted to retain their arms, and were formed into regular and permanent bands. These bands were received into the service of the Porte as a kind of local militia for the defence of the country and the preservation of order. Thus arose the famous bands of the Christian Armatoli, which for nearly three hundred years occupied the whole of Northern Greece (not including Albania), from the Isthmus of Corinth to the borders of Macedonia. Each canton had its own independent band; and each band its hereditary captain, whose residence was in the chief town of his district, and whose jurisdiction was called an armatolic. The members of these bands were called *pallikaris;* and each captain had a lieutenant or secretary, called *proto-pallikari.*

But besides the Armatoli, there were great numbers of armed mountaineers, who, disdaining submission to the Turks, maintained themselves in their mountain fastnesses in fierce and haughty independence. Owning a nominal allegiance to some distant Turkish official, and paying their tribute with greater or less regularity, they were really free; and keeping up a perpetual warfare with the Turks of their own neighborhood, they were known as *Klephts*, or robbers—a name which soon came to be held in highest honor among the Greeks.

The greater part of Northern Greece was thus left in the enjoyment of a very unusual measure of freedom.

There were some important districts which really governed themselves with little interference on the part of the Turks, and in which the Greek inhabitants lived in quiet and prosperity until the beginning of the present century. One of these, the neighborhood of Mounts Ossa and Pelion in eastern Thessaly, has been already referred to. Another, the little republic of Agrafa, deserves more particular mention.

Agrafa[1] is a district about fifty miles in length by thirty-five in breadth, lying in the mountainous region south of Thessaly. At the beginning of the present century it contained eighty-five towns and villages, and fifty thousand inhabitants. Its peculiar privileges, dating back apparently to a period far anterior to the Turkish conquest, were preserved in its capitulation with Mohammed II., and until the times of Ali Pasha and the Greek Revolution, it kept its proud position as a free republic, tributary to the Porte. Every year the people chose their archon and council; and under the direction of the archons, a Christian captain with two hundred men, and a Mohammedan Albanian with three hundred, kept the peace and guarded the roads. In the more favored districts agriculture was very flourishing, and large quantities of wine, butter, cheese, wool, silk, honey, sheep, goats, cows, and oxen were exported. There were manufactures of cotton, wool, gold, silver, sword-blades, gun-barrels, and pistol-locks, giving employment to a third of the whole population, while great numbers of the men were engaged abroad as shopkeepers, artisans, and carriers. These, and many similar examples which might

[1] Leake's Travels in Northern Greece, vol. iv. pp. 266–274.

be cited, are conclusive proof that the Greeks of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries needed only *to be let alone* to insure their prosperity and rapid advancement.

Until the close of the seventeenth century, the Greek Armatoli were in high favor with the Turks. The Porte looked to them as a ready means for curbing its mutinous spahis; the Pashas kept them in pay as a force on which they might hope to depend in any quarrel with the Porte. But after the conquest of the Morea by the Venetians, in 1687, and their final expulsion from Greece by the treaty of Passarovitz, in 1718, the Porte began to look upon these Christian soldiers with a jealous eye, and to devise means to disunite and destroy them. To this end a Dervent-Aga, or guardian of the roads, was appointed, with a jurisdiction extending over all Northern Greece, and having his guard-houses and company of Albanian guards at every important point. After 1740, this office was bestowed upon the Albanian Pashas of Epirus; and finally, towards the close of the last century, by the craft and force of Ali Pasha of Yannina, the Armatoli were effectually broken up. Many of them enlisted in the service of Ali, but the great majority were driven to swell the ranks of the independent Klephts.

III. While the Christians of the northern provinces were thus living in comparative quiet and prosperity, to the Greeks of the Morea and the islands, through the rivalry and frequent wars of the Turks and Venetians, the sixteenth century was a troubled and calamitous period. The Morea was repeatedly invaded by the Venetians, and although the Christian forces were expelled by the

Turks, each of these bloody and desperate struggles entailed fearful loss and sufferings upon the unhappy Greeks. The islands were wrested slowly, and one by one, from their Latin masters. Mytilene was subdued in 1462, Zante and Cephalonia in 1479, Rhodes in 1522, the Cyclades in 1537–8, Cyprus in 1570, while Candia, the last stronghold of the Venetians in the Ægean,[1] held out until 1669. The story of most of these successive conquests is the same sickening recital of the pillage, slaughter, and enslavement of the wretched inhabitants. Thus, hardly had the power of the Sultan been firmly established in these southern regions, hardly had the unhappy Greeks begun to look forward to something of peace and prosperity under Turkish rule, when the Empire entered upon its long decline, and the dark, disastrous age of the seventeenth century set in.

Throughout the Mediterranean and its tributary waters, the seventeenth century was the age of piracy. Draguts and Barbarossas no longer commanded the Turkish fleets. The naval force of the Empire, though still powerful, and an equal match for the navies of the West on great occasions, was cumbrous and unwieldy. It only put to sea in strong force, and, usually, once or twice in the year. The trade, islands, and coasts of the Empire were thus left, with no efficient protection, to be the prey of every swift and enterprising spoiler. Such spoilers, both Moslem and Christian, soon swarmed in every sea. Innumerable corsairs issued from the ports of Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, to prey upon everything Christian within their reach on sea and land; while an equal number of

[1] Excepting Timos, which was held by the Venetians until 1715.

Christian corsairs, fitted out by the Knights of St. John at Malta, from Catalonia, Sicily, Genoa, Tuscany, and Dalmatia,[1] plundered with no less rapacity everything belonging to the infidel. The poor Greeks were pillaged, kidnapped, and enslaved by both parties alike — by the Moslems because they were Christians, by the Christians because they were heretics, and subjects of the Turk. So destructive and frequent did these inroads become, that the Greeks were everywhere compelled to abandon the open country near the sea, and fix their abodes in distant and secure retreats.[2]

While the sea was thus filled with freebooters, the Greeks upon the mainland also found their condition much changed for the worse. The Pashas and other local officials, no longer held in strict subjection by the central government, were allowed to plunder their subjects and wage war upon one another at their pleasure. The number of Turkish, or rather Moslem, landholders had considerably increased; the janizaries, now settled as military colonies in all the principal towns, were crowding the Greeks from the various callings which hitherto they had

[1] The pirates of Dalmatia, long ago turned Mohammedan, maintained their celebrity until the present century. Mr. Hobhouse speaks of the people of Dulcigno as "six thousand pirates," and says that the inhabitants of Dulcigno and Antivari were the only Albanians who were sailors. At that time, they took service with the Barbary powers, and with Ali Pasha.—Travels in Albania, &c., vol. i. p. 146.

Through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Knights of St. John at Malta regularly sold their Moslem captives into slavery. The households of the Spanish grandees, and the Spanish and French galleys were largely supplied from this source.—See Ed. Review for April, 1876, p. 230.

[2] Finlay, pp. 103–117.

largely engrossed; and, to crown all, the barbarous expulsion of their Moslem brethren from Spain in 1609, had embittered the Turks against the Christian name, and inspired them with a fanatical and intolerant spirit, which for two hundred years they had rarely displayed.

The seventeenth century was thus a period of great depression and calamity to the whole Greek race. Their trade was annihilated, their resources straitened, their numbers diminished, and their condition rendered in every respect troubled and precarious. Never had they been so much depressed and despised, never had such discouragement and despondency seized upon their minds, never, since the reign of Mohammed II., had apostasy been so alarmingly prevalent among the middle and lower classes. "Still it was not from direct oppression that the number of Greek renegades was increased towards the middle of the seventeenth century. Those who quitted the orthodox faith were led to take that step by a feeling of despair at their despised condition in society, and by a desire to bear arms and mix in active life. The spirit of the age was military, and violence was one of its characteristics. The Greeks could only defend their families against the insolence of the Turks and the rapacity of the Frank corsairs by changing their religion; when galled by acts of injustice, and eager for revenge, they often flew to the most violent and most effectual remedy their imagination could suggest, and embraced Mohammedanism." [1]

To the Greeks of the islands, however, these overwhelming calamities of the seventeenth century proved

[1] Finlay, pp. 139–40.

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but the preparation for a brighter and better day. The incessant and determined warfare waged against the Turks in the waters of the Ægean by the Knights of St. John and other Christian corsairs, effectually drove the Turks from the islands. No Turkish governor was found hardy enough to hold a position so dangerous, and in many of the islands not a Turk remained. The islanders were thus enabled to enter into an arrangement with the Porte, by which, upon the payment of a definite tribute, to be collected by the Capitan Pasha on his annual round, they were to be left, without the presence of any Turkish official, to manage their own affairs.[1] The way was thus prepared for that astonishing development of which some of these islands were to be the theater a hundred years later.

As the janizaries became changed into a fixed and hereditary class, the tribute of Christian children was no longer needed to fill their ranks. By the middle of the seventeenth century, this tribute had ceased to be regularly exacted. Only a few instances are mentioned in which it was demanded in later times, the last being a levy of a thousand Christian children in 1703.[2]

The total defeat of the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, before Vienna in 1683, by John Sobieski, King of Poland, was followed by events of great importance to the Greeks. Previous to this time the Porte had assumed a tone of contemptuous arrogance in its dealings with the Christian powers, which their faithlessness and pusillanimity had gone far to justify. Never had the demands of the Porte or the rapacity of its high officials been so

[1] Tennent, i. p. 179, note. [2] Finlay, p. 195, and note.

exorbitant and intolerable. "The Sultan's government complained, and not without reason, that no treaty of peace with a Christian monarch afforded any guarantee for its faithful observance. . . . The deportment of the ambassadors of the Christian powers at Constantinople did not increase the consideration in which they were held. Unwise exhibitions of presumption and petulance by some French ambassadors were not supported with proper firmness. Many scandalous scenes occurred. The son of M. de la Haye, the French ambassador, was bastinadoed by the Turks and his father imprisoned. Louis XIV. sent M. Blondel as envoy extraordinary to demand satisfaction for the insult; but this envoy could not gain admittance to Sultan Mohammed IV., and returned to France without delivering his sovereign's letter. Some time after, the younger de la Haye, who had received the bastinado, became himself ambassador, and conducted himself in such a manner at his first meeting with the Grand Vizier, that he was pushed off the stool on which he was seated, and beaten by the Grand Vizier's attendants. The Marquis of Nointel, who was sent to Constantinople in 1670 to repair the imprudences of his predecessors, . . . was turned out of the room by the shoulders, the *tshaous* shouting as he pushed him along, 'March off, infidel!' The eagerness with which the ambassadors of the Christian powers intrigued and bribed in order to overreach one another at the Porte, the importance they attached to sitting in an arm-chair in public, and the tricks they made use of to obtain exclusive privileges, each for his own nation, led the Turks to conclude that the Christian character was a very despi-

cable compound of childish folly and extreme selfishness. The Ottoman ministers acted on this persuasion, and treated the representatives of the Christian powers at Constantinople with the insolence of contempt, while the commerce of the merchants in the Empire was considered as a fair object for constant exactions." [1]

Under these circumstances the Venetian Senate determined to take instant advantage of the great reverse suffered by the Turkish arms in Germany, to attempt the recovery of some portion of the ground they had lost. An alliance offensive and defensive was formed with Germany and Poland, and war was declared in July, 1684. This war resulted in the last great success ever achieved by the declining Republic. In three brilliant campaigns, aided by strong bodies of German mercenaries led by able German commanders, not only were the Turks wholly driven from the Morea, but the power of the Porte was broken in extensive districts north of the Gulf of Corinth. By the treaty of Carlovitz in 1699, Northern Greece was restored to the Turks, while the Morea remained in the possession of Venice. The Turks had been driven from the peninsula, but in their retreat they had ravaged and ruined the country. The population of the Morea before the war had been reckoned at two hundred and fifty thousand Christians and fifty thousand Moslems. After the war but one hundred thousand remained.

Deeply sensible of the precarious tenure by which they held their conquest, the Venetians reversed their usual policy in the treatment of their dependencies, and endeavored to so govern the Morea as to secure not the

[1] Finlay, pp. 197–200.

prosperity of the people alone, but their hearty attachment to themselves. They succeeded in giving the Greeks prosperity, but not in winning their affection. Greek and Latin could not forget the strife of ages, and dwell together in unity. Justice was fairly administered, peace and good order were maintained, and wise commercial and financial regulations were established. The good effect of these measures at once appeared. Industry revived, the scattered people returned, immigrants from neighboring districts flocked into the Morea, and in 1701, the population had risen again to two hundred thousand souls. The influence of the Catholic clergy in the Morea, feeble as was the hold which they were able to obtain upon the native population, was productive of much and permanent good. Through their superior intelligence, activity, and devotion to the duties of their calling, the Greek papas were made sensible of their own ignorance and inferiority, and were shamed into greater diligence. Many schools were established, and a new impulse, which has never since been lost, was given to education.[1]

There was nothing which impressed the Venetians more strongly at this time than the invincible repugnance of the Greeks of the Morea to the profession of arms. No young men could be found, except among the warlike Mainats, who were willing to serve as soldiers. The Greeks of the Morea would not fight on any side, even for their own deliverance. The Morea was prosperous under Venetian rule, to a degree probably never equaled at any other time for the past four hundred years. Yet

[1] Finlay, p. 256.

that rule soon became exceedingly distasteful to the Greeks. They hated the yoke of the Latin Christian more than that of the Moslem Turk. All classes were jealous and suspicious. The higher orders, idle, selfish, and rapacious as usual, were restless and discontented. By many of this class the return of the Turks was greatly desired, as promising greater freedom and license to themselves, with less restriction to their selfish, tyrannical schemes.

It was clear that the rule of the Venetians in the Morea could not be permanent, and events soon transpired which brought it to a sudden close. From 1701 to 1713 Western Europe was convulsed by the long and terrible war of the Spanish Succession. From all participation in this war the Venetian Republic kept so timidly aloof that at the peace of Utrecht in 1713 she was left without an ally or a friend. Meantime, the disastrous defeat of Peter the Great by the Turks in 1711 left the Ottoman government at liberty to put forth its full strength for the recovery of the Morea. The Turkish Grand Vizier at this time was the celebrated Ali Cumurgi, one of those able and energetic men who appeared from time to time among the Ottoman officials to revive the memory of greater and better days. Ali Cumurgi was the son of a charcoal burner of Asia Minor; but in childhood he had been received into the household of the Sultan and educated for the public service. In June, 1715, Ali Cumurgi entered Greece with an army of seventy thousand men, while the Capitan Pasha sailed to co-operate by sea. To this overwhelming force the Venetians could offer no effective opposition. The Grand Vizier maintained the

strictest discipline in his camp, paid liberally for all supplies, protected the people from spoliation, and proclaimed that they were to be treated not as the enemies, but as the subjects of the Sultan. As the result of this wise policy, the Moreots flocked to his standard and filled his camp with abundant supplies. The Venetian fortresses were speedily subdued, and in one short and brilliant campaign the whole of the Morea was regained. The next year the Ottoman forces were totally defeated by Prince Eugene at the great battle of Peterwardein on the banks of the Danube, and Ali Cumurgi was among the slain. By the peace of Passarovitz, in 1718, the Morea was finally abandoned to the Turks.

The establishment of the power of Venice in the Morea in 1688 was the turning point in the fortunes of the Greeks. Their prospects brightened, their condition improved, and from that day they began slowly but surely and steadily to rise.

CHAPTER V.

THE ALBANIANS OR ARNAUTS—SCANDERBEG—ALI PASHA OF YANNINA.[1]

THE Albanians,[2] Arnauts, as the Turks call them, or Skipetars (rock-dwellers), as they call themselves, inhabit the territory covered by ancient Epirus and the country of the Illyrians in Western Macedonia, extending from Montenegro on the north to the Gulf of Arta or Ambracia on the south, and from the coast of the Adriatic on the west to the central chain of Pindus on the east. Epirus is stupendously wild and mountainous, the very Switzerland of Greece, yet abounding in valleys of great beauty and fertility. The Ancient Epirots were as distinct from the Hellenes as the Albanians are from the

[1] Knolles' Turkish History, 3 vols. folio, London, 1687.

Leake's Travels in Northern Greece; and Researches in Greece.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), Journey through Albania and other Provinces of European and Asiatic Turkey.

Mackenzie and Irby, The Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe, chaps. xvii., xxxiii., and xxxiv.

Prof. Max Müller, Lectures on the Science of Language; and Languages of the Seat of War.

Brace's Races of the Old World.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall, chap. lxvii.

[2] Mr. Hobhouse observes that the country began to be called Albania in the eleventh century, or earlier.—Journey in Albania, etc., vol. i. 118.

modern Greeks. The Greek writers accounted them a Pelasgic race, or descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. They formed a cluster of rude highland clans, much like the Highlanders of Scotland a hundred and fifty years ago — brave, warlike, fierce, illiterate, and barbarian. Sometimes the several clans or tribes were essentially independent; sometimes they coalesced into little kingdoms of greater or less extent. In the times of the successors of Alexander the Great, Epirus had made considerable progress in civilization, and its kings exerted no little influence in the affairs of Eastern Europe. Pyrrhus, one of the latest of these kings, was a man of eminent ability, and made both himself and his country illustrious. Crossing the Adriatic in defence of the Greek colonies of Southern Italy, or Magna Græcia, he grappled not unsuccessfully with the rising power of Rome, and won for himself an honorable place among the great commanders of the ancient world.

In the year 167 B. C. the Romans wreaked a terrible vengeance upon Epirus, destroying seventy towns, and reducing a hundred and fifty thousand of the people to slavery. This was probably the only time that the Epirots have ever been thoroughly subdued. But even the Roman conquest seems to have wrought little change in their social condition. They still retained their own language and their national manners and usages, still remained a distinct and peculiar people.

The question has been much discussed whether the Albanians are genuine Epirots and Illyrians, or a new people, formed by large and repeated infusions of barbarian elements from the north. The question seems to

have been finally decided upon evidence furnished by their language. Prof. Max Müller and Prof. Pott deem it clear that the Albanian language is the true representative of the ancient Illyrian. The Epirots and Illyrians were neighbor and kindred tribes, speaking different dialects of the same language. It may now perhaps be considered as settled that the Albanians are the direct descendants of these ancient tribes,[1] though mingled in the course of ages, especially in the northern districts, with other and foreign elements.

Prof. Pott considers it certain that the Illyrian is one of the aboriginal races of Europe, and that if the term Pelasgi was ever used as the designation of a particular people, this must have been the race to which it belonged. He finds reason to believe that their numerous tribes extended far to the north, even beyond the Danube, and that the Wallachians are lineal descendants from the same stock. According to these views, it would seem that the Illyrian race must have been the earliest branch of the Indo-European race to settle in Europe, preceding even the Celts.[2]

The old division between Epirots and Illyrians has its modern counterpart in the marked distinction between the Northern and the Southern Albanians; these two sections of the race being quite dissimilar, and manifesting a strong mutual dislike. Yannina, or Ioannina, of which Yannina is the vulgar pronunciation, is the capital of Epirus, as

[1] Col. Leake observes that in Epirus and New Epirus (Central Albania) the aborigines of the country have probably always held their ground.—Researches in Greece, p. 238.

[2] Müller's Lectures on the Science of Language, p. 201; and Languages of the Seat of War, pp. 50–64.

Scutari, or Skadar, is of the northern province. Until the fall of the famous Mustapha Pasha[1] in 1833, Northern Albania had been held for some centuries, under the Turks, by a renegade branch of a princely Servian house. By descent, therefore, Mustapha Pasha, like so many others of the high Ottoman officials, was not a Turk, but a Servian.

The modern Epirots are true mountaineers, light and agile, and fight on foot. They are more sprightly and vivacious than their northern kindred, in this respect being more like the Greeks. Col. Leake observes that the Epirots and mountain Greeks are very much alike, though the Epirots are more even-tempered, prudent, and faithful, as also more selfish and avaricious; that both

[1] The "Turk," who was sleeping "in his guarded tent," when Marco Bozzaris broke in upon his dream. Scutari (Scodra) is an ancient town, as old as the Roman Empire. Yannina has always been a Greek city, with a Greek population. It has been important for seven hundred years, and at the Turkish conquest stood next to Thessalonica.—Leake's Researches, pp. 243, note, and 415.

These apostate Servians of Scutari, the famous family of the Bushatlia, were a powerful and semi-royal house, which no Sultan for centuries had been able to displace. The same thing was true of the hereditary Pashas of Uskup in Northern Macedonia. Mustapha Pasha, or Skodra Pasha, as the Turks called him, a man not destitute of ability, or of culture, was a powerful prince, who could bring into the field an army of thirty-five thousand men. If he had chosen to act with vigor against the Greeks, very likely he might have ended the rebellion; as, in 1829, he might have prevented the Russians from passing the Balkans. But his great enemy was not the Greek, or the Muscovite, but Sultan Mahmoud himself, who had determined to destroy him, with all the hereditary Pashas of his class. While, therefore, he obeyed the commands of the Sultan to march, now southwards against the Greeks, and now northwards against the Russians, and the rebels of Bosnia, his chief purpose always was to see to it that his own forces were kept well in hand, and suffered no diminution.—See Ranke's Servia, pp. 285, 334-7.

classes display the same religious prejudice and superstition, the same activity, keenness, and enterprise, and that they are alike hardy, patient, and laborious.[1] The Northern Albanians, inhabiting a more open country, have received, in the course of ages, a much larger infusion of foreign—especially of Slavonic—blood. They are taller and more stalwart than the Epirots, as they are more surly and stubborn; but though just as mercenary, cruel, and rapacious, they are not accounted as brave, and prefer to fight on horseback.

Of the history of the Albanians from the decline of the Roman power to the Turkish conquest, not very much is known. They adopted Christianity, and rendered an obedience more or less complete to the imperial government of Rome and Constantinople. They were afterwards partially subjected to the Bulgarian and Servian Empires;[2] but, defended by their impenetrable mountains and their indomitable spirit, they seem to have remained age after age the same race of unconquerable, infusible barbarian mountaineers which they had been from the beginning. When Constantinople was taken by the Crusaders, in 1204, Michael Angelos Comnenus, a member of the imperial family, retired to Epirus, and there founded a little kingdom which embraced almost the whole of Northern Greece. These despots of Epirus, as they are known in history, retained their power for a hundred and thirty-three years, when their territory was reunited with the Greek Empire.

[1] Researches in Greece, pp. 251–2.

[2] See the "Additional Note" to Leake's Travels in Northern Greece, vol. iv. p. 353.

After the Turkish conquest, the Epirotic kingdom was revived for a time by the renowned hero Scanderbeg. The Christian name of Scanderbeg was George Castriot. His father, John Castriot, was the hereditary prince of a small district lying between the mountains of Epirus and the Adriatic. Hard pressed by Bajazet I. about the year 1404, he was compelled to submit to the Turks, to pay tribute, and surrender his four sons as hostages. George was at that time but eight years of age. His sprightliness, manly bearing, and extraordinary abilities soon attracted the attention of the Sultan, who caused him to be circumcised, received him into the imperial household, and educated him for the military service.[1] He was thenceforth known by his Turkish name, Iskanderbeg, or Lord Alexander, and under this name was destined to become one of the most redoubtable champions of the Christian faith. He early won great renown by his military exploits, and was made commander of five thousand Turkish horse.

Upon the death of John Castriot, Amurath II. caused the three older sons to be put out of the way, and privately seized the principality. Iskander, he imagined, he had bound securely to himself. But in this he was greatly deceived; bitter exasperation and thirst for revenge filled the mind of the young Greek, and he only waited an opportunity to throw off the mask and declare himself the avenger of his family. The opportunity soon came. In the confusion following a defeat suffered by the Turkish arms in the Hungarian war, near Belgrade, Scanderbeg seized the flying Reis Effendi, or Secretary of State, com-

[1] Tennent, vol. i. pp. 167-9.

pelled him to sign an order directed to the governor of Croia in Albania, requiring him to surrender the city and fortress to himself, and then put the unfortunate official to death, that his treason might not be immediately known. The Turkish garrisons obeyed the imperial charter, and Scanderbeg was master of Albania.

He at once abjured Islam and proclaimed himself the avenger of his family and the champion of the Christian faith.[1] At that time the Albanians were all Christians. They flocked to his standard, and, with them, many of the bravest spirits of Western Europe. At the head of these forces, by his valor, energy, and great qualities as a military leader, Scanderbeg withstood for twenty-three years the mightiest efforts of the Turks. The story of his exploits, in the quaint and prolix narrative of old Knolles, reads like a romance of chivalry.[2] According to this account, with almost every returning year, Amurath II. and Mohammed II. sent against Scanderbeg their ablest generals, at the head of from twenty to forty thousand men, to meet nothing but defeat and destruction, until at last, in the fullness of years and honors, the old hero yielded up his life, bequeathing his kingdom and his youthful son to the friendly guardianship of the Venetians. Modern criticism has shown that these early accounts were much exaggerated; but Scanderbeg was unquestionably one of the great men of his times, and deserving of a place among the foremost of the brave Christian soldiers who finally checked the victorious career of the

[1] This part of the story of Scanderbeg is told as correctly as it is beautifully, in Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn.

[2] Turkish History, vol. i. pp. 248–275.

Turks. He was buried on Venetian territory, near the waters of the Adriatic; but the Turks soon obtained possession of his grave, and wrought his bones into rings and amulets in the hope of making Scanderbeg's fortune their own.

After the death of Scanderbeg, Albania became again subject to the Sultan, though the several tribes and clans remained as essentially independent as before. The pashalic of Scutari was bestowed upon a renegade Servian noble from Montenegro, who, as has been already observed, founded the house which reigned in Northern Albania until 1833. Berat, Yannina, and other towns, were the seats of pashalics in the central and southern districts. But sixty years ago, Col. Leake wrote as follows of the Turkish rule in Albania: "It is not probable that the Porte has ever been able to enforce a more implicit obedience to its orders than it now does, when it is unable to appoint or confirm any provincial governor who is not a native of Albania, and who has not already established his influence by his arms, policy, or connections."[1] The political condition of the country at the same time is thus described by Mr. Hobhouse: "Specimens of almost every sort of government are to be found in Albania. Some districts and towns are commanded by one man, under the Turkish title of Bolu Bashee, or the Greek name of Capitan, which they have borrowed from Christendom; others obey their elders; others are under no subjection, but each man governs his own family. The power in some places is in abeyance, and although there is no apparent anarchy, there are no

[1] Researches in Greece, p. 250.

rulers. This was the case in our time in the large city of Argyro Castro.[1] There are parts of the country where every Aga or Bey, which perhaps may answer to our ancient country squire, is a petty chieftain, exercising every right over the men of the village. The Porte, which, in the days of Ottoman greatness, divided the country into several small pashalics and commanderies, is now but little respected, and the limits of her different divisions are confused and forgotten."[2]

The allurements of mercenary service under Ottoman officials were the great thing which tended to reconcile the Albanians to the Turkish yoke. Like many other mountaineers, the Albanians delight in a military life beyond all other occupations, and are quite ready to sell their valor to the highest bidder. Albanian irregular troops, Christian as well as Mohammedan, soon became the main dependence of the Turkish government in all its internal administration. The Empire was filled with their bands, passing from pasha to pasha—as they still do to a considerable extent, though less than before the

[1] "Arghyro Kastro contains 4,000 houses, two-thirds of which are Mussulman; but the Turks and Greeks live upon nearly equal terms. When friends visit, even though of different religions, they do not hide their women, but show them great respect, rising to make way for them; and this custom is observed both in the houses and streets. But . . . both Greek and Turkish women are in the same servile condition. Each head of a family has weight and influence in proportion to the numbers of his relations and adherents, in which are generally included all the collateral branches. The persons of chief power, and who upon ordinary occasions are looked up to as composing the government of the place, are the brothers Mortezá Bey and Khotád Bey. They assume the power of imprisoning, judging, and even of inflicting capital punishment."—Leake's Travels in Northern Greece, vol. i. p. 499.

[2] Journey in Albania, &c., vol. i. pp. 141–2.

days of "reform" — wherever they could obtain the highest pay or the best chance for plunder. These undisciplined, untamable mountaineers were a cruel, remorseless race, and woe to the town or village which was given over to their tender mercies.

The temptations of Turkish military service soon led the Albanians, in great and growing numbers, to change their religion. At the final subjugation of the country, after the death of Scanderbeg, they were all Christians. At the beginning of the present century they were more than half Mohammedans.[1] As the power in their native country passed more and more into Moslem hands, those great migrations of Christian Albanians into various parts of Greece took place to which reference has already been made. As the conversion of the Moslem Albanians was altogether from mercenary motives, their religion, in many places, has ever since been a strange and motley affair. The men marry Christian wives; the boys go to the mosque, and the girls to church; the man eats mutton while his wife eats pork from the same table, or even the same dish.[2] The Turks do not like this loose and tolerant spirit, and call the Albanians all infidels together.

Moslem rule in Albania has brought little social degradation to the Christians. The Christians perhaps have been a little more quiet and agricultural than their Mo-

[1] Leake's Researches, p. 250.

[2] Id., p. 250; Hobhouse's Albania, &c., vol. i. p. 150. "The Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither."—Lord Byron, Notes to Childe Harold, canto ii.

hammedan neighbors, but the difference has been small. Both classes have retained their arms and their military habits; have found the same ready employment in the service of the local pashas; have displayed the same fierce, proud, untamable spirit, the same intense national feeling. Ask one of them who he is, and he will answer, not I am a Turk, a Greek, a Mohammedan, or a Christian, but, I am a Skipetar, or Albanian. Christians and Moslems alike are accounted the bravest soldiers in the Empire, and look upon all others as cowards. Both of them, in the good old times, had the same fondness for the wild and lawless life of the *Klephts*. Some from almost every village were among the Klephts; almost every village was in either warfare or alliance with them. Every spring two, three, five, or even ten hundred men would assemble in some mountain fastness, and from thence carry on a predatory warfare upon their own account. And while private stealing was held in abhorrence, this public robbery was looked upon as lawful and honorable. Among the common people no class of men was more popular than the Klephts.[1]

Towards the close of the last century, under the famous Ali Pasha of Yannina, Albania became again for many years the seat of a really independent power, of sufficient importance to exert a considerable influence upon public affairs. Ali Pasha[2] was born at Tepeleni, a small town on the Viossa (the ancient Aous), twenty miles south-east from Avlona, about the year 1745. Ali's father, grand-

[1] Hobhouse, i. pp. 127–140.

[2] For the history of Ali Pasha, see Tennent, chap. xvi.; Leake's Northern Greece, vol. i. pp. 41–2, 463–97; and Researches, p. 409.

father, and great-grandfather had been petty magnates, beys or pashas in the neighborhood. Ali's father died when he was a little child. Upon that event the enemies of the family came upon them, despoiled them of their power and possessions, left Ali to grow up among Klephts and brigands, and carried his mother and sister into slavery where they suffered every extremity of violation and hardship. For this outrage Ali in later years inflicted an awful retribution upon the people of the two offending towns.

The great man of Albania at this time was Kûrd Pasha of Berat, Dervent Aga, or Dervendji Bashi of Northern Greece, a relative of Ali's mother. As Ali grew to manhood, his lawless courses cost him a long imprisonment at Berat, from which he was finally delivered by the kindness of Kûrd Pasha. He then returned to Tepeleni, attached himself to the local beys, and rose slowly to considerable military importance. About this time he married the gentle Emineh, daughter of Capelan Pasha of Delvino. Soon after he procured the death of his father-in-law, in the hope of succeeding to his pashalic. Disappointed in this, he determined to make himself master of Tepeleni. By a characteristic trick he succeeded in destroying the beys; their goods and houses were bestowed upon his own followers, and he was supreme in his native place. "He now employed every engine of intrigue and tyranny to establish and extend his power; his soldiers he attached to him by gold, by promises, and by companionship; and his people he conciliated by an anxiously assumed display of justice and impartiality. Every step, however, in his higher walks of

ambition was based upon the blackest crimes; in the hope of succeeding to the pashalic of Argyro Castro, he induced his sister Chaïnitza to unite with him in murdering her husband, and when, contrary to his calculations, the office was bestowed upon another, Selim Coka, he denounced him to the Porte as a traitor, and stabbed him with his own hand, in pursuance of the Sultan's firman. For this service he was rewarded with the pashalic of Triccala in Thessaly, and subsequently advanced to the office of Dervendji Bachi."[1]

By this last appointment the power of Ali was firmly established. As Dervent Aga, he gathered about him a strong force, enlisting Moslems and Christians, Klephts and Greek Armatoli, impartially in his service; and Thessaly was soon reduced to a condition of unwonted quiet. His next attempt was to obtain the government of Yannina. In this, by his usual instrumentalities—intrigue, gold, and poison—he succeeded. He was named Pasha of Yannina in 1788, and thus found himself master of Southern Albania. Central Albania, the pashalic of Berat, was now governed by Ibrahim Pasha, son-in-law of Kûrd Pasha. To add this rich and fruitful province to his dominions was the next object of Ali. His schemes in this direction, however, were interrupted by a rising of the Suliots, at the instigation of Catherine II. of Russia.

The Suliots,[2] the countrymen of Marco Botzaris, and the bravest of Eastern mountaineers, were a tribe of Albanian Christians, numbering about twenty-five hundred

[1] Tennent, vol. i. p. 385–6.
[2] Leake's Northern Greece, vol. i. pp. 501–523.

warriors, and inhabiting a mountainous district, in itself an almost impregnable natural fortress, lying between Yannina and the Gulf of Arta. Arms were the profession, war was the trade of the Suliots, and here, up to this time, they had maintained themselves in fierce independence. In eight successive wars the Suliots had held their own against the Albanian pashas, when, in 1789, Ali Pasha, in conjunction with his rival, Ibrahim of Berat, sent against them an army of three thousand men. The invading force found the villages deserted as usual, and was proceeding to burn and waste the country, when the Suliots rushed forth upon them, and drove them in complete rout to the gates of Yannina. In 1792, Ali determined to make a second and desperate effort for the conquest of Suli. Twenty-two thousand men were collected for the expedition, and after a severe contest, eight thousand chosen Albanians succeeded in penetrating the mountains and occupying the village of Suli. But in this last extremity, the Suliots, men and women together, assailed the invaders with such furious valor that they were totally defeated; twenty-five hundred Albanians were slain on the field of battle, and only one thousand returned in arms to Yannina.

This was the last escape of the heroic mountaineers. In the year 1800, Ali Pasha was prepared to assail them a third time with twenty thousand men. On this occasion, through the defection of one of their most prominent and most trusted leaders, Georgio Botzaris, the grandfather of Marco Botzaris, who held the villages in the low grounds towards Yannina, and had charge of the ammunition of the Suliots, he was able to attack them un-

prepared and without a leader. But taken thus at every disadvantage, so fierce and stubborn was their defence, that it was only after four years of desperate fighting, and the suffering of enormous losses, that Ali was able to accomplish his purpose, and thoroughly subdue the Suliot mountaineers.

The fate of the Suliots was tragic and pitiful in the extreme. Multitudes had fallen in the long and terrible contest, and great numbers were remorselessly slaughtered upon the conquest of their mountains. A band of two thousand escaped to Parga, and another band of eight hundred took refuge at Tzalongo, on the banks of the Acheron. Here they were soon besieged by an overwhelming force of Albanians. "In this awful crisis the women of the tribe were the first to perceive the hopelessness of their situation, and sixty of them, taking their children in their arms, repaired to a lofty cliff which overhung the bed of the Acheron: the river, foaming through its rocky channels, rolled beneath them, but at such a depth that the noise of its current could be but dimly heard from the towering precipice where they were assembled. Here, after a brief consultation, they embraced their infants, and imprinting the last kiss upon their innocent lips, they hurled them into the abyss below; then advancing to the verge of the precipice, and joining hands, they commenced one of their national dances to the chanting of a wild and melancholy dirge, and each, as her turn approached, sprang from the beetling rock, till the last of the band had perished." [1]

Upon the surrender of the principal stronghold, Samu-

[1] Tennent, vol. ii. p. 479.

el the Calo, er, a monk who had acquired great influence over the Suliots towards the close of the struggle, remained with five companions to complete the transfer, and receive the stipulated price for the ammunition which was to be given up. Two Turks and a secretary of Ali were present to conclude the purchase. "'And now,' said the latter to the monk, as he paid down the stipulated price, 'what punishment, caloyer, do you imagine the Vizier has prepared for you, since you have thus foolishly intrusted yourself within his power?' 'He can inflict none,' said Samuel, 'that can have any terrors for one who has long hated life, and who thus despises death;' at the same instant he fired his pistol into the case of gunpowder on which he was seated, a terrific explosion ensued, and the monk, the Turk, and his attendants, were buried in the ruins."[1] The feeble remnants of the tribe were settled in locations where they could no longer be dangerous to the Pasha's government. The warriors who had escaped, with their families, passed over to the Ionian Islands, to be once more restored to their native mountains in 1820, when Ali Pasha, then in his own last extremity, looked to them for help against the armies of the Sultan.[2] Among those who thus returned to Suli were Kitzo Botzaris and his son Marco—a young man destined to stand from that time until the fatal victory of Karpenisi, three years later, the bravest and the noblest leader, not of the Suliots alone, but of the Greek Revolution.

The destruction of this Christian tribe, which had so long and so successfully defied the authority of the Porte,

[1] Tennent, p. 477. [2] Howe's Greek Revolution, p. 35.

was welcome news at Constantinople, and Ali was at once rewarded with the post of Roumeli Valisi, or commander-in-chief of the European provinces of the Empire.[1]

In this high office he moved, in 1804, at the head of eighty thousand men, to subdue the robbers and rebels of Bulgaria. Returning the same year, he devoted himself to the suppression of the Armatoli and Klephts throughout his dominions. In 1806, his two sons, Mouctar and Veli, were made, the first, Pasha of Lepanto, the second, Vizier of the Morea. In January, 1810, Berat surrendered to his arms, and Ali was, in effect, King of Greece.

Ali Pasha was an unscrupulous, remorseless tyrant. His career was marked by a long succession of the most atrocious crimes. His abilities were equal to his villainy. "By the surrounding Pashas he was regarded at once with fear and admiration; they were in every point of view his inferiors, both in power and talent; and he never failed to extract equal advantages from their friendship and hostility. . . . No one of the many circumstances favorable to his ambitious policy escaped his keen and prying observation; his agents were everywhere, and his information on every topic connected with his interests was constant and correct. With an unerring perception of character, his manner was accurately suited to the exigencies of every situation; every tone of expression was assumed, and varied, and abandoned, as suited the emergency of the moment; and even those who suspected the

[1] From this time Ali Pasha was usually spoken of as the Vizier, his proper title, as a Pasha of three horse-tails, having jurisdiction over more than one province.

professions of the Vizier seldom failed to be seduced into acquiescence by his politic and wily address."[1] He must be judged, however, according to his circumstances, and the moral and social standard of his own people. Mr. Hobhouse suggests that perhaps he was not more cruel or rapacious than was to have been expected from an Albanian in his position; that perhaps a government like his was the only one which could have tamed those fierce mountaineers.[2] There were some good things about his rule. Some roads, bridges, and khans were built; robbers were suppressed and the highways made usually secure; the country was opened to trade, which was fostered by some judicious regulations; a multitude of beys and local chiefs, most of them lawless and freebooting men, were exterminated; Christians and Moslems were placed upon the same level in his service; and, strangest of all, this singular tyrant displayed no little zeal in promoting the education of his Christian subjects, especially at Yannina.[3]

In the main, however, the government of Ali Pasha was a selfish, rapacious tyranny which crushed his people

[1] Tennent, ii. p. 392.

[2] Albania, &c., vol. i. pp. 105–13.

[3] "It is probably rather a consequence of the Vizier's indifference to the distant consequences of his measures, and with a view to some supposed immediate advantage, than with any better feeling, that he has always encouraged education among the Greeks. He frequently recommends it to the attention of the bishops, the generality of whom . . . are too much disposed to neglect it. To the old schoolmaster Balano he often holds the same language, exhorting him to instruct the youth committed to his care with diligence, to give them a good example, and never to entertain any doubts of receiving his countenance and protection."—Leake's Northern Greece, vol. iv. p. 149.

to the earth by its enormous and ever-increasing exactions. Col. Leake, who visited almost every district and corner of his dominions, found this everywhere the case. Everywhere he heard the same sad story of taxes doubled, trebled, or quadrupled; of prominent men seized and imprisoned on one pretext or other for the purpose of extorting money; of trade and industry fettered and destroyed; of declining prosperity, and diminishing population. Yet it would seem that, on the whole, the long reign of Ali was a benefit to Greece. The old local, fragmentary, barbaric constitution of society was in great measure broken up, and the way was prepared for an order of things more comprehensive and liberal, more systematic and progressive.

Ali never so far broke with the Porte as to declare himself independent, but his allegiance was little more than nominal, and he was long looked upon at Constantinople with fear and distrust, as a most dangerous man. At length, early in 1820, Mahmoud II., in pursuance of his purpose to break down all the great feudatories of the Empire, declared him *fermanli*, or outlaw, and summoned the whole strength of the Empire for his destruction. The usual means of intrigue and bribery were employed, and with complete success. Ali's forces melted away; his own sons deserted him; and with a few followers the old tyrant was obliged to shut himself among his useless treasures in his stronghold at Yannina.[1] For

[1] Since the fall of Ali, Southern Albania has became the scene of the same decay, the same increasing poverty and depopulation, which have been manifest in every province of Mahmoud's "reformed" Empire.—See Lady Strangford's Eastern Shore of the Adriatic, pp. 10–27.

nearly two years the siege went on, but early in 1822 he surrendered to Kurchid Pasha, and was treacherously stabbed to the heart by an old friend, Mohammed Pasha of the Morea.

The Albanians, or Arnauts, number somewhere from a million to a million and a half of souls. They are a nation of soldiers. Christians and Moslems alike have a very strong national feeling, and never forget their native land. Through fierce and cruel in war, they are not malignant or treacherous, are faithful to their engagements, and capable of strong and lasting attachments.[1] They are exceedingly high-spirited, carry themselves proudly and loftily, are always perfectly at their ease in the presence of their superiors—who often can hardly be distinguished from their soldiers in dress and appearance, yet are cheerfully and promptly obeyed—have no objections to being shot, beheaded, or even hung, if occasion so require, but will never endure a blow.

Their national costume is picturesque; when new and clean it is elegant, often rich; but in their personal habits they are most uncleanly. They never wash their garments, and rarely take them off until they drop to pieces upon their persons.[2] Yet they live very comfortably. Their houses are very neat, well swept and comfortable, usually with a garden attached, and are commonly provided with an abundance of wholesome food. The men

[1] See Lord Byron's account of his Albanian attendants, note 11 to the Second Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

[2] For a full and excellent account of the appearance, manners, customs, and social conditions of the Albanians, see Hobhouse's Albania, &c., vol. i. pp. 127–40.

dislike to labor, and despise their priests because they are not soldiers. The women perform most of the out-door labor. They are tall and well formed, but with an air indicative of hard work and a menial position. They are very brave, and can fight, in case of necessity, as fiercely as their husbands. They know little of conjugal love, and are little better than servants or slaves. "Mr. Lear, in his 'Journals of a Landscape Painter in Albania,' relates how he was shocked by meeting a number of Epirot women, toiling up a mountain with their enormous burdens. 'The fact is,' said his guide, utterly mistaking the cause of his disapproval, 'there is no remedy, for mules there are none here, and women are next best to mules. Vi assicuro, Signore, though certainly far inferior to mules, they are really better than asses, or even horses.'"[1] It is very singular that in respect for and treatment of their women, these once (and still partially) Christian mountaineers of Europe should present so great a contrast to the Druzes and Kûrds, those similar Asiatic tribes, which have been heathen or Moslem from the beginning. The social morals of the Albanians are bad enough. The men care little for their wives, and the crime against nature is perhaps nowhere else so common; yet in language and deportment they are said to be singularly decorous, rarely offending by any improper act or word. They all carry a variety of weapons, as much for ornament as use, and a company of Albanian shepherds, as the traveler meets them upon the mountains, present a very formidable appearance.[2]

[1] Edinburgh Review for April, 1863, p. 302.

[2] "A person who had his notions of the pastoral life from a visit to Salis

The Christian Albanians are mostly connected with the Greek Church, though upon the shores of the Adriatic the old Venetian rule has left a considerable number of Roman Catholics. The Albanians in Greece retain everywhere their national language, manners, and appearance, though not their national spirit. They mingle but slowly with the Greeks, though the time cannot be distant when, like the Gaels and Saxons of Scotland, they will become blended together in a common national career. The Albanian language seems never to have been written—has neither alphabet, grammar, or dictionary, a fact of itself sufficient to show how essentially barbarous the race has always remained. But as the influences of civilization extend and strengthen around them, these wild mountaineers must ere long begin to feel their beneficent power. The Christian Albanians, many of them, made common cause with the Greeks in their struggle for independence; and they would seem destined to form an important element in that civilized and Christian state which will one day hold the fair regions of ancient Greece and Southern Macedonia.

bury Plain, or from the pleasing pictures of an Arcadian romance, would never have guessed at the occupation of those tremendous looking fellows. They had each of them pistols, and a large knife stuck in their belts; their heads were covered and their faces partly shaded by the peaked hoods of their shaggy capotes, and leaning on their long guns, they stared eagerly at the Franks and the umbrellas, with which they were probably as much taken as were we at their uncouth and ferocious appearance."—Hobhouse's Albania, &c., vol. i. p. 53.

"The Albanians have one practice which might possibly be objected to by persons of fastidious tendencies. They consider abundant eructation after eating a compliment to the cookery of their host. After dinner they like to have a general eructatory set-to, when the louder and more frequent they can make their demonstrations the better."—Id., i. 42.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREEK AWAKENING—GREEK ISLANDS—GREEK MERCHANTS IN EUROPE—THE PHANARIOTS—EDUCATION AND LETTERS—COMMERCE—PREPARATION FOR THE REVOLUTION—THE COMMERCIAL GREEKS—THE PRIMATES—THE AGRICULTURAL PEASANTS—THE KELPHTS—THE HETERIA.

As has been already observed, the conquest of the Morea by the Venetians, in 1685–7, was the turning point in the fortunes of the Greeks. During the thirty years' rule of the Venetians, the social and industrial interests of the Morea received an impulse which was not lost when the Turks recovered the country in 1715; while throughout the Turkish dominions the Greeks found their condition, from this time, sensibly and steadily improving. The Turkish authorities were compelled, from a regard to their own interests, to adopt a more liberal policy towards their Christian subjects. Upon the reconquest of the Morea, the land-tax was remitted for two years, and proclamation was made that all who would settle upon and cultivate the unoccupied lands should hold them free of taxes for three years.[1] The

[1] Finlay, p. 283.

same liberal policy was pursued elsewhere, and the Greeks throughout the Empire found their circumstances, and their relations to the dominant race, suddenly and greatly changed. Many causes were working together at this time to produce this result.

In the first place, the Greeks were much benefited by the improved condition of things throughout Europe. The confusion and violence which had so generally prevailed during the preceding century, especially upon the sea, were giving place to the quiet and order of modern times. The Barbary corsairs were still troublesome, but the general piracy and slave-catching which had so long and so terribly wasted the islands and coasts of the Levant had in great measure ceased. The Greeks could till their deserted fields, and pursue in peace their humble coasting trade from island to island, and from port to port.

In the second place, the Christian subjects of the Porte, as the agricultural and producing class of the Empire, had acquired a new and greatly enhanced importance. The Turkish armies no longer brought back their immense trains of captives to fill the slave market. Slaves could no longer be obtained for the labors of the field and before the end of the seventeenth century, predial slavery had mostly disappeared from the European provinces south of the Danube. Turkish landholders were thus compelled to depend upon the *rayahs* for the cultivation of their estates. The *rayahs* on their part obtained for themselves very favorable terms. They were generally able to commute for all claims upon them by fixed and definite payments in money or in produce, and so became in fact and in law the owners of the lands they

tilled.[1] Villanage and serfdom, under the Turks, the rayahs had never known;[2] the tribute of Christian children had ceased, and the Greeks were now approximating to the condition of a freeholding, independent yeomanry. Early in the eighteenth century the results of this change began to appear. As the Greeks became free laborers, so—slowly, feebly, partially, it is true, but really and increasingly—they began to feel the sentiments of freemen. The change was manifest in a higher and bolder spirit, in awakening enterprise, in kindling desires for material and social improvement, in a revival of national feeling, and a deep and powerful quickening of the national life. "No power could now have enforced the collection of a tribute of Greek children."[3] The obsequious prelates still inculcated faithful and implicit obedience to the Porte as the defender of the orthodox faith,[4] but the people were beginning to reject these teachings, and to be less patient and contented under the Turkish yoke.

From this time, again, as the Greeks were steadily rising, so the Turks were steadily sinking. The spahis, no longer enriched by the booty of constant and successful wars, were growing poor; and ere long the Turkish population in the country districts began to decline. The Turks had lost their prestige, not with the people of Western Europe alone, but in a measure also with their Christian subjects. The power of the Sultan no longer inspired the Greeks with submissive and hopeless awe;

[1] Finlay, p. 281.
[2] Creasy, vol. i. pp. 328–30.
[3] Finlay, p. 281.
[4] Tennent, vol. ii. p. 55; Finlay, p. 282.

it no longer seemed to them so mighty, so irresistible, so almost divine, as it had a hundred and fifty years before. The idea of a coming deliverance, and of a national destiny of their own, was no longer impossible; and it was not long before that idea began to be cherished by some of the more advanced and intelligent among them with a cheerful hope. After the middle of the eighteenth century the lower classes of the Turks were, in general, no better off, in many districts of the Empire they were worse off, than the Greeks. "The Turkish peasant and trader suffered quite as much from fiscal exactions as the Greek, and the political obstacles to his rise in the social scale were generally greater. Few native Turks of the provinces ever acquired as much influence over the public administration as was systematically and permanently exercised by the Phanariots. The local authorities of the Mussulman population in the rural districts rarely possessed the same power of defending the people from injustice as, and they certainly possessed fewer rights and privileges than, the Greek communities. It is not, therefore, surprising that the Greeks were superior in social and political civilization to the Turks."[1] During the long reign of Ali Pasha, it was a prime feature of his policy to plunder and break down all wealthy and influential Turks, and by the beginning of the present century the great majority of the Turkish population of Greece proper had sunk to a very low and thriftless condition.

[1] Finlay, p. 342. See also Leake's Asia Minor, p. 7; Morea, vol. i. pp. 221, 400, and 431; and Northern Greece, vol. iv. pp. 222, 279, 325, and 357.

Before the beginning of the eighteenth century, there were two classes of Greeks who had enjoyed positions exceptionally advantageous, and were already far in advance of the great majority of their countrymen. First, there were the inhabitants of some of the islands, especially Scio and Tinos. The large and fertile Island of Scio has been highly favored by nature. Almost all its productions are of such superior quality as to be eagerly sought for in the markets of the world. Wrested from the Greek Empire by the Genoese, it passed, in 1346, into the hands of a trading company, the Maona of the Justiniani, who governed the island, first under the Genoese and afterwards under the Turks, for two hundred and twenty years. So wise and liberal was the government of these merchants, that, under their rule, the island always enjoyed a remarkable degree of prosperity; and when in 1566 Scio was reduced to full dependence upon the Porte, its condition was not greatly changed. Until the Greek Revolution in 1820, this island remained one of the richest, most prosperous, and most cultivated communities of the East. The great prosperity and superiority of the Sciots, however, was owing not so much to their peculiar privileges as to their social and moral character. They were honest, virtuous, and diligent. Industry was held in universal honor among them, and there was no class of wealthy young men who disdained to labor with their own hands. The secret of all this was the excellent moral and social training which the Sciots received, generation after generation, in their own families. It was this admirable domestic education which placed the people of this island in the

van of their countrymen, and prepared them to take a leading part in the grand development of the eighteenth century.[1] Tinos was far less favorably situated than Scio, but its inhabitants were marked by the same virtue and industry, the same high social and moral character.

Secondly, there was the immense number of self-expatriated Greeks, who, for purposes of trade, had located themselves either temporarily or permanently in almost every part of Europe. The manufactures and trade of the Greeks, although greatly depressed in the seventeenth century, had never been intermitted, had been at all times considerable and important. The manufactures of the Greeks were carried on privately in the dwellings of the artisans. The Sciots were famous for their skill in dyeing silk and cotton in brilliant colors, and in working these materials into various costly fabrics. Similar industries were diligently pursued upon the mainland at many different places. Colored leathers, cotton yarn in great quantities, and silk, cotton, linen, and woolen goods of various descriptions, were produced and sent forth to the markets of the world. Before the middle of the seventeenth century the manufacturers of Manchester were depending for the supply of cotton yarn upon the spindles of Greece.[2]

The trade sustained by these manufactures was largely carried on overland by traveling merchants who made their way to Hungary, Austria, Poland, Germany, and indeed to almost every part of Europe, and by wealthy Greeks who settled in ever-increasing numbers at almost

[1] Finlay, pp. 86–91, 283–289. [2] Id., p. 187.

every important commercial center.[1] When in the seventeenth century the commerce of the Greeks by sea was destroyed by piracy, this overland traffic still continued, and being comparatively secure, was no doubt greatly extended. At the beginning of the present century Col. Leake found the people of the mountain villages in the central and western districts of Northern Greece very generally engaged in the pursuits of trade away from home.[2] Many were located at various seaports and commercial centers, many were traveling merchants, many were shopkeepers in the towns of Italy and elsewhere, while others of the poorer class pursued a humble carrying trade nearer home. Of these commercial Greeks there were many wealthy families permanently settled abroad, while the greater number returned with their gains to spend the evening of their days at home. This state of things had existed for a great length of time. There were towns which had already become enriched by this foreign trade, and had reached the height of their prosperity at the beginning of the eighteenth century.[3]

Before the year 1700, there were thus a vast multitude of Greeks scattered through almost every part of Western and Northern Europe, many of them wealthy, all of them eager, inquisitive, and quick of apprehension, receiving new ideas and impressions, deeply sensible of the

[1] "Meletius, in his Geography, written about the beginning of the last century, estimates the number of absentees in Austria alone at 80,000 families; . . . but this computation is evidently exaggerated."—Tennent, ii. p. 284, note.

[2] Northern Greece, vol. i. pp. 275, 296, 307, 310, 392–3; vol. iii. p. 299; vol. iv. p. 207. See also Hobhouse, vol. i. pp. 72–4.

[3] Northern Greece, i. 343.

depressed condition of their race, and already feeling new hopes and aspirations for the future. These expatriated Greeks never lost their national feeling, never ceased to cherish a strong affection for their native land; and their earnest zeal and generous, patriotic action were among the most potent instrumentalities in the great awakening of their people in the eighteenth century.

About the same time rose the Phanariots;[1] a class of Greek officials who soon attained a most commanding position in the Ottoman administration, and who, although too often thoroughly detestable in their moral and social character, exerted a powerful influence upon the destinies of their race. Precluded by their pride, as well as their religion, from learning the languages of the infidel, in their negotiations with the Christian powers the Turks had always been obliged to depend upon interpreters. But, until the last quarter of the seventeenth century, these official interpreters, or dragomans, had been mere slaves of the Sultan, without honor or influence. The accession of Panayotaki to this office, in 1669, marked a complete change in the management of the foreign affairs of the Porte, and laid the foundation of Phanariot power.[2]

Panayotaki was a Sciot by birth, and had studied medicine and philosophy in the universities of Italy. He was a man of ability and learning, and was yet more distinguished among the venal Greeks of Constantinople for his manly character, and those high moral qualities at that time so characteristic of the people of his native

[1] So called from the Phanar, the quarter of the capital occupied by the Patriarch of Constantinople and the leading Greeks.

[2] Tennent, chap. xii.; Finlay, pp. 293–9.

island. By his skill in medicine, and his knowledge of astrology, then very popular among the Turks, he won the favor of the able and virtuous Grand Vizier, Achmet Kueprili, whom he attended as his dragoman upon his great expedition to Candia, in 1667. Here a brilliant opportunity opened before him. By a bold and skillful stratagem he procured the surrender of the city, and so ended this long and disastrous war of twenty-two years. This great service raised Panayotaki to a position of the highest favor and influence with the Porte.

At this time the foreign relations of the Empire had become very complex and delicate; and for their successful management there was need of a high degree of intelligence and diplomatic skill—qualities in which the Turks were almost entirely wanting. Panayotaki, therefore, had no difficulty in convincing Kueprili and his master, Mohammed IV., that the important office of official interpreter could no longer be safely intrusted to a mere slave. As the result, Panayotaki was himself raised to the post of *Divan Terziman*, or Dragoman of the Council, with a rank among the highest officials of the Empire.

From this time the Dragoman of the Council was really the Foreign Secretary of the Porte. Through him all treaties were negotiated, all transactions with foreign states were conducted. In influence with the administration, in patronage, and in substantial power, the State Dragoman, if an able and judicious man, almost rivaled the Grand Vizier himself. As the Turks knew nothing of foreign affairs, and little of trade, with the *Divan Terziman* rested the appointment of a Greek

chargé d'affaires at every foreign capital, and of consuls and vice-consuls at every seaport and commercial town. Pursuing the same policy still further, Mohammed IV. appointed a second officer of similar character, the Dragoman of the Fleet, the Interpreter of the Capitan Pasha upon his annual round, whose power soon became very formidable to the Greeks of the islands and coasts.

To Panayotaki succeeded Alexander Mavrocordato, also a Sciot, and one of the most illustrious Greeks whose names adorn the Turkish annals. Mavrocordato was a physician, and was as eminent for his learning as for his ability and high moral character. He was familiar with eight languages, had studied medicine in Italy, had written an able treatise in Latin upon the circulation of the blood, and had lectured with success at Constantinople upon the same subject.[1] As Dragoman of the Council, he rose to a position of most commanding influence. At the treaty of Carlowitz in 1699, he represented the Porte as Minister Plenipotentiary, and received the titles of Bey, and *Mahremi Esrar*, or Depositary of Secrets, which descended to his successors. But the fairest title of Alexander Mavrocordato to the grateful remembrance of posterity, is derived from his wise, generous, and untiring efforts for the improvement of his countrymen. He fostered the schools already existing, especially the seminary at Yannina, and obtained permission to establish others. "During the course of a long life, his wealth and his energies seemed devoted exclusively to the intellectual wants of his countrymen. From the institutions which he supported or established,

[1] Tennent, vol. ii. pp. 290–1.

issued a crowd of enlightened scholars, who, after completing their studies in Europe, returned to devote their exertions to the furtherance of the cause which had conferred on them their own distinction. . . . He died in A. D. 1709, leaving behind him, according to Procopices, immense wealth, and a reputation, even to old age, unsullied by a blot." [1]

In 1716, the fabric of Phanariot power was completed by the determination of the Porte to appoint the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia from the number of its faithful Greek servants at Constantinople. From this time, for a hundred years, these important tributary sovereignties were held by Phanariot nobles, and became the means of opening the flood-gates of venality and corruption upon the higher classes of the Greeks. A boundless field was opened to the ambition and cupidity of the youthful Greek. As Dragoman of the Council or the Fleet, he might hope to rival the first grandees of the Empire in wealth and political influence; as Hospodar of Wallachia or Moldavia, he might aspire to reign over a great principality in royal magnificence and power; and under these chief magnates of his race, the places of power and profit open to his ambition were numberless and infinitely various. The trade of the Empire and the foreign affairs of the government passed almost wholly under the control of the Phanariots. They had their spies, their diplomatic agents, and their subordinate officials everywhere. In their service appeared on every hand openings for the wily and rapacious Greeks.

Nor was the influence of the Phanariots limited to the

[1] Tennent, vol. ii. 291–2, and note.

commercial and foreign affairs of the Empire. They were the bankers and financiers of the capital; and, as such, soon acquired a control hardly less complete over the internal administration. Every post and office was to be bought, and he who could pay for it the highest price could command it. The Phanariot bankers were the men who could bid highest, and although they could not hold the offices themselves, they had their candidates and protegés, for whom they bought their offices, whose action they controlled, and from whom they exacted ample returns. To secure these numerous and glittering prizes, every instrumentality of cunning, intrigue, and the most shameless corruption was brought into constant and vigorous use. Perhaps a more selfish, rapacious, and worthless set of public men has never existed than these Phanariot nobles of the last century. "A perpetual smile of adulation, a ready laugh, a bow of obsequiousness, a tongue tipped with flattery, and an eye twinkling with cunning, completed the picture of the Phanariot."[1] Yet, after all, their power was but the power of favored slaves. Their wealth and their very lives were at the mercy of proud, unscrupulous masters, a word from whom could at any time send them to instant death.

After the full establishment of their power, the Phanariots did nothing directly and intentionally for the good of their countrymen. Their ends were thoroughly selfish, their influence was evil and debasing to the public mind. Yet by their restless, unbounded activity, unscrupulous and vicious as it was, a great impulse was given to the cause of education among the Greeks, while (a more doubtful

[1] Tennent, vol. ii. p. 51.

benefit) there was manifest among the wealthier classes a great advance in social culture and refinement of manners. A more positive and more important advantage which resulted to the Greeks from the power of the Phanariots, was the awakening in the minds of the whole nation of a sense of political importance and conscious strength. After the middle of the last century, the Greeks were no longer the submissive, unquestioning slaves of the Sultan. They had begun to scrutinize sharply the grounds of the authority by which they were held in bondage, were already preparing to measure their strength with their oppressors.

Through the whole of the eighteenth century education, intelligence, and letters were making rapid progress among the Greeks. Before the year 1700 the commercial Greeks, settled so numerously in the cities of Northern and Western Europe, had begun to establish schools at the places of their residences for the education of their own children and their youthful countrymen, and were already affording that steady and generous support to the cause of education and letters in their native land which has never ceased to the present time.[1] Seminaries had been founded at Constantinople, Mount Athos, Yannina, Smyrna, Patmos, Corfu, Zagora, Larissa, Moskopoli, Bucharest, and other places, which were numerously and zealously attended, and the youth of Constantinople,

[1] Baron Simeon Sina, a Greek banker of Vienna, worth thirty-five or forty millions of dollars, died early in 1876. His father, who died in 1856, after a residence of twenty-five years in Vienna, was a Greek of Seres in Macedonia. The elder Baron Sina was one of the half dozen richest bankers of the continent; and was well known for his munificent benefactions to the cause of education in Greece, especially to the University of Athens.

Smyrna, and the Islands, as we have already seen in the case of Panayotaki and Mavrocordato, had begun to frequent the universities of Western Europe, especially those of Italy.[1] Previously, Greek education had been almost entirely limited to the service of the Church,[2] and a little theology and ecclesiastical history; but from this time it became more liberal and comprehensive.

A native literature began to be formed. Alexander Mavrocordato, besides his work on the circulation of the blood, which was published in Latin, Greek, and Turkish, wrote treatises on Logic, Rhetoric, and Metaphysics, Commentaries on some of the Greek Classics, and a History of the Jews. Valuable works were translated into Greek from the languages of Western Europe; and, most important of all, modern Greek, the dialect of the common people, began to be cultivated as a literary language. Native poets sprang up in all directions, and every mountain and valley of Greece resounded with songs and ballads, expressing all the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the passions and aspirations of the popular mind.

In the latter part of the last century and the first twenty years of the present century, this intellectual and literary activity became very great. An eager enthusiasm had seized upon the national mind; the schools and colleges were crowded with pupils; science, history, and belles-lettres were diligently studied; and a multitude of learned

[1] Tennent, vol. ii. pp. 283–8.

[2] "By the word liturgy," says Mr. Waddington, "the Greeks understand only the Communion Service; and as to the rest, it varies every day in the year, and every part of the day; so that the whole body of the service is sufficient to fill *twenty folio volumes*, besides one similar volume containing directions for the use of the rest."—Tennent, ii. 287, note.

scholars and able authors, teaching and writing, with a wise and earnest patriotism, in the speech of the common people, gave form and charcter to the Romaic language, enriched it with large and various stores, and founded the literature of modern Greece.[1]

It is to be observed, however, that this social awakening and intellectual activity were by no means equally disseminated throughout the mass of the Greek nation. The enthusiastic youth who filled the schools and colleges were drawn mostly from the principal cities and a few favored islands. They belonged largely to the class most demoralized by Turkish and Phanariot influence, and with all their intellectual progress, their moral character remained deplorably low. In the first ten years of the present century, Col. Leake found the agricultural peasantry of the continent—then as always the true bone and sinew, the real heart and life of the nation—still crushed by heavy burdens, oppressed by their Turkish masters, and worse oppressed often by their own primates and archons, with few schools, and those of the poorest character; with almost nothing to read, if their instruction had been ever so thorough; apathetic, unintelligent, unaspiring.[2] Yet even these oppressed masses of the common people, dumb and helpless as they appeared, had been penetrated by the fermenting leaven of new ideas; and when the hour of the decisive struggle came, they were ready to throw themselves into it, not with the high spirit and reckless bravery which have marked the struggles

[1] Tennent, chap. xviii.; Finlay, pp. 347–50.

[2] Researches, pp. 67, 227, 231; Morea, i. pp. 61, 177–8; Northern Greece, i. pp. 331–2, iv. 387–8.

for freedom of more favored peoples, but with a patient, uncomplaining, self-sacrificing, and endless devotion, which no stress of calamity or suffering could exhaust, which could not be overcome.

Those who did most for the emancipation and regeneration of Greece were residents, not in the East, under the corrupting influences of Turkish power, but in the freer and healthier atmosphere of the West. The most faithful and the most munificent patrons of learning and letters in Greece were the Greek merchants of Austria, Germany, and Holland. Rhiga, the founder of the Heteria, the popular poet whose songs stirred most deeply and powerfully the minds of his countrymen, lived at Vienna.[1] Adamantios Koraes, most illustrious name of all, the father and legislator of Modern Greek, the ablest and most revered instructor and guide of the unfolding intellect of his native land, although a Sciot by parentage, and born at Smyrna (in 1748), passed all the active years of his long and noble life at Amsterdam, Mónt-pelier, and Paris.[2] It is estimated that at the beginning of the present century, fifty thousand of the wealthiest Greek families were settled in Northern and Western Europe.[3] Happy was it for Greece that in this time of her awakening from the torpor of ages, when by reason of her weakness and inexperience, of the evil and corrupting influences which surrounded her, of the measureless difficulties which beset her path, and of the cruel bondage—a bondage moral and social as well as political—by which her energies were fettered, she stood so

[1] Tennent, ii. 425–30. [2] Id., ii. 523–38.
[3] Leake's Researches, p. 67.

much in need of help, she had these children of her bosom dwelling in happier lands, and free from the evils by which she had so long been oppressed, to extend to her their generous sympathies and their helping hands.

After the middle of the last century the commerce of the Greeks began to show signs of reviving life. Its movements were at first cautious and timid, but in the course of twenty-five years it had risen to considerable importance. Events then transpired which gave it a sudden and astonishing development. By the treaties of 1779 and 1783,[1] the Greek vessels secured the protection of the Russian flag, and were allowed to arm themselves for protection against pirates. Then came the wars resulting from the French Revolution, and for twenty-five years the Greeks were able to monopolize the corn trade of Russia and the carrying trade of the Levant, which yielded them enormous profits, and from which they accumulated incredible wealth. In a few years the Greek commercial marine numbered six hundred vessels, with twenty thousand sailors and six thousand guns. "Of these, Hydra alone, in 1813, furnished sixty sail, manned by two thousand of her own inhabitants. Her merchants were among the richest capitalists of Europe, and so generous in behalf of their country that one individual alone, Varvaki, is said to have contributed three hundred thousand piasters towards improving the harbor of his native island. Nor is this a solitary instance of the intensity of that spirit of patriotism which characterizes the march of later events in Greece. Suffering and tyranny seemed to have inspired the whole nation with one common impulse,

[1] Finlay, pp. 327, 344.

the energies of every individual were directed to the same end; and to this resistless combination must be attributed the singularly rapid advancement and regeneration of Greece.[1]

During the greater part of the last century, through the strong sympathies of the Christians of European Turkey with their powerful co-religionists of Moscow and St. Petersburg, the Greeks were subject to a predominant Russian influence, which tended strongly to develop their national feeling, and to prepare them for resistance to Turkish oppression. But Russian despotism could have no fellowship with democratic freedom; and the tendency of this foreign influence was rather to strengthen the power of the clergy and the Phanariots, than to promote the real and healthful progress of the nation. But towards the end of the century other agencies appeared upon the field by which these conservative tendencies were effectually neutralized. The French Revolution broke out, and the

[1] Tennent, vol. ii. pp. 567–8. "The Greeks of the island of Psara (or Ipsara), and of the town of Galaxidhi in the Corinthian Gulf, and the Albanians of the islands of Hydra and Petzas (or Spetzia), carried on an extensive commerce in their own ships. Many of the sailors were part proprietors both of the ship and cargo, and united the occupations of capitalists and sailors. All shared in the profits of the voyage. Their extensive commercial enterprises exercised a direct influence on the great body of the Greek population, which dwells in general near the seacoast."—Finlay, pp. 344–5.

"An extensive and enterprising marine population soon made Hydra, Spetzia, Ipsara, Miconi, Cranidhi, Galaxidhi, and other places, but lately unknown, important ports; whence issued fine vessels, which competed with, and soon gained a complete ascendency over, the European traders in the Levant; doing the carrying trade much cheaper than they could, and thus excluding them. They were in danger from the Algerian and other pirates, and hence they had an excuse for arming their vessels; they carried from six to sixteen cannon, and thus was formed the organ of the future regeneration of Greece."—Howe's Greek Revolution, p. 23.

fire of democratic sentiment, which spread throughout Europe from this flaming volcano with such rapidity and power, found a most congenial atmosphere among the Greeks, and very soon the whole Greek mind was kindled and aglow with this new inspiration. In 1797 the French took possession of the Ionian Islands, formed an alliance with Ali Pasha of Yannina, and began to exert a controlling influence in the affairs of Greece. It needed but this torch to fire the train already laid, and from that time the Greek Revolution was sure, sooner or later, to come.

Through the first twenty years of the present century, the preparation for the coming explosion advanced with rapid pace. The Ottoman Empire had sunk to the lowest stage of weakness and confusion. The Turks in the European provinces were everywhere growing fewer, weaker, more thriftless, and more wretched. Organized and efficient military force there was none. The janizaries had become a mere city trading militia, without order or discipline. The spahis, poor and neglected, were formidable only as they were ready to join any local pasha in rebellion. The great Pashas were little else than tributary and almost independent sovereigns in their own provinces. The central government had become in the main a mere fiscal agency, intent upon extorting the largest possible amount of money, by any means, whether fair or foul, from the individuals, cities, provinces, and pashas of the disjointed Empire.[1] Meanwhile, all the city, maritime, manufacturing, and commercial classes of the Greeks were filled with intensest activity, and were advancing with rapid strides in wealth, in public and

[1] Finlay, pp. 352–4.

patriotic spirit, and in conscious strength. It should be observed, however, that this accumulation of wealth by the Greeks at home was confined to a few localities, and to comparatively a few individuals. As a people, the Greeks were still very poor.

We have thus followed the fortunes of the Greeks to the eve of their great and decisive conflict with Turkish power. At this point, let us pause for a brief and comprehensive glance at their condition, that we may see what they have grown to be, morally and socially, as well as materially and politically, and what preparation they have for the great struggle before them. We find them divided into four classes, each one of which will fill a very important place in the coming revolution—the Merchants, the Country Gentry, the Agricultural Peasantry, and the Klephts.

I. The Commercial Greeks. In the year 1815, perhaps there were nowhere in the world two communities more prosperous and flourishing than the islands of Scio and Hydra. The whole body of the people were living in affluent abundance, while the merchants had accumulated great wealth. With this material prosperity, there had been a corresponding social advancement. Large and beautiful dwellings were erected, schools were opened, hospitals established, and society began to assume a truly European aspect. The merchants of Scio, by a voluntary tax of two per cent. upon their property, had established a college about the close of the last century, which, in 1823, numbered fourteen professorships and eight hundred students, and was furnished with a library, a printing office, and an ample collection of philosophical instru-

ments. Emphatic testimony to the high moral character of the people of both these islands has been already adduced, and Dr. Howe speaks in language equally strong of the social qualities of the Sciots: "The Sciot merchant was ever, abroad, sharp and close, but at home generous and hospitable. We have seen in their females much of that delicate refinement which gives a zest to society at home; we have experienced in the bosom of their families not only the right of hospitality, but we have been sustained in the dreary days of sickness by their kind and untiring attentions; and we can never forget the heartfelt gratitude and earnest thanks with which they reward the slighest service done by strangers to their country."[1] The Hydraots, true to their Albanian blood, were far braver and more warlike than the Sciots, and, at the same time, far less intelligent. But nowhere else in Greece perhaps was there so much of neatness and domestic comfort as at Hydra.[2]

The Hydraots were exceedingly clannish, and almost the whole of their immense mercantile business was conducted upon joint stock and co-operative principles. Merchant, captain, and crew were all part owners in ship and cargo—were, in fact, usually connected by family relationship[3]—and worked together upon terms of most

[1] Greek Revolution, pp. 18–9.

[2] "In fact, they value education but little; . . . they are too devout worshipers of Mammon to apply themselves much to learning. . . . They are extremely neat in their persons; and there is perhaps hardly a spot in the world where the whole people are so well and cleanly dressed as at Hydra. Their houses are as clean as those of Dutchmen."—Id., p. 165.

[3] Id., pp. 259–60.

democratic equality. And such was their mutual good faith and strictness in dealing among themselves, that for nearly thirty years, as we are told by those who knew them well, without law or judge, without bond, receipt, or note, they carried on their vast system of commercial transactions, reaching to every part of the world, and bringing them in enormous wealth, without a single case of bankruptcy, "never keeping accounts, and never breaking their word." [1] The same business methods, and measurably also the same mutual good faith, which characterized the merchants of Hydra, prevailed in every part of Greece. All mercantile, all manufacturing, all fishing enterprises, were conducted upon the same cō-operative principle.[2] The Greek had no law or court to

[1] London Quarterly Review for April, 1869, p. 256; Urquhart, pp. 55–6. "Conversing with Mavrocordatos a few days before I left Greece, I expressed to him my doubts about what I had often heard of the honesty and good faith of the Hydraots previous to the commencement of the Revolution. He replied, 'I do not wonder at it; it is hard to conceive how seven years should so completely change a body of men; yet so it is. War, and its attendants, anarchy and confusion, have altered the Hydraots from an industrious, sober, and honest people, to what you now see them. Such a thing as a note or bond was almost unknown; a merchant would lend another money, and only request him to make a minute of it; he would ship goods on board a vessel, and take no bill of lading; vessels would come into port, and the captain and crew run to see their friends, leaving the vessel unlocked, and perhaps specie on board. Shops were left open by their owners without fear, and often the shutters only closed and the door latched during the night. This was the case also in Spetzia and Ipsara; the word of a merchant or a sea captain was sacred.'"—Howe, p. 166, note.

[2] "While the sale of fish is going forward (at Prevesa, on the Gulf of Arta), the money is laid by in a common purse, which, when the *mukátesi* has been paid, is equally divided between the merchants and the fishermen. This, and other modes of giving an interest in profits to all the individuals employed in any speculation, are common in the mercantile, and even in the agricultural undertakings of the Greeks. The greater part of the maritime

which he could appeal with any hope of securing justice; bonds, notes, and written contracts were of no value when there was no tribunal to enforce them; the only ground on which it was possible for these numberless and complicated co-operative transactions to be conducted was an entire confidence in the mutual good faith of the parties; and such was the moral power of that municipal bond under which these *rayahs* all lived in their own communities, that in this confidence the Greek did not often find his trust deceived.

And yet the Greek merchants as a class bore a bad character in Europe. They were looked upon as very cunning, very deceitful, and very knavish—a judgment, in fact, which was extended to the whole Greek race. "A traveler," says Dr. Howe, "meets with Greeks in Constantinople, Smyrna, &c.; he has for his servant a *Franco-Greek* who has learned the vices of Europe with the languages, and who steals from him on all occasions; he trades with the Greek merchant, who lives only by chicanery, and who cheats him in every bargain; his *cicerone* is a Greek, who practices a thousand frauds upon

commerce and carrying trade is managed upon the same principle; and it often happens that every sailor is in part owner of the ship as well as the cargo. Such customs are at once an effect and a support of the republican spirit which it is curious to find prevading a people subject to such a despot as the Sultan."—Leake's Northern Greece, i. 182–3.

"The Trikeriots (upon the eastern coast of Thessaly) usually fit out their ventures in the same manner as the people of Hydra, Spetzia, Poro, and many other maritime towns; that is to say, the owner, captain, and sailors all have shares in the ship and cargo, the sailors generally sharing a half among them, which is in lieu of all other demands. During the scarcity of corn in France at the beginning of the revolution, a sailor's share for the voyage amounted sometimes to three purses, which at that time was equivalent to £150 sterling."—Id., iv. 395.

him; wherever he turns he finds some sharp-witted Greeks to take advantage of his ignorance, to gull his credulity, and to fleece him without robbing him, and he indignantly condemns the whole race as base and trickish. The merchants and naval men who visit the Archipelago, or who trade to Smyrna and Constantinople, meet with the Greek merchants there, who are more cunning and knavish than the Israelites themselves; who live immediately under the rod of despotism; who are "cringing, crouching slaves;" who can acquire money only by deception and trick, and who can retain it only by counterfeiting poverty; . . . and we hear them denounce the Greeks as a nation of rascals, less worthy of our attention than the Turks." [1]

Never, perhaps, were statements so directly opposite, so strangely contradictory, made of the character of any other people, and made, on both sides, so near the truth. While we admit, as we must, all that has been affirmed of the singular honesty and good faith of the people of Hydra, of Ambelakia, and a hundred other Greek communities, among themselves, we must also admit that the Greeks have borne for twenty-five hundred years the same national character—that they have always been the same cunning, sharp-witted, intriguing, and deceitful race. It is also true, as we have already seen, that there was a large class of Greeks, and of Greek merchants among the rest, who, living in intimate subjection to Turkish influences, had become thoroughly demoralized; who displayed no moral character, no honesty or uprightness, either abroad or at home.

[1] Greek Revolution, pp. 15–16.

We must admit more even than this. The Greek merchants of the better class, those who displayed the highest moral qualities in their domestic transactions, bore very often a double character. They were one thing at home, wholly another thing abroad. At home, they were what they had been made by the steady and powerful moral discipline of their municipal life. Abroad, they were what they had been made by constant dealings with Turkish officials. They lived under a government which cared nothing for them or their interests, which regarded neither law or right in its dealings with them, which sought only to wring from them the largest possible amount of money. Honesty in dealing with the corrupt and rapacious officials upon whom they were dependent seemed in most cases out of the question. To do business successfully at all, they felt compelled to bribe, to cheat, to outwit and deceive. And as they had learned to deal with Turks, so they were very likely to deal with the Franks of the West. Of all this class of men, as of the great body of the Greek nation, this important observation is to be made. Their virtue at home, not their chicanery abroad, was the real, essential basis of their character. All that they were at home, under more favoring circumstances, they might be justly expected to show themselves abroad. Their virtues were their own—the natural, healthful product of their own institutions, their own domestic life. Their vices were in great measure an unnatural deformity into which their moral growth had been forced by the evil influences amid which they were compelled to live.

II. The Country Gentry. We may use this term, for

want of a better, to describe the large class of the more wealthy and influential Greeks in all the country districts, who for their own selfish ends were content to be the servants and tools of the Turks. To this class belonged the hodja-bashis, proesti, or primates — men who were appointed or recognized by the Pashas as the elders or chiefs of the several communities. These men assessed the taxes, and had the general direction of affairs in their several districts and villages; were in fact their responsible heads. They formed a local aristocracy of comparative wealth and great influence, and were in many cases the real rulers of the Greeks. Of this class all witnesses agree in speaking with strong detestation. They were selfish and rapacious, and more tyrannical than the Turks themselves; they cared nothing for the good of their people, and went into the revolution, many of them, only in the hope of succeeding to the despotic power of the Turkish governors.[1]

Col. Leake cites Dr. S. of Gastuni as saying that the *proesti* were in everything the ruin of the nation, and continues as follows: "In the Morea, where so many Greeks have authority, they naturally become under the Ottoman system a sort of Christian Turks, with the usual ill qualities of slaves who have obtained power. The chief proofs among them of a good birth and genteel education are dissimulation, and the art of lying with a good grace, which they seem often to exercise rather with a view of showing their ability in this way, than with any settled design. . . . Though it is impossible not to be disgusted with these things, one can hardly blame the Greeks

[1] Howe, pp. 33–65.

for them; for what other arms have they against their oppressors? Under such a cruel tyranny, deceitfulness unavoidably becomes a national characteristic."[1] This class was wholly a growth of the Turkish system, and was only an evil and a burden to the nation.

III. The Agricultural Peasantry. At the time of which we are now speaking, this class, comprising the great majority of the Greeks in Greece proper, was much depressed and very poor. In Northern Greece the exactions of Ali Pasha weighed heavily upon them, while in the Morea, through the tyranny of Turkish officials and their own primates, they were usually but little better off. The Greek villages were usually clustered among the hills, while the rich plains, which had been originally appropriated by the Turks, were either thinly peopled and half cultivated or wholly desolate. Every village was treated by the Turkish officials as a whole, held to a united and corporate responsibility, and thus forced into that municipal character and action which had become so characteristic of Greek political life. The several villages held their lands by various tenures. In some, the peasants had owned the fields they tilled in a kind of freehold property. More commonly, however, the villages and the lands about them were the property of some Moslem or Greek landlord. In either case, the terms were, nominally, not severe, as compared with the burdens of the farming peasantry in other parts of Europe.

The freeholding villages had to pay, first of all, the *kharatch*, or capitation tax, which in Greece at this time

[1] Morea, vol. ii. pp. 177–5. See also Northern Greece, ii. 108, and iii. 515–8.

amounted to about two dollars for each male over twelve or fifteen years of age;[1] there was then the *miri*, or Sultan's land tax, amounting to about one-seventh of the crop, and levied upon all, Christians and Moslems alike; and the *angaria*, or forced contribution for public works, likewise exacted from all alike. These taxes, with various customs and duties upon articles sold, and the *konakia* or free lodging which the villages were obliged to furnish for military guards and traveling officials, were the chief of the regular burdens which the freeholding villages were compelled to bear. The tenant farmer, after all taxes had been paid from his crop, divided the remainder with his landlord. But helpless as they were—at the mercy of every local tyrant, whether Moslem or Christian—they were subject to such numberless exactions, such constant extortion, that with all their industry they were hardly able to obtain the means of subsistence from year to year.

Almost every village in the power of Ali Pasha had been compelled to incur a heavy debt, at ruinous rates of interest, to meet his exorbitant demands. So heavy and hopeless had this burden of debt become to many villages before freeholding and independent, that they had been compelled to give up their lands to the Vizier, and either to forsake their homes or to remain as tenants at will. In the depth of their poverty and misery, multitudes of Greeks, in Northern Greece and in the Morea, had fled from their homes to seek new settlements in western Asia Minor, under the mild and tolerant rule of Kara Osman Oglu.

[1] Howe, p. 12.

The ordinary dwellings of the Greek farming peasantry would have seemed to an American eye but comfortless huts.[1] They had neither floor nor chimney, nor, excepting a little matting, had they any beds; and a few of the simplest articles comprised the whole stock of household furniture. Sometimes the cottage consisted of one room, a bare inclosure of rough walls, perhaps thirty feet in length by fifteen in breadth; but more commonly, especially in the plains, the building was longer and was divided into two rooms by a partition of baskets, in which were deposited the household stores. The room below the partition was assigned to the cattle of the establishment, while the family occupied the other. In these dwellings the traveler from the West usually found it most agreeable "to rest during the meridian hours, which, especially in the villages, are by far more quiet than the night, when asses, hogs, dogs, fowls, rats, bugs, fleas, gnats, are all in a state of activity."[2]

The women of this class, though ignorant and very much depressed socially, were virtuous, kindly, and very industrious. In the mountain districts they were often very hardy and endowed with great physical strength. Among the highlands upon the river Crathes in the north of the Morea, Col. Leake saw a hundred women, each bearing a great load of wood from the mountains, and *spinning* as she made her way over the rough ground.[3]

In the midst of their poverty and oppression, the Greeks were a buoyant, light-hearted race, full of songs,

[1] See Baird's Modern Greece, p. 189; Leake's Morea, i. 222; and Northern Greece, iii. 362.

[2] Leake's Northern Greece, vol. i. p. 221. [3] Morea, vo iii. p. 173.

of which the exploits of some valiant Klepht were more commonly the theme, and always ready for the social pastime and the evening dance when the labors of the day were done. This light-hearted cheerfulness could not be overcome, even by the utter homelessness, nakedness, and destitution to which thousands of them were reduced towards the close of their terrible revolutionary struggle. "They took refuge in the recesses of the mountains, in caverns, in the center of swamps; . . . they lived in little wigwams or temporary huts, made by driving poles in the ground and thatching them with reeds; they were obliged to wander about in quest of food, and their naked feet were lacerated by the rocks; their faces, necks, and half-exposed limbs were sunburnt, and their hollow eyes and emaciated countenances gave evidence that their sufferings had been long endured. . . . Yet, amid all this misery, strange as it may appear, the light and volatile Greek was not always depressed; the boy sang as he gathered snails on the mountains, and the girls danced around the pot where their homely mess of sorrel and roots was boiling. The voice of mirth was often heard in those miserable habitations, and the smile of fond hope was often seen on those countenances, which mere want and exposure, and not care, had rendered so wan and emaciated."[1] The Greek peasantry have been doomed to a hard and weary lot. To the abject misery of their condition under Turkish tyranny, independence has as yet brought them but partial relief. Yet through all the painful experiences of the past two hundred years, they have borne themselves with a simple virtue and truthful-

[1] Howe's Greek Revolution, pp. 369–70.

ness, a cheerful hope, a patient industry, and a resolute purpose to make the best of their hard lot, which ought to insure them the respect and the cordial sympathies of all Christian people.

IV. The Klephts.[1] The Greek Klephts of this period were by no means all alike. The term had been originally applied to clans or bands of free-spirited mountaineers, who, disdaining submission to the Turkish yoke, had retired to some secure retreat among the mountains, and there maintained themselves in sturdy and complete independence. These Klephts were nearly akin to the Armatoli—the latter being little else than Klephts in the service of the Porte. Of these proper and original Klephts, the Suliots were the noblest and most conspicuous example. Through seven successive wars this heroic tribe, a race of soldiers, with whom robbery of the Turks (and not always of Turks alone) was a lawful and most honorable vocation, had fiercely defended their native hills, and were at last only destroyed inch by inch, inflicting meantime greater loss upon their foes than they suffered themselves.

The true mountain Klephts were the great heroes of the Greek race. Their exploits were celebrated in a thousand songs, and whenever they descended to the plains, as, driven by the snows of winter, they sometimes reluctantly did, they were followed by admiring crowds, who looked upon them as beings of a superior race. But after the middle of the last century, through the tyranny of the Turks and the disorders of the times, the Klephts as a class began to deserve much more justly their title

[1] Tennent, chap. xi.; Howe's Greek Revolution, pp. 19–21, 28–9.

of robbers. Freebooting bands were formed in almost every mountain district, which waged incessant warfare upon the Turks, and very often plundered impartially Turk and Christian alike. Towards the close of the century wholesale brigandage became a regular summer trade with thousands of Greeks, Albanians, and Greek Wallachians who had their homes and their winter residences in the mountain villages. Every spring these robbers would assemble in companies numbering from ten to several hundreds, retire to some impregnable fastness of the mountains, and from these secure retreats wage a constant predatory warfare upon all within their reach.[1] There were extensive districts which had been almost ruined and depopulated between these robbers and the Dervent guards. To the Greeks this brigandage assumed the guise of warfare upon the Turk, and was accounted highly honorable. The robber was a popular character, even in the districts which he had helped to waste.[2] But these village robbers were a very different

[1] Hobhouse, i. pp. 127–40.

[2] The high honor in which *Klephts* and *heyducs* have always, until very recently, been held by the Christian peoples of European Turkey, seems to us very strange. But if we would refresh our minds a little in regard to our own ancestral history, our wonder at this matter would cease. We ourselves have not so long outgrown the *Klephtic* age, at least as it respects freebooting on the sea, as some of us may imagine. Less than three hundred years ago the pirate and the buccaneer were held in as high honor in England as the *Kleph*t has ever been in Greece. "The whole body of early naval history proves that 'pirate' was not a term of opprobrium. Capturing a foreign merchant ship, throwing her crew overboard, or selling them as slaves, and appropriating the cargo, was a slightly irregular, but by no means dishonorable proceeding. . . . In point of fact, the pirates were privateers, and were so esteemed by their countrymen."—Ed. Review, April, 1876, p. 228. Hawkins and Drake, those great heroes of the English navy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were little else than mighty *Klephts* of the sea.

class of men from the old independent Klephts, who had breathed for ages the free air of the mountains, and had never bowed their necks to a Turkish yoke.

The true mountain Klepht was among the bravest of the brave. Trained from infancy to arms and the endurance of every hardship, he was as hardy and vigorous, as quick and agile as the wild antelope of the mountains. In full armor, he could outrun a horse and his rider, and of Nico Tsaras, one of their most renowned heroes, it was said that he could leap over seven horses standing abreast. Steady of nerve and strong of hand, his aim was so sure that he could drive a pistol ball through a ring of the same size, his sight so keen that his aim was as sure and deadly by night as by day. Relentless in his hatred to the Turk, he was not cruel. His prisoners were never tortured, and women, even Turkish women, were safe, and sure of courteous treatment at his hands. If he fell alive into the hands of the Turks, he laughed at the tortures they inflicted upon him, and, though his legs were crushed inch by inch with sledge-hammers, not a groan would escape from his lips.[1] After Ali Pasha's success in breaking the power of the Armatoli, he turned his arms against the Klephts. But in this, almost alone of the great enterprises of his life, he signally failed. A few bands were broken up, a few Klephts were taken and killed. But the chief result of the Vizier's hostility was to force the Klephtic bands into a closer union and more efficient measures for the common defence, and to swell

[1] For an actual case of just this fiendish cruelty on the part of Ali Pasha of Yannina, and of just this heroic fortitude on the part of a captive Klepht, see Tennent, i. p. 441.

their ranks with multitudes of the disbanded Armatoli, and other men, who in all quarters were flying from his tyranny. In the last years of Ali, and just before the breaking out of the Greek Revolution, almost every mountain fastness in Greece had become a fortress of freedom, and ten thousand Klephts were in arms, ready to turn their long muskets and yataghans against the Turks.[1]

The agency which had most to do in directly preparing the way for the Greek Revolution, was the Heteria,[2] a vast secret organization, born of the ferment attending the French Revolution, and founded, about the year 1795, by the poet Rhiga, whose fiery patriotic songs were sung everywhere and with intensest feeling by the whole Greek race. Rhiga had taken up his residence at Vienna, but was given up by the Austrian government to the Turks, and beheaded at Belgrade in 1798. After the death of Rhiga the Heteria seemed for a time to have been suppressed; but in a few years it revived again, and spread with astonishing rapidity wherever the Greek race was found. The order was governed by a secret council, and as each member upon his initiation paid about one hundred dollars into the treasury, the council had ample means at its command. Upon entering the order, the Heterist took a solemn and impassioned oath to devote himself with absolute and perpetual consecration to the emancipation of his country and the destruction of the power of the Turks. Before the year 1820 the Heteria had drawn within its circle almost every influential Greek, of whatever class, character, or occupation. It had be-

[1] Howe, p. 29. [2] Tennent, ii. 426–32, 573–77; Howe, 30–33.

come a national league, in which the whole people had sworn together to free themselves from bondage to the Turk. In the secret councils of the Heteria, there was neither wisdom nor unity of purpose. Its funds were embezzled or misapplied, and in tangible military results it accomplished nothing. But its moral influence upon the nation was powerful and decisive. The whole body of the Greek people was roused to an eager enthusiasm in the common cause; they were kept quick and alert, and ready to throw themselves at once into the revolutionary movement whenever the signal should be given.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREEK REVOLUTION.[1]

FALL OF ALI PASHA—REVOLT OF THE GREEKS—THE TURKS COMPLETELY DEFEATED IN FOUR CAMPAIGNS—GREEK INDEPENDENCE FAIRLY WON IN 1824.

In February, 1820, the *fetwa* of the Grand Mufti was pronounced declaring Ali Tepeleni, Vizier of Epirus, *fermanli*, and under the ban of the Empire. In this emergency the Vizier gathered his forces for a desperate resistance, while the Sultan prepared for an equally desperate effort to destroy him. On both sides the Christians of Greece were summoned to arms; a call which, on both sides, was eagerly and promptly obeyed. This was a step which, in the weakness of the Ottoman government at that time, could not be retraced. In three months the whole of Northern Greece was in arms, and, in reality though not by any overt insurrectionary act, the Greek Revolution was begun. The Vizier seemed irresistibly strong; and so perhaps he would have been if he could

[1] Howe's Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution.
Tennent's Sketch of the Greek Revolution.
Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution.

have overcome his own avarice, and made a judicious use of his treasures. But this he could not do, and, as the Turkish forces approached, his sons and most trusted commanders all deserted his cause, almost without a blow. By the end of August Ali had left his capital a mass of smoking ruins to be occupied by Ismael Pasha, the Turkish Seraskier (commander-in-chief), and had retired with a few followers to his impregnable fortress in the lake. Ismael Pasha had invited the Suliots to join his standard, promising them full restoration to their country and their ancient freedom. The Suliots obeyed his call, but the promises were not fulfilled. Exasperated at last by the contemptuous neglect with which he and his countrymen had been treated by the Turks, Marco Botzaris made his way to the Vizier, who still held possession of the Suliot fortresses, and proposed to him that if he would give up the fortresses to the Suliots, with the sum of ten thousand dollars to enable them to send for their families, they would at once desert the Seraskier's army and begin a guerrilla warfare against him. Ali readily acceded to these terms, and on the 24th of November the Suliots left the Turkish camp. This secession of the Suliots was the first act of open rebellion, the real beginning of the revolutionary war.[1] From that time until the whole tribe was completely wasted away by the vicissitudes of the struggle, the Suliots remained the bravest and most determined enemies with whom the Turks had to contend.

The Heteria determined to take advantage of this conjuncture of affairs to precipitate the Revolution for

[1] Howe, 34–36.

which it had been so long preparing the way. Wallachia and Moldavia were ripe for revolt; and as the Greeks were looking confidently to Russia for support and effective aid, it was decided to make these provinces the theater of the first insurrectionary movement. Accordingly, Prince[1] Alexander Ypselanti, the Arché or Chief of the Heteria, raised the standard of revolt at Yassi, on the 7th of March, 1821. The people of both provinces flew to arms, and in a few days considerable forces had been assembled. But the expected favor of the Russian authorities was denied; the Emperor Alexander frowned upon the movement, and under this chilling influence it rapidly declined, until it was ended by the battle of Stinga, on the 19th of June. The insurgents were entirely scattered or cut to pieces; Ypselanti fled northwards, and was consigned to an Austrian prison, and the unhappy provinces were left to feel the full weight of Turkish vengeance.

The news of this uprising of the Greeks reached the capital in March, and with these tidings came rumors of a terrible plot to fire the city, massacre the Turkish inhabitants, and overturn the government of the Sultan.[2] These reports produced a fearful agitation among the Turks, and roused their fanatic passions to fiercest intensity. The leading Phanariots were at once seized and put to death. Multitudes of Greeks fled to the ships in the harbor, where they were afterwards hunted out and killed; many were slain in the streets, and those who

[1] So called because the son of a Hospodar of Wallachia.

[2] The actual existence of such a plot seems to be conceded. See Tennent, p. 48, and Howe, p. 33.

remained alive in the city were shut up in their own houses. The passions of the people and the soldiery were kept under some restraint until Easter, about the middle of April, when they burst forth with ungovernable fury. Gregory, the venerable and blameless Patriarch of Constantinople, now ninety years of age, was seized on Easter day and hung at the door of his own church. His body was left hanging for some days exposed to the insults of the populace, and was then cut down and given to a party of Jews, who dragged it through the streets and threw it into the harbor. With the Patriarch suffered three archbishops and eight chaplains of the cathedral. For four days an indiscriminate slaughter had gone on, and ten thousand Greeks, by flight or massacre, had disappeared from the city. The same fanatic fury spread to the cities and towns of Western Asia Minor, Thrace and Macedonia, and it is estimated that in three months the blood of thirty thousand Greeks had consecrated the opening of their struggle for freedom.[1]

Meantime an order had been issued by the Divan[2] for disarming the Christians of the provinces; and the attempt of a subordinate official to execute this order in the Morea kindled the flames of revolution at once in every part of Greece. The population of the Morea at this time numbered something like half a million of souls, of

[1] Tennent, 48–51.

[2] Before the middle of the last century, "the Divan" began to take the place of "the Porte," as the usual designation of the Ottoman government. The Divan was properly the Turkish Council of State; and this change in the appellation of the government indicated the decline of the personal power of the Sultan.

whom no more than fifteen or twenty thousand were Moslems, not including the Albanian soldiers of the Pasha.[1] The capital of the province was Tripolitza, a town situated on the high plateau of ancient Arcadia, a few miles south-east from the center of the Peninsula. The Pasha had usually but a small military force at his command, the eight fortresses of the Peninsula being deemed sufficient to hold it in subjection. These eight fortresses were Tripolitza, the capital; Corinth, Nauplia, or Napoli di Romania, at the head of the Gulf of Nauplia; Monemvasia, or Napoli di Malvasia, on the eastern coast of Maina; Koron, Navarino, and Modon, on the south-west coast; Arkadia on the west; and the citadel of Patras in the north-west.

In March, 1821, Kûrchid Pasha of Tripolitza was absent with all his available forces in Epirus, when, hearing of the rising in Moldavia and the threatening state of affairs in his own province, he sent orders to his kaimacam, or lieutenant, to summon the Greek primates to Tripolitza, to hold them as hostages, and to disarm the Morea. The orders were given, and a few bishops and primates obeyed. The majority, however, delayed, feeling that the decisive hour had come. Among these was Germanos, Bishop of Patras. Germanos had set out for Tripolitza, and had reached Calavrita, a town among the mountains between Achaia and Arcadia, when he suddenly paused, and, on the 4th of April, 1821, amid a great concourse of peasants, raised the standard of the cross and called his countrymen to arms.[2]

[1] Hobhouse, i. p. 196.

[2] "On our way down the mountain, our guide had pointed out to us in

The response was instant and universal. The whole Christian population of the Morea flew to arms, the Turks were driven to the fortresses, and an assembly of primates convened at Calamata, under the name of the Senate of Messenia, proceeded at once to organize the rebellion, sent for arms and ammunition to the ports of the Mediterranean, and issued manifestoes to the people of Greece and the governments of Europe. The Islands of the Cyclades caught the flame and joined in the revolt, and on the 28th of April a fleet of twenty-two vessels, fitted out by Hydra, Spetzia, and Ipsara, sailed to cruise in the Archipelago.[1] Before the end of June the whole of the Morea, except the fortresses, was in the hands of the insurgents, while extensive districts of Northern Greece were also in arms.

As soon as intelligence of these movements reached Kûrchid Pasha, who meantime had been appointed to the chief command in Epirus, he dispatched his lieutenant Mohammed with six thousand men to quell the insurrection. Mohammed crossed the Gulf of Corinth to Patras, passed eastwards across the peninsula, ravaging the

the distance a large edifice, about a couple of miles southward of Calavrita, as the Monastery of St. Laura, where the plan of revolt already concocted at Patras was fully perfected by the original conspirators, who, headed by the Archbishop of that city, had gone thither upon the pretext of a journey to Tripolitza, to escape the narrow inspection to which the presence of the Turks subjected them. From this place, when the plot was quite ripe for execution, letters were sent throughout the breadth of the land to apprise all the patriots of the design."—Baird's Modern Greece, p. 224.

Germanos held a military command for a short time, but soon resigned it for a more appropriate post in the Senate. He died in 1825, leaving behind him a historical work of great value on the first three years of the war, entitled "Memoirs of the Revolution."—Id., 334.

[1] Howe, p. 47.

country as he went, sacked and burned Vostitza, reinforced the garrisons of Corinth and Nauplia, and retired within the walls of Tripolitza. In May, Mohammed marched to attack an insurrectionary force of about twenty-five hundred Greeks posted at Lalla, near Pyrgos in Elis,[1] under Colocotroni, from this time one of the most prominent (and worthless) leaders of the Revolution, and Germanos, Bishop of Patras. He hoped by one decisive blow to end the rebellion, but the result proved exactly contrary to his expectation. His troops were received with a fire so deadly that they were utterly routed, and pursued to the walls of Tripolitza. This defeat ended the operations of the Turks in the Morea for the year 1821, and raised the courage and enthusiasm of the Greeks to the highest pitch.

Meanwhile Tombazi was at sea with his squadron of Greek merchant vessels armed with a few small cannon, when the first division of the Turkish fleet, consisting of five ships of the line, four frigates, and a number of transports, issued from the Dardanelles. The two fleets came in sight of each other on the 5th of June, but the Capitan Pasha, afraid to risk an engagement, retired within the harbor of the Euripus, and dispatched a fifty-gun frigate to Constantinople to hasten the sailing of the other division of the fleet. Tombazi promptly pursued this frigate, drove it on shore, attacked it with a fire-ship, and burned it to the water's edge. This was the first use of an agency by which, all through the war, the Greeks won most of their successes at sea and kept their enemies in constant

[1] This is Dr. Howe's statement (p. 45), while Tennent (p. 56) places the scene of this action at Valtezi, a village a few leagues east from Tripolitza.

terror. Tombazi then stood south-east to the coast of Asia Minor, hoping to rouse the Greeks of those regions to revolt. He was in time, however, only to witness the awful massacres at Smyrna and Aivali, about the middle of June, and to take on board five thousand wretched fugitives from the latter place, all that remained of its population of thirty thousand, and of what but one week before had been one of the most flourishing and most beautiful cities of the East.[1]

In June, Prince Demetrius Ypselanti, a brother of Alexander, arrived in the Morea, and was appointed to the command of the Greek forces. Demetrius Ypselanti was honest, patriotic, and brave, but insignificant in personal appearance, destitute of commanding abilities, proud and vain. The Moreot primates and leaders disliked him and united against him; he accomplished little, and soon disappeared from the scene.[2]

Early in the summer another Phanariot noble appeared in Greece who was destined to prove the real leader of the Revolution. This was Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, a man of polished manners, liberal education, and unquestioned patriotism, and who, amid ample opportunities for dishonest gain, remained always poor; but somewhat foppish and vain, destitute of eminent ability, and, true to his Phanariot education, inclined to a crafty and tortuous policy. Mavrocordato was in France at the

[1] Howe, p. 58.

[2] He lived, however, to see his country independent, and to win, in 1829, the last battle fought by land with the Turks. At his death he left his whole fortune to found a school at Nauplia, at which, in 1854, three or four hundred students were pursuing their studies.—Felton's Greece, Ancient and Modern, vol. ii. pp. 454, 517.

breaking out of the rebellion, but, loading a brig with arms and supplies, he sailed to Mesolonghi, and devoted himself with zeal and success to organize the Revolution in Suli and Acarnania, the south-western districts of Northern Greece. At the beginning of July there were said to be more than eighteen thousand Greeks in arms, and for the rest of the year they remained masters of the field. It was, however, a singular and nondescript kind of army which they formed. They were frugal, patient, hardy, and intensely patriotic; they would march all day upon no other provision than a biscuit and an onion, and lie down at night with no other covering than their thick capotes; they were brave enough in their way, and behind breastworks were excellent fighters. But they were a mere rabble of peasants, armed with their long guns and yataghans, with neither camp equipage, artillery, or military stores; with neither organization, discipline, or habits of obedience. They would come and go as they pleased, and fight or run as they pleased; and their capitani or leaders were more insubordinate, more intractable than they.[1]

By this rabble of musketeers the fortresses were speedily invested, and in the course of the year several of them were starved into surrender. Arkadia, Monemvasia, and Navarino were taken in the latter part of the summer, and Tripolitza on the 5th of October. Upon the fall of these fortresses, a terrible vengeance was exacted for the rivers of Greek blood which had flowed earlier in the season. The garrison of Navarino, more than four hundred starving wretches, were slaughtered in cold blood,[2]

[1] Howe, pp. 60–1. [2] Tennent, p. 61.

while a worse fate was reserved for Tripolitza, the capital. Into this city were crowded almost all the Turks of the Morea, with all their movable wealth. Reduced at last to utter starvation, and seeking in vain for some competent authority to which it might safely surrender, the place was taken by surprise, and the whole Moslem population, excepting the Albanian soldiers, who saved themselves by their arms, was remorselessly put to the sword. Fifteen thousand dead bodies choked the ruined streets, and an enormous booty was divided among the selfish and bloodthirsty capitani.[1]

After the fall of Tripolitza, Demetrius Ypselanti issued a call for a national convention of the Greeks to meet at Tripolitza on the first of November. The convention assembled, but, owing to the terrible condition of the city, found it necessary to adjourn to Epidaurus, where a Declaration of Independence and Constitution were drawn up, which were promulgated to the nation in January, 1822. Alexander Mavrocordato was chosen President of the new government, and at once entered upon the Herculean task before him.

The year 1822 opened with events of great importance to the Greeks. The establishment of the new constitution and something like a regular government gave the Revolution a new character and new importance in the eyes of Europe. And although the Powers of the Holy Alliance, Great Britain not excepted, frowned upon the movement, and did everything in their power indirectly to suppress this rising of an oppressed people against constituted authority, the sympathies of the people were

[1] Howe, pp. 79–81.

everywhere deeply stirred in behalf of the struggling Greeks. On the 22d of January, Corinth surrendered to Ypselanti, and in February, Ali Pasha of Yannina, having already surrendered to Kûrchid Pasha, was treacherously stabbed, thus leaving the Divan free to put forth all its energies for the suppression of the Greek rebellion.

The plan adopted by the Turkish authorities for the military operations of the year was ably conceived, and might well have seemed sure of success. The fleet was to sail early and in irresistible force, and having entered the Gulf of Corinth, was to be in readiness to transport the army of the Seraskier from Mesolonghi to Patras; while a second army was to move southwards from Thessaly, and enter the Morea by the Isthmus of Corinth. The first blow of the year fell upon unhappy Scio. This island, so beautiful and peaceful, so prosperous and wealthy, which for more than three hundred years had been one of the brightest jewels in the Ottoman crown, had been precluded by its situation from taking any active part in the revolt, and had remained perfectly quiet, until, on the 17th of March, a band of six hundred Samians landed upon the island, and, rallying a few peasants to their aid, drove the Turks to the citadel. The Sciots now saw that the die was cast, and that their only hope lay in joining their revolted countrymen and driving the Turks from the island. They accordingly laid siege to the citadel, and sent urgent entreaties to the Morea for arms and help.

But on the 11th of April the Turkish fleet arrived and cast anchor in the port. The Capitan Pasha landed six thousand men from his ships, and spent three days in

bringing over a horde of Turks from the mainland. On the 15th the preparations were complete, the signal was given, and the dreadful work began. Of the eighty thousand inhabitants of Scio, twenty thousand were put to the sword, and as many more were driven on board the fleet to be sold for slaves. Of the remaining forty thousand, some concealed themselves in the interior, while the majority escaped by sea. "And when the Capitan Pasha sailed for the coast of Natolia, he moved from a shore where not a living form was visible; a thin column of smoke curled upwards from the ruins of Scio, and silence, desolation, and death reigned throughout the lately beautiful and opulent island." [1]

But speedy and terrible was the retribution which overtook the Capitan Pasha, the inhuman monster who had perpetrated this awful crime. On the night of the 22d of June the fleet was again at anchor in the Straits of Scio, when Constantine Kanaris [2] of Ipsara, a name famous forever among the heroes of the sea, sailed quietly into the midst of it upon a fire-ship. Driving full upon the huge flagship of the admiral, he fired the train with his own hands, leaped into his boat and safely escaped. In a few minutes both ships were a mass of flames. The Capitan Pasha, attempting to escape in his boat, was crushed by a falling mast, and his ship with

[1] Tennent, p. 71.

[2] Kanaris lived to prove himself one of the best and wisest public men of liberated Greece, and to enjoy in a green old age the honors so nobly earned in the revolutionary struggle. He was one of the three men who formed the Provisional Government of Greece upon the expulsion of King Otho in 1862, and whose wisdom and moderation commanded the approval of all. See Edinburgh Review for April, 1863, p. 306.

its crew of twelve hundred men was totally consumed. On the same day with this brilliant achievement the Acropolis of Athens surrendered to the Greeks.

The military operations of Kûrchid Pasha were delayed, and all his well-laid plans finally defeated, by the heroic stand made by the Suliots in their native mountains. Through the whole summer of the year 1822 the armies of the Seraskier were held at bay, and not until September did the Suliots finally surrender, when they were once more transported to the Ionian Islands.

Meanwhile, early in July, the Seraskier had dispatched Drama Ali Pasha with thirty thousand men to ravage Thessaly, Bœotia, Attica, and Megaris, and to enter the Morea by the Isthmus of Corinth. The southward march of Drama Ali was marked by the most fiendish atrocities.[1] He met with no opposing force, passed the Isthmus

[1] "The Turkish hordes scattered themselves over Phocis and Bœotia, plundering and burning; enslaving, torturing, and murdering. No resistance was made—none could be made. The peaceful villages, scattered over the country, were in apparent security, and the peasantry would hardly get the terrible news of an invasion, ere the tramp of horses and the wild hurra of the horsemen would be heard, as they came rushing into the village and cut down all they met. They then galloped up and down the streets, waving their bloody scimeters and firing their pistols, till they were certain nothing was left to oppose and endanger themselves; when, bursting into the rooms where the half-distracted females had shut themselves up, they would butcher one or two, the more to intimidate the rest, and then force them to tell where their husbands, brothers or sons had hid themselves. These were dragged forth, hacked to pieces, and their heads severed from their bodies. 'Give us your money,' cried the brutal Turks; and when all was done, when those poor females had suffered indignities worse than death, they were stabbed, their noses and ears cut off, and then left to writhe on the headless bodies of their relatives. None were spared, except perhaps the most beautiful, who were loaded with the spoils, and often with a string of ears and noses, and driven off like beasts of burden. But the scene

on the 13th of July, advanced to Argos, and relieved the important fortress of Nauplia when on the very point of surrendering to the Greeks. But in Argos the Pasha found himself fatally entrapped. The crops had been destroyed, the army had no provisions, the wild mountains around were impracticable for cavalry, and every mountain and narrow pass was occupied by its band of Greeks. The Turkish army soon became completely demoralized, and in danger of absolute starvation.

Drama Ali was compelled to give the order for retreat. But to retreat in safety was impossible. Between Argos and Corinth two long and dangerous defiles must be passed, and these defiles were filled with Greeks, with their long muskets and their sharp yataghans. The Turks knew their danger, but there was no escape, and they rushed desperately forward into the narrow defiles. Then ensued a scene of awful carnage rarely surpassed in all the history of war. From the rocks on either side the Greeks poured a torrent of balls upon the confused and struggling mass below, and then, rushing down, assailed their panic-stricken foes with the yataghan. The gorges were heaped with dead, and only a few straggling fragments of the Turkish host emerged upon the plain of Corinth. But even then there was no escape. The passes of the north were occupied, and Drama Ali was compelled to remain at Corinth, where he died, and

closed not here: some fugitives might still be concealed, or the wounded might live; the fire would find what the sword had missed; then the torch was applied, and as the flames arose, these human tigers mounted their horses and galloped away with wild yells, to seek in other villages new scenes of triumph."—Howe, p. 130.

the last remnant of his army surrendered to the Greeks in October, 1823.[1] Upon this disastrous failure of his plans, Kûrchid Pasha was so overwhelmed with shame and despair that he took poison and so ended his life.

After the surrender of Suli, in September, Reschid Pasha and Omer Vriones Pasha[2] moved southwards and formed the siege of Mesolonghi. But Mavrocordato and Marco Botzaris had improved the interval, allowed them by the heroic resistance of the Suliots, to put this important place in a good state of defence. The siege was kept up until Christmas, when it ended in the hurried and disastrous retreat of the Turks.

After the defeat of Drama Ali the garrison of Nauplia had been again reduced to great distress, when in September the Turkish fleet of some sixty ships of war appeared for their relief. But Tombazi was at hand with his little Greek brigs and fire-ships, and so frightened the Capitan Pasha that he turned and sailed away without so much as entering the harbor. The garrison had now lost all hope, and on the 12th of December Nauplia fell into the hands of the Greeks. Constantine Kanaris followed the Turkish fleet with two fire-ships, and at Tenedos, on the night of October 21st, succeeded for the second time in burning the flagship of the Capitan Pasha with nearly all on board. Terrified at this disaster,

[1] Tennent, p. 74; Howe, pp. 129–40.

[2] Omer Vriones, who figured so extensively among the Turkish leaders in the first three years of the war, was an Albanian Bey from the neighborhood of Berat, who had accumulated great riches by ten years of fighting and plundering in the service of Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt.—Leake's Northern Greece, vol. iv. p. 219.

the fleet retired precipitately within the Dardanelles, and so ended the naval operations of the year.

The military operations of the year 1823 were confined almost wholly to Northern Greece. Mustapha Pasha of Scodra (Scutari) was appointed to the chief command, and the plan adopted for the campaign was similar to that of the previous year. But such were the mutual hatred and dissensions of the Turkish leaders, that their forces were slow in assembling, and were feeble and inefficient at last.[1] The Seraskier was moving southwards with twelve thousand men, when at Karpenisi, a small village among the mountains between Thessaly and Acarnania, at midnight on the 19th of August, he was suddenly attacked by Marco Botzaris with twelve hundred Suliots. The Turkish army was utterly routed and scattered; but the victory was dearly bought. Botzaris had penetrated almost to the tent of the Seraskier when he was struck by a random shot and instantly killed. Thus ended the brief career of the noblest patriot and ablest military leader of the Greek Revolution. The fall of Botzaris left Mustapha Pasha free to reassemble his scattered forces and start again upon his southward march. In October he reached the Gulf of Corinth, where a feeble and fruitless attempt to capture Anatolico, a small outpost of Mesolonghi, ended his operations for the year.

[1] Mustapha Pasha, the powerful Pasha of Scutari, was an able and energetic commander, who could bring into the field a force of thirty thousand men. If he had chosen to do so, he might have ended the Greek rebellion in a single campaign. But such a result was very far from his purpose. His great enemy was Sultan Mahmoud himself; and his great aim was to avoid wasting his own forces, or strengthening the government against himself.—Ranke's Servia and Bosnia, p. 335.

The eastern division of the Seraskier's army, under Berkofzali Pasha, met with no better success. It advanced as far as Attica, where it was met and routed by Ulysses, a famous partisan leader who held command of the Acropolis of Athens.[1]

The year 1823 was chiefly noted for an open rupture in the Greek Provisional Government, which had long been divided into two hostile factions. On the one hand was the military party, headed by Colocotroni and other lawless military chiefs, and supported by a considerable part of the army; on the other was the party of order and constitutional government, headed by Mavrocordato, and supported by the Islanders, the fleet, and the great body of the nation. So far were the dissensions between these two parties carried that in December, 1823, the military party seceded and set up as a rival government, while Colocotroni and the other chiefs stood out in open rebellion. For six months a state of mild civil war prevailed in the Morea, though little blood was shed on either side. The government, however, was sustained by the public sentiment of the nation, and in the course of the following summer the military chiefs, having been deserted by their own followers, were obliged to sur-

[1] Ulysses had been in the service of Ali Pasha of Yannina, and in hardihood and power of endurance, as well as in valor and lawless independence, was an excellent example of the Greek Klepht. He first attracted the notice and won the favor of the Vizier by an astonishing feat in running. He challenged the best horse in Ali's stud to run with him on rising ground, until the horse should drop down dead, engaging to forfeit his head if he did not win the race. The race was run, the horse fell, and his human rival won the race. From that day the fortunes of Ulysses were established.—Howe, p. 161.

render one by one, and were imprisoned on the island of Hydra.

The military operations of the Turks in the campaign of 1824 were very feeble and led to no result. By sea, however, they succeeded in inflicting a terrible blow upon the Greeks. Miaulis,[1] one of the noblest heroes of the Greek Revolution, was at this time in command of the Greek fleet, but for want of money had not been able to get his vessels ready for sea, when, in the beginning of June, the Capitan Pasha sailed from the Dardanelles. Having taken on board a body of Albanian troops at Saloniki, the Turkish fleet of one hundred and fifty sail rendezvoused at Mitylene, whence, suddenly and without warning, it swooped down upon the island of Ipsara. Ipsara, opulent, beautiful, and prosperous, contained at this time a population of twenty-five thousand souls. On the 3d of July the Turks landed on the back of the island, where the scenes of Scio were re-enacted in all their horror. For two days the work of slaughter and

[1] "Miaulis was born at Hydra, and educated on the water; he is about sixty years of age; his frame, large and rather corpulent, is well made and full of vigor. . . . Strangers are always struck by his patriarchal appearance, and after ever so short an interview, go away satisfied that there is at least one honest, pure patriot in Greece. . . . For a great number of years he sailed in his own ship, and by commerce gained a very considerable fortune; and always stood high in character among the Hydraots. . . . When once the blow was struck he embarked heartily in the cause, and has ever been foremost in exposing himself, in sacrificing his fortune, in giving an example of obedience to government, and perfect disinterestedness of action. Such is the man who commanded the Greek fleet; and so irreproachable is his character, that even in Greece, where the people are so jealous and suspicious of their leading men that the least foible cannot escape them, no voice is ever raised against Miaulis; all parties unite in considering him perfectly pure and disinterested in his patriotism."—Howe, pp 165–67.

pillage went on, and on the third day the Turks sailed away, leaving Ipsara a desert. This great crime was not wholly unavenged. No sooner did the sad intelligence reach Hydra than Miaulis, hastening to sea with his half-furnished vessels, sailed to Ipsara, and drove the Turkish garrison from the island. Then attacking a Turkish fleet of twenty vessels cruising in the neighborhood, he burned one of them, captured two, and drove the rest ashore on the island Scio, where the ships were destroyed, though the crews escaped.

With the full establishment of the authority of the Greek Government in the summer of 1824, the war of the Revolution ought to have come to an end. As between the Greeks and the Turks, the contest had been fought out. The Turks were powerless for any further effective opposition; the Greeks were masters of the situation, the Revolution was an accomplished fact. "The situation of Greece at the commencement of 1825 was one in every way gratifying to the feelings of the philanthropist and the patriot; every branch of her administration, civil and military, seemed to have acquired strength and permanence by the successful continuance of the revolutionary struggle. The government was universally respected and obeyed, their councils had been freed from the contamination of the factions and the disaffected among the chieftains, and the whole available forces of the nation were thoroughly at the disposal of the ministry, with the exception of the clans of Livadia. . . . An effective judiciary system had been established throughout the recovered provinces; . . . schools on the Lancasterian system were established in all the

principal towns; and journals, issuing from the presses of Hydra, Athens, and Mesolonghi, were disseminated throughout every district and island. The enthusiasm of the nation was universally excited, the government was already in firm possession of an extended territory, the blockade of Patras was resumed, and such measures taken as promised, in a brief period, to place them in possession of the two trifling fortresses which the Turks still occupied in Messenia." [1]

Under these circumstances, the governments of Western Europe ought to have interfered, as they did with far less reason three years later, to insist that the war should cease, and that the Greeks should be left in the enjoyment of their fairly earned freedom. A strong enthusiasm had been awakened in behalf of the Greeks, and the people in every part of Europe were ready and eager for such an intervention. But not so the despotic sovereigns of the league forever infamous under the name of the Holy Alliance. Those guardians of order would tolerate no form of revolution, no rebellion of the people against constituted authority, even of enslaved Christians against their Turkish tyrants. They therefore looked coldly on while the Sultan, utterly foiled and defeated in his own efforts to subdue the Greeks, called in the powerful disciplined army of his nominal subject but most dangerous enemy, Mehemet Ali, Vizier of Egypt, to ravage and destroy the provinces which he could not subdue.

[1] Tennent, pp. 90–91.

CHAPTER VIII.

IBRAHIM PASHA IN THE MOREA.

MEHEMET ALI, VICEROY OF EGYPT—HIS ARMY CALLED IN BY THE DIVAN—THE GREEKS POWERLESS BEFORE A DISCIPLINED ARMY—FALL OF MESOLONGHI—FALL OF ATHENS—RUIN OF THE GREEK CAUSE—INTERFERENCE OF THE WESTERN POWERS—TREATY OF LONDON—BATTLE OF NAVARINO—GREECE FREE.

MEHEMET ALI,[1] Vizier or Viceroy of Egypt, was an Iconian Turk from the neighborhood of Kavala, in south-eastern Macedonia. After the invasion of Egypt by Napoleon in 1788, the Governor of Kavala sent thither, as his contingent for the defence of the country, a body of three hundred Albanians, under the orders of his son. Mehemet Ali attended this expedition, of which he was soon left in command. In the struggle between the Turks and the Mamalukes, which followed the expulsion of the French, always able to depend upon his Albanians, he conducted himself with such consummate craft and ability that he soon made himself master of the

[1] Leake's Northern Greece, vol. iii. pp. 174, 237; vol. iv. p. 219. Howe, pp. 171–6.

country. He was now too powerful and too necessary to the Divan to be disregarded, and was named Pasha of three tails and Vizier of Egypt. The power thus conferred upon him was speedily consolidated and permanently established. In 1807 he freed himself from the Mamalukes. On one bloody day, by measures of the most perfidious treachery, they were everywhere seized and put to death—an act by which this ancient and magnificent body of horsemen was finally destroyed. Then began his so-called improvements and reforms.[1] The two millions of his subjects were subjected to a system of the most grinding and relentless exactions. Every man was compelled to labor from sunrise to sunset, and all the fruits of his toil, saving the smallest pittance on which life could be sustained, were swept into the treasury of the Vizier. The cultivation of cotton, indigo, silk, and sugar, was vigorously pushed. A canal connecting Alexandria with the Nile, fifty miles in length, ninety feet in width, and twelve feet in depth, was excavated in one year. European arts and artisans were introduced, and saw mills, steam engines, and cotton mills were brought into use. Arsenals and dock-yards were established; a powerful fleet of vessels of war built in Europe was collected; and an army was formed, which was organized, armed, and equipped on the European system, and commanded and disciplined by European officers, and which in a few years numbered thirty thousand men. At the breaking out of the Greek Revolution, Mehemet Ali was more powerful than his master the Sultan, and was already in reality, as his descendants have ever since

[1] Howe, pp. 171–6.

remained, an independent sovereign. As yet, however, he professed the most devoted loyalty to the Porte. Ten years later he threw off the mask. His son, Ibrahim Pasha, invaded and subdued Syria in 1832, and in 1833 marched through Asia Minor upon Constantinople. He was already at the gates of Brûsa, and Constantinople seemed about to fall without a blow, when Nicholas of Russia interfered, and the throne of the House of Othman was saved.

Upon this dangerous vassal, dreaded and feared as he was, and certain as such a measure seemed to increase his formidable power, the Divan was compelled to call, in the year 1824, to suppress the rebellion of the Greeks. Mehemet Ali responded with alacrity to the call, feeling no doubt that Greece would soon and easily be added to his dominions. One hundred and fifty merchant vessels were hired for transports, and these were attended by a naval force of thirty-five frigates and many smaller vessels of war. Upon this fleet was embarked an army of twenty thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry, tolerably disciplined, and thoroughly furnished and equipped.[1]

The news of this calling in of Egyptian mercenaries to crush the Greeks was heard with sympathetic indignation throughout Europe. The interest of the people in the Greek cause was everywhere deepened and strengthened, and many men of standing and influence hastened to devote to it their personal services. Among these was Lord Byron, who with liberal supplies and a loan to the Greek government of thirty thousand dollars, all from his own

[1] Tennent, p. 88.

private resources, arrived at Mesolonghi in January, 1824. From this time, for the four short months which intervened before his sudden and untimely death, Lord Byron gave himself to the cause he had espoused with a generous kindness, and a wise, patient, and energetic devotion which have made his name forever dear to the Greeks.

After the destruction of Ipsara, in the beginning of July, 1824, the Capitan Pasha sailed to inflict the same doom upon Samos. For this purpose a large land force had been collected upon the neighboring coast of Asia Minor to be transported by the fleet to the devoted island. This plan was defeated by the arrival of Vice-Admiral Sakturis with his Greek brigs and fire-ships. Kanaris with his fire-ships grappled and burned a frigate under full sail; another fire-ship burned a brig of war, and a third a corvette, when the Turks retired in consternation, the land force disbanded, and Samos was saved.

The Capitan Pasha now thought only of effecting his junction with the Egyptian fleet, which had sailed from Alexandria early in June. The two fleets were united on the 26th of August, but soon encountered Miaulis with a Greek fleet of seventy sail. The Moslem commanders were thwarted and confused; vessel after vessel of their fleet was burned by the Greek fire-ships, until on the 7th of October the Capitan Pasha, thoroughly disheartened, retired to Constantinople. "Ibrahim Pasha could only curse God and man, kill or bastinado his officers and men for their poltroonery,"[1] and get his own fleet together for an advance upon Candia. For three days he sailed unmolested, but when very near Candia

[1] Howe, p. 216.

the Greeks were again encountered. A sharp action ensued, which resulted in the complete scattering of the Egyptian fleet. Eight ships returned to Alexandria, where the captains of four of them, who were Turks, were taken by Mehemet Ali and nailed up by the ears. Ibrahim Pasha with the rest of the fleet found refuge at Rhodes.

These brilliant exploits ended the prosperity of the Greeks. In December, Miaulis was obliged to return to Hydra, when Ibrahim Pasha, having collected his scattered forces, set sail from Rhodes and reached Candia in safety. In February, 1825, his fleet appeared unexpectedly in the harbor of Modon and landed eight thousand men. In March the second division of the army was safely disembarked, and Ibrahim laid siege to Navarino with fifteen thousand men. Before this disciplined, permanent, and amply furnished army, Greece stood powerless and helpless. As for anything that she could do for her own salvation, her cause was lost. Navarino surrendered on the 23d of May, when the Egyptian army moved inland. Messenia was speedily overrun, and on the 20th of June, Ibrahim appeared before Tripolitza, which the Greeks fired and abandoned at his approach.

In the meantime Miaulis had not been idle. On the 12th of May he sailed boldly into the harbor of Modon and attacked with fire-ships the fleet lying at anchor there. Two frigates, eight corvettes, and a number of transports, in all about thirty vessels, were set on fire and consumed. About the same time Sakturis encountered the Turkish fleet as it issued from the Dardanelles. Advancing boldly to the attack, he burned three ships of war,

captured a number of rich transports, and completely scattered the fleet. These successes, however, availed but little. Ibrahim Pasha had made good his foothold in the Morea, and had little difficulty in obtaining all needed reinforcements and supplies.

The conduct of the war in Northern Greece for the year 1825 was intrusted to the Roumeli Valesi,[1] Kiutahi Pasha, an officer of courage, judgment, and ability, who infused into the Turkish military operations a degree of vigor and efficiency long unknown. On the 27th of April he appeared before Mesolonghi, and began the third siege of that place, now containing a population of about twelve thousand souls, and having risen to be the most important city in Western Greece. The city was bravely defended, and all the skill and valor of the Seraskier were put forth in vain for its reduction, until, on the 13th of October, he was obliged to suspend operations and wait for the arrival of the Egyptians. On the 25th of December Ibrahim joined him with ten thousand disciplined troops, and from that day the doom of the unhappy city was sealed.

In January, 1826, the besieged had been reduced to the last extreme of want and distress. Their dwellings were ruined; their fuel, ammunition, and provisions were alike exhausted; their clothes were worn to rags, and sickness was rapidly thinning their ranks. At this time, Miaulis, by one of the noblest deeds of his noble life, forced his way into the harbor with twenty-four armed brigs, and landed provisions and supplies. Ibrahim was

[1] Governor-General of Roumelia, or European Turkey south of the Balkans.

pressing the siege with the utmost vigor, and well-founded hope of escape there was none. Yet no word was heard of surrender or retreat. Cheerfully the ragged, emaciated citizens bade farewell to their countrymen, determined to defend their dearly loved city to the last. Every assault of the besiegers was fiercely repulsed, and Ibrahim was at last compelled to await the slow results of famine.

The time at length came when the starving people of the city could hold out no longer. No mercy, no quarter was to be hoped for; they must either break through the Turkish lines or perish with the city. Their measures were taken accordingly. It was determined that those who had strength and courage for the attempt should be assembled in two bodies, and endeavor to break through the Turkish forces and escape to the mountains. Many of the women and children, the aged, wounded, and sick, all to whom there was no hope of escape, were collected in a large mill, in which was stored a great quantity of powder. They were to make resistance enough to gather the Turks thickly about them, and then blow themselves and their enemies together into the air. Under one of the bastions a mine had been run, in which thirty barrels of powder had been placed. A wounded old soldier took his seat upon this powder, ready to fire it when the Turks should be crowding over the wall.

It was on the night of the 22d of April that the attempt to escape was made. The first body, consisting of about three thousand persons, broke through the Turkish lines, and, with the loss of four hundred of their number,

reached the mountains. The second body, containing a larger number of women and children, was less fortunate. They were not ready when the word to start was given, and were driven back within the walls by the Turks. The besiegers were now streaming into the city when the old soldier in the mine fired his train. An awful explosion followed, by which hundreds of Turks were destroyed. For a few moments all was still; but soon, recovering from their momentary terror, the Turks again rushed forward, and in a short time almost the whole city was in their hands. The mill now attracted their attention; and not doubting, from the stubbornness with which it was defended, that it contained booty of great value, they were swarming around it in great numbers, endeavoring to force their way in, when fire was put to the powder, and there was another tremendous explosion, another awful destruction of human life. About three thousand Greeks were slain at the taking of the city, as many more were sold for slaves, and Mesolonghi was left a deserted ruin.[1]

After the fall of Mesolonghi, Ibrahim Pasha resumed his ravaging expeditions in the Morea, and the Seraskier[2] moved eastward for the subjugation of Bœotia and Attica. As the winter of this year (1826) drew on, the Greeks found themselves in the last extremity of weakness and misery. Athens had been besieged since the 17th of August; almost the whole of Northern Greece had been effectually subdued; the islanders, ruined and desperate, had betaken themselves to piracy; the Morea was utterly desolate, and a hundred thousand of the people were

[1] Howe, pp. 300–9; Tennent, pp. 102–4. [2] Commander-in-chief.

hiding in mountains and in swamps, without shelter or clothing or food. Worst of all, the government was paralyzed by dissensions and party spirit, and the selfish military chiefs seemed to be thinking only of how they might grasp, in the impending break-up, each one the largest share of plunder for himself.

About this time, however, the courage of the Greeks was revived by the arrival of two out of eight war vessels, contracted for from the proceeds of loans negotiated in London, and long and anxiously expected. The Perseverance, a steam corvette, mounting eight sixty-eight-pound cannon, reached Nauplia on the 14th of September, and the Hope, a fine frigate of sixty-four guns, built in New York, arrived in December.[1] In March, 1827, Lord Cochrane arrived in Greece—an English naval officer of ability, experience, and doubtful character, from whom great things had been expected in command of the new fleet. Soon afterwards the Fourth National Assembly of the Greeks met at Troezene.

[1] Two loans, one of £800,000, the other of £2,000,000, making together about $14,000,000, had been raised in London. The history of these loans is one of which Greeks, Englishmen, and Americans have all and equally reason to be ashamed. The first loan was negotiated at 59 per cent., the second at 55½ per cent. At these rates they should have yielded $8,000,000. The net proceeds were in fact $6,600,000. Of this sum, $2,000,000 were sent to Greece; but such were the shameful mismanagement and rapacity of Greek agents, Greek committees, and other parties concerned in London and New York, that for the remaining $4,600,000, the two vessels named above, worth together not more than $500,000, were nearly all that the Greeks ever received. The Hope was worth $300,000, and cost the Greeks $750,000. The sum of $800,000 had been appropriated for building and arming six steam vessels, of which one only had reached Greece. Of the balance of the loans no satisfactory account could be given.—Howe, pp. 371–9.

Cochrane was made High Admiral; Sir Richard Church, an English gentleman of high character and standing, who had commanded a Greek force under the British government in the Ionian Islands, was appointed General-in-chief;[1] and Count John Capo d'Istrias, a Greek of Corfu, who had long served with distinction in the Russian civil and diplomatic[2] service, was chosen Governor of Greece for the term of seven years.

Meanwhile Ibrahim Pasha was lying inactive at Modon, and all eyes were turned upon Athens, now hard pressed by Kiutahi Pasha, on which seemed to depend the last hope of Greece. Early in May, Church and Cochrane made a vigorous but ill-directed effort to break the lines of the Turks and raise the siege; they were defeated with great loss, and on the 5th of June the Acropolis surrendered to the Turks.

All this time the Greeks, especially in the Morea, were sinking ever more deeply and hopelessly in poverty and distress, and the stream of charity, which flowed unceasingly from Western Europe, was almost the only support of their sinking cause. "Switzerland took the lead; in every mountain hamlet the peasantry associated together to raise funds for the relief of the Greeks; they had regular times of meeting, they eagerly sought the news from Greece, they rejoiced in her successes, they deplored her losses, they shut their eyes upon, or kindly forgot her faults; and they set aside a portion of their

[1] General Church was still living in 1872, and although more than ninety years old, was still Commander-in-chief of the Greek army. See Tuckerman's "The Greeks of To-day," p. 55.

[2] He had been Confidential Minister to the Emperor Alexander.—Howe, p. 441.

earnings to contribute to the general fund. . . . It was a rational, systematic, and continued effort, and it extended throughout Germany and France. Committees were formed in every province, who remitted the funds collected in their various circles to the general committees in the capitals; and these last, having agents of high respectability in Greece, sent to them the cash, to expend as they might find most necessary. . . . The result of all this was that the agents . . . were enabled to afford very efficient aid; and most of the late warlike expeditions undertaken by the Greeks were supported by the fund of the European charity."[1] In 1827, the cry of famishing Greece reached our own country, and seven cargoes of food and clothing were collected and dispatched for the relief of "the suffering non-combatants"—the old men, women, and children of Greece. "The news of the arrival of these vessels spread with astonishing rapidity through the country; it was heard in the hiding places of the mountains, and their inhabitants came running to the sea-shore with the eagerness which hunger alone could have given. They came from many leagues in the interior; they crowded round the vessels of our country; and these crowds presented pictures of human woe and wretchedness which can never be exceeded. . . . Thousands put up their prayers to God for their benefactors, and their children learned first to lisp the name of America with a blessing. The news of the distributions, extending all over the country, produced a still greater effect by the encouragement it gave to the people, who saw that they were considered

[1] Howe, pp. 438–9.

worthy of having a helping hand stretched out to them from across the globe."[1]

Through the months of summer Ibrahim Pasha lay quietly waiting for reinforcements to enable him to finish his work. On the 9th of September the Egyptian fleet came safely to anchor in the harbor of Navarino, and Ibrahim prepared at once to consummate the ruin of Greece. But here a heavy and terrible hand was laid upon him, and his career in Greece was brought to a sudden and disastrous close. On the 20th of October, 1827, was fought that tremendous battle in the harbor of Navarino — a battle brought on by accident, and wholly contrary to the intent of the Western Powers — by which in one day the Turkish and Egyptian naval forces were destroyed, and Greece made forever free. Let us now turn back to trace briefly the course of events which led to this strange and unexpected catastrophe.[2]

The Western Powers, in particular the Emperor Alexander of Russia, had long been growing restive at the fearful disorders which prevailed in the Turkish seas, and at the ever-increasing injury suffered by their own commercial interests; nor were they at all inclined to see an Egyptian naval power established in Greece, and controlling the waters of the Levant. Their ambassadors at Constantinople were therefore instructed to use all reasonable endeavors to bring the war to an end. These movements, however, were feebly pressed, and led to no result. The Western Powers sympathized too strongly

[1] Howe, p. 440.

[2] Creasy's History of the Ottoman Turks, vol. ii. pp. 414–20; Howe, pp. 441–6; Tennent, pp. 117–22.

with the Sultan in his efforts to put down his rebellious subjects; they were too thoroughly committed to the support of despotic power at home and abroad, to put forth any effectual interference in behalf of the Greeks.

But with the accession of the Emperor Nicholas, December 24th, 1825, the Russian policy was wholly changed. Nicholas was a man of strong Russian feeling; opposed to the Turks, and inclined to favor the Greeks. By this time also the pressure of public opinion had brought the English government to a similar attitude in respect to the affairs of Greece. Accordingly, when in 1826 the Duke of Wellington was sent to St. Petersburg to congratulate the new Emperor on his accession to the throne, he was directed to propose to the Russian Court that some united and effectual measures should be adopted for the pacification of Greece. The result of this movement was the signing of a protocol by the ministers of England and Russia on the 4th of April, 1827. Austria and Prussia declined all interference, but France coming heartily into the movement, on the 6th of July, 1827, these three Powers signed a treaty pledging themselves to an immediate and effective interference for the purpose of ending the war in Greece.

By the terms of this treaty an immediate armistice was to be required of the contending parties. The three contracting Powers were then to propose their mediation between the Turks and the Greeks on the following basis, viz.: that Greece should be constituted a semi-independent Principality, governing itself, choosing its own rulers, subject to the approval of the Divan, and paying

a definite tribute to the Turkish government. It was further agreed that if either of the belligerents should refuse to accede to these terms, the contracting Powers would take all proper steps, without taking part in the war on either side, to prevent further hostilities.

By the Greeks the proposed interference was joyfully accepted; by the Turks it was scornfully rejected. The naval forces of the three Powers in the Levant were therefore united and augmented, and Sir Edward Codrington, the English Admiral, was directed to see to it that no further reinforcements from Turkey or from Egypt should be landed in Greece. But before Codrington was ready to act, the 9th of September had already passed, and the Egyptian fleet was safely anchored in the harbor of Navarino. The Admirals were then directed to prevent the sailing of any part of the Turco-Egyptian force from Navarino to any other port, until the pending questions were decided.

On the 25th of September, an armistice was concluded with Ibrahim Pasha by which he engaged to comply with these terms until the arrival of further instructions from his father, or from the Porte. Hardly, however, had the Pasha signed this engagement before he broke it, and sailed with a powerful armament for Patras. In this movement he was sternly met by the Admirals, and compelled to return to Navarino. Enraged at this repulse, Ibrahim let loose his land forces, and recommenced his ravages and butcheries in the Morea. The Admirals justly felt that these atrocities could not be tolerated, and they determined to propose to Ibrahim, as the only means of ending the war, that he should retire with his

forces from Greece. On the 19th day of October a note to this effect was sent to him, but was returned unopened with the statement of the dragoman that the Pasha was not to be found. The Admirals then determined to sail directly into the harbor of Navarino, and by a display of open force to insure acquiescence with their demands.

On the 20th of October, 1827, this purpose was carried into execution, and the allied fleet, led by Sir Edward Codrington, and consisting of twenty-nine vessels—ten ships of the line, ten frigates, four brigs, and five schooners—entered the harbor. The Turco-Egyptian fleet consisted of about seventy vessels of war, forty transports, and four fire-ships; the whole lying under cover of the batteries of the town. The result of this movement may best be told in the words of Dr. Howe:

"On the entrance of the European fleet, the Turks evidently supposed they had come to engage them, and prepared for battle in their confused way, without other order than the example of the Capitan Bey; the Egyptian admiral, Moharem Bey, in fact declaring that he would not fight. But before all the European vessels had come to anchor, a boat, sent by one of them to a Turkish fire-ship requesting her to move, was fired upon, and some of her men killed. This was answered by a return fire of musketry. An Egyptian corvette then imprudently fired a cannon shot into the Dartmouth, which of course brought on a return fire; and the Turks madly answering it from several vessels, part of the line began an action. Meantime Admiral Codrington in the Asia, desirous of preventing a general action, fired only upon the ships of the line of the Constantinople admiral, who

had fired first. The Egyptian admiral lying upon his other bow, was not molested, until Codrington, sending his pilot (a Greek) to the Egyptian admiral, to signify his intention of not fighting if he could avoid it, the boat was fired upon, the pilot and some men were killed, and the Egyptian fired upon the Asia.

"Then Codrington, opening his tremendous broadside upon the Egyptians on one side, and the Turks on the other, poured forth such a terrible fire as in a few moments reduced them both to mere wrecks, and they swung, utterly destroyed, to leeward, thus uncovering the second Turkish line of vessels, which lay behind them, and which opened their whole fire upon Codrington.

"The action now became general; the vessels of each nation striving to outdo the other, the Turks firing with the blind fury of desperation. They were more than double in number, and, warmly seconded by the whole line of land batteries, poured forth such a tremendous volley of shot, as, well directed, must have utterly destroyed the Europeans in a few minutes. But the latter sent back as rapidly a smaller but much more dreadful fire; for every gun was well pointed, every shot told, and in a few minutes it was seen which way the scale would turn.

"Burning with generous emulation, each European commander strove to distinguish himself; boats were sent out, and the men, boarding the Turkish brulots (fire-ships), cut them away, set them on fire, and let them drive in among their fleet. In a few minutes the scene became more terrible by the flames which began to rise from several vessels and their successive blowing up.

The two long lines of ships, from which roared two thousand cannon; the blazing fire-ships driving to and fro among the huge Turkish vessels, whose falling masts, shattered hulls, and gory decks began to show how the battle went; the sea covered with spars and half-burned masses of wood, to which clung thousands of Turks escaped from their exploded vessels; the line of batteries on shore, which blazed away all the time, and which, as well as the battlements of the town, were covered with the anxious soldiers of Ibrahim; the noise, the explosions, the flames, the smoke, the hurrahs of the European sailors, the curses and the Allah shouts of the Turks, presented one of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed.

"The battle raged from three o'clock P. M. until seven. . . . The Turkish fleet was almost utterly destroyed. Many ships had been blown up, sunk, or burned; the rest were pierced through and through, shattered, dismasted, or driven on shore. Not more than fifteen vessels had escaped undamaged, and more than five thousand Turks had been killed. The rest were overwhelmed with confusion and rage, but not with fear; and they continued during the night madly to set fire to and blow up their vessels which were on shore or disabled, regardless of the word sent by Codrington that he had finished.

"Thus an action commenced by accident ended in the almost complete destruction of the naval power of Turkey. The news reached the cabinets of Europe, exciting surprise and regret. It reached the Sultan, stunning and overwhelming him; but his first impulse to deluge his Empire in the blood of infidels was checked by a feeling

of impotency. The day had gone by when Turkey could oppose a single European power, much less the greatest united. But to Greece, to poor Greece, the news was the reprieve of her death-warrant. Joy and exultation were in every heart, rejoicing was on every tongue, hope beamed on every countenance; and from Arta to Thermopylæ, from Pindus to Taygetus, Hellas felt that her chains were broken; she was freed forever from the yoke of Mussulman bondage." [1]

The war was ended; its purpose had been securely achieved. In January, 1828, Capo d'Istrias arrived in Greece, and was at once invested with the presidency; the last Moslem enemy left the Morea on the 7th of October, and twelve months later the independence of Greece was virtually acknowledged by the Porte.[2]

[1] Greek Revolution, pp. 443–5.

[2] Tennent, p. 123. Attica, Eubœa, and Lamia were not evacuated by the Turks until 1833.

CHAPTER IX.

THE KINGDOM OF GREECE.[1]

PRESIDENCY OF CAPO D'ISTRIAS — REIGN OF OTHO OF BAVARIA — ACCESSION OF PRINCE WILLIAM GEORGE OF DENMARK.

THE assumption of the reins of government by Capo d'Istrias brought immediate relief to the country. The people returned to their homes and began once more to till their deserted fields, and very soon something of comfort and prosperity was apparent on every hand. The public affairs of the new state, however, were still unsettled. Its boundaries had not been fixed, nor had the great Powers as yet come to a final decision as to what character it should bear. At length, in February, 1830, it was determined that Greece should be wholly free, and that it should be governed by a King, to be

[1] Lectures on Greece, Ancient and Modern, by C. C. Felton, LL.D., late President of Harvard University.

Senior's Journal in Turkey and Greece in 1857–8.

Modern Greece, by Henry M. Baird, M.A., New York, 1856.

The Greeks of To-Day, by Charles K. Tuckerman, late Minister Resident of the United States at Athens, New York, 1873.

Articles on Modern Greece—Westminister Review, April, 1834; North British Review, February, 1863; Edinburgh Review, April, 1863; London Quarterly Review, April and July, 1869.

chosen from one of the reigning families of Western Europe. The throne was offered to, and accepted by, Prince Leopold, the husband of the Princess Charlotte of England, the same Prince who afterwards reigned for many years so wisely and successfully as King of Belgium.[1]

Happy would it have been for Greece if Leopold could have filled her throne; if her government, during those first critical years, could have been directed by his wise counsels, his steady and vigorous hand. But this was not to be. As if to make some amends to the Sultan for the loss of his territory, the Allies determined that the new Kingdom should be left very small, with a northern boundary running from the mouth of the river Aspropotamos, or Achelous, north-easterly to the mouth of the Sperchius, leaving Acarnania, Ætolia, and Thessaly, with the great Islands of Samos and Candia, still in the hands of the Turks. Neither Kingdom nor King could accept this strange arrangement. The districts of Northern Greece, which were now free from Turkish rule, and which according to this plan were to be forced back again into slavery, had furnished more than half the armies of the Revolution, and many of its ablest leaders. Leopold informed the Allies that he could not undertake the government of Greece on such terms, and on the 22nd of May, 1830, he abdicated the throne.[2]

Very soon after Leopold's resignation, and before any further steps had been taken in the matter, Charles X. was driven from the throne of France, and the Allies, fully occupied with affairs nearer home, left Capo d'Is-

[1] Felton, ii. 458. [2] Felton, ii. 460.

trias to get on as he could with the government of Greece. Capo d'Istrias was able, energetic, and honest; and at first his administration promised to prove a brilliant success. But his prospects were soon overcast. Great difficulties beset his way, difficulties which in some respects he was poorly fitted to meet. The country was steeped in poverty, the old revolutionary leaders were turbulent and refractory, disorder and misrule filled the country. Capo d'Istrias felt, and felt justly, that order and law must be established at whatever cost. But he had been trained in a Russian political school; all his sympathies and leanings were towards Russia; he had no sympathy with the extravagant notions of freedom which filled the breasts of his countrymen. As difficulties thickened about him, he was the more inclined to act under Russian influence, and to depend on Russian support, until finally he began to arrest and imprison the most prominent members of the government who opposed his measures, in entire disregard of the constitution and of all personal right.

By this high-handed course almost all the old revolutionary statesmen were estranged from the President, and compelled to unite against him. Mavrocordato, Miaulis, and Conduriotti waited upon him as a committee of the opposition, to inform him that they would submit to his usurpations no longer, even though they should be forced to the extremity of civil war. Capo d'Istrias would not yield, and the committee returned to Hydra to prepare for armed resistance. The President took measures to suppress the movement; and to prevent the fleet from passing into his hands, Miaulis set fire to the Hellas—the

American-built frigate which had cost the nation so dear, and which then lay at Poros—and that, with twenty-eight other vessels, was consumed.

Soon after this the career of Capo d'Istrias was brought to a sudden and tragic end. Among those whom he had imprisoned was Petro Mavromichalis, the old Bey of Maina, perhaps the most influential man in the Morea, and then in charge of the department of war. Maina, the rocky promontory lying between the Messenian and Laconian gulfs, was the Suli of the Morea. Its fierce and warlike clans had long maintained a complete independence of the Turks, and had never been thoroughly subdued. Before the Revolution they had been subject to the jurisdiction of the Capitan Pasha, and had been governed by Beys chosen by themselves from their own leading families.

Nowhere in the world was there a more high-spirited race of mountaineers; nowhere else was there a tribe of which the clansmen would feel more imperatively bound to revenge a wrong done to their chief. The brother and son of Petro, Constantine and George Mavromichalis, went to Nauplia to intercede in his behalf, but were themselves arrested and committed to the charge of the police. The Russian admiral sailed to Nauplia for the same purpose, but found the President immovable. When, on the 6th of October, 1831, these facts were made known to the old Bey, he bared his head, raised his hand to heaven, and vowed vengeance upon this tyrant of Greece and persecutor of himself and his family. Three days later Capo d'Istrias was shot by Constantine and George Mavromichalis at the door of a church as he was enter-

ing to attend the morning service.[1] Constantine was instantly torn in pieces by the populace, George was brought to trial, convicted, and condemned to be shot.

After the death of the President, his brother, Augustine Capo d'Istrias, was hastily placed at the head of the government. He attempted to carry out his brother's policy, and summoned a congress to meet at Argos, from which the delegates of Northern Greece and the islands were excluded. He soon found, however, that he could do nothing, and disappeared from the scene. In April, 1832, the excluded delegates entered Argos in triumph, and on the 15th of the same month Augustine Capo d'Istrias sailed with the body of his brother for Corfu.

In August, 1830, the Greek senate had petitioned the great Powers to name another sovereign for them in the place of Prince Leopold. This request was at length complied with, and on the 7th of May, 1832, Otho, the second son of Louis, King of Bavaria, then seventeen years of age, was designated for the vacant throne. For this choice there were some excellent reasons. King Louis was an old and true friend to the Greeks. He had helped them with money and with men in their revolutionary struggle, and was still an enthusiast in their cause. The terms which he obtained for his son were far more favorable than those before insisted on. The kingdom was to retain Acarnania and Ætolia, the northern boundary running directly east from the north-east corner of the Gulf of Arta to the south-west corner of the Gulf of Volo. A loan of sixty millions of francs was secured, the interest to be guaranteed by the Allies, and an army of

[1] Felton, ii. 465.

thirty-five hundred men was to be raised, for the support of the government and the preservation of order.

These terms were acceptable to the country, and on the 8th of August, 1832, amid great and universal rejoicing, Otho was acknowledged King of Greece. As a regency, to conduct the government during the three years of Otho's minority, King Louis determined to send with his son three of his ablest men, Count Armansperg, Von Maurer, and Heideck. On the 6th of February, 1833, the king and his regency landed at Nauplia, and at once assumed the government.[1] The reign thus commenced continued for thirty years, until, in October, 1862, by the impending bankruptcy of his government, the deep discontent of his people, and the general dissatisfaction of Europe, Otho was driven from his throne.

Over this long and feeble reign we need pause only to notice a few of its leading events, and to inquire briefly respecting its general character and results.

In the beginning of 1835, the seat of government was transferred from Nauplia to Athens—a city at the present time of forty-eight thousand inhabitants, but which in 1832 had contained scarcely half a dozen inhabited houses.[2] On the 1st of June, 1835, Otho came of age, dismissed his regency, and took the reins of government into his own hands; and on the 22d of November, 1836, he was married to the Princess Amelia, daughter of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, a lady of many virtues, an ardent friend to the Greeks, and who was pronounced by

[1] Felton, ii. 471.

[2] Senior's Journal, p. 231; Tuckerman, p. 44.

President Felton in 1852, the most beautiful and most fascinating of European Queens.[1]

In the treaty which placed Otho upon the throne of Greece, not one word was said of a constitution, or of any guarantee for the rights of the people. For eleven years no constitution was adopted, no National Assembly was convened; the King conducted the government upon his own sole authority. But the time came at length when the people would not longer endure this arbitrary rule of the King, and the draining of the resources of the kingdom by a host of Bavarian favorites and officials The cry for a constitution was becoming loud and threatening, and the government was endeavoring by vigorous measures to suppress the movement, when suddenly, on the night of the 14th of September, 1843, the King found his palace surrounded by the garrison and populace of Athens, and heard from General Kalergi, the quiet but determined declaration, that they were there to demand a constitution, and that not until a National Assembly had been called would they leave the ground. The King held out long, but seeing at last the hopelessness of his position, yielded with a good grace and in good faith. A proclamation was issued convening the National Assembly for the purpose of framing a constitution, and the troops, after having been under arms for thirteen hours, retired to their quarters. Never was revolution more quietly conducted. Not a drop of blood was shed, there were no signs of riot or lawless violence, the courts held their sessions as usual, the business of the city was not interrupted for an hour. The next day the King and

[1] Greece, Ancient and Modern, ii. 174.

Queen rode out as usual, and found themselves more popular than ever.[1]

By the Assembly thus convened, which commenced its sittings on the 20th of November, 1843, an excellent constitution was adopted, and from that time to the present, Greece has been a constitutional kingdom. In its hopes from this change, however, the nation was doomed to disappointment. The government was not improved, and the evils under which the nation groaned were rather increased than diminished. The elections were quietly *managed* by the ministry; the government candidates were almost always returned; the legislature proved itself a servile instrument of the court, and the King was more absolute, because less unpopular, than before.[2]

As a man, President Felton gives King Otho a very high character: "In the first place, his private life is without a stain. He has a strong sense of religious obligation. No vice, no dissipation, no profligacy, has ever dishonored his youth, or been allowed to enter his court. In this respect he sets an example to his subjects which could not be improved. In the next place, he is an intelligent and accomplished prince. I do not mean that he is a man of brilliant talents, or of great sagacity. I do not think he is; but he is a man of considerable knowledge, speaking four languages fluently, of great industry, and attentive personally, in no common degree, to the public business. I will add to this, that I believe him to be a conscientious man, and devoted heart and

[1] Felton, ii, 482–4.

[2] Senior's Journal, pp. 247, 250–5, 271; Felton, ii. 488; Ed. Review for April, 1863, p. 299.

soul to the country over which he is called to rule. He is charitable to the poor, who are never turned from the palace-doors by the sentinels stationed there. I never entered the palace without seeing twenty or thirty poor women, or disabled men, waiting in the great corridor until the King could attend to their petitions, or the King's physician could prescribe for their complaints; and I was told by one in the confidence of his Majesty, that these poor people are never allowed to go away without words of kindness, and that no small part of the King's revenue is expended for their relief." [1]

But unfortunately, a good man does not always make a good king. King Otho was, in some respects, poorly fitted for the position in which fortune had placed him, and, with all his virtues, his reign was not successful. He lacked vigor of mind, breadth of view, and the power to adapt himself to circumstances. He was a Bavarian through and through. His only idea of government had been borrowed from the "paternal" rule of his father's kingdom, and by such a system he attempted to govern restless, democratic Greece. If to his many virtues he had added a resolute will, and great energy of character, a government like this might, under the circumstances, have been the best that the kingdom could have had. But, unfortunately, these were just the qualities in which the King was lacking. His government was weak and slipshod throughout. The communes were not allowed to arm for their own defence, the government did not protect them, and the whole kingdom, north of the Gulf and Isthmus of Corinth, became the constant prey of brigands.[2]

[1] Greece, Ancient and Modern, ii. 514 15. [2] Senior, 322.

The miserable, half-disciplined army was filled by a conscription which seemed to the people so unequal and unjust that young men were constantly flying to the mountains and turning robbers to escape the service.[1] The wretched fiscal system of the old Turkish regime was retained; the immense national domain, consisting of the lands which had been owned by Turks, was kept in the hands of the government, and only leased to the occupants for a heavy rent in kind; all taxes and rents were farmed and collected in kind; and such were the burdens, under the tyranny of the tax-gatherer, by which the agriculture of the kingdom was crushed, that the rural population of independent Greece remained through the whole reign of Otho less prosperous, and worse off pecuniarily, than their brethren still under the rule of the Sultan in many districts of Thessaly and Macedonia.[2] The resources of the kingdom were drained by an army of self-seeking officials. "The whole government was one enormous job."[3]

But faulty and inefficient as the government of King Otho proved, the progress of the kingdom during the thirty years of his reign was very great. The Bavarian regents, who governed the kingdom during Otho's minority, gave themselves to their work with earnest diligence, and soon brought order out of confusion. The kingdom was divided into ten Nomoi or provinces, thirty Eparchies or cantons, and these into four hundred and

[1] Senior, 313–14.

[2] Urquhart, 2–6; Leake's "Greece After Twenty-three Years of Protection," p. 17.

[3] Senior, p. 313–14.

fifty-three Demoi or communes, presided over by Nomarchs, Eparchs, and Demarchs. The army and navy were reorganized; an excellent judicial system was established, with courts on the French plan; and, most important of all, the foundation was laid of that vast and excellent system of public schools, which, long before the close of Otho's reign, had begun to command the admiration of the world. The population of the kingdom rose from seven hundred thousand to eleven hundred thousand; its commerce revived, and the Greek merchants again controlled the trade of the Levant.[1]

Half the soil of the kingdom lay untilled, and the rural population, having no encouragement to do more than provide themselves with the barest necessaries of life, were miserably poor. Yet, after their fashion, they lived in comfort; pauperism and beggary were almost unknown; they were quiet, cheerful, contented, and loyal.[2] The picture drawn by President Felton of the life of the Greek peasantry in 1852, is as interesting as it is important, and may well be copied here:—

"The Greek peasant, according to my experience, is simple-hearted, almost childlike, and hospitable after the manner of the heroic ages. He is intelligent, docile, grateful for kindness, unselfish, except where he has been exposed to the corrupting influence of foreign travelers. . . . In a journey of twenty-one days through the interior, two attempts only were made to cheat us. . . . The mass of the population are living in a state of poverty

[1] Baird, p. 16.

[2] See the testimony of King Otho on this point, as expressed to Mr. Senior.—Senior's Journal, p. 350.

quite beyond any conception of poverty we can form in this country. The most ordinary arrangements, not only for comfort, but for health and decency, are generally wanting, except in a few of the largest towns. You see no tables, chairs, beds, or glass windows, in the northern provinces, though in the Peloponnesus the state of things in these respects is somewhat better. The arts of undressing and going to bed, of washing one's hands and face, of occasionally changing one's linen, of conducting smoke through chimneys, of eating with knives and forks, are quite unknown. . . . But notwithstanding this apparent wretchedness, there are scarcely any beggars in the country. Every man has his flock, or his olive-grove, or his little farm, or hires land of the government, and labors enough to supply his simple wants. In the meanest huts, when you can find nothing else, you will probably find school-books.

"In crossing a spur of Mount Helicon, I was overtaken by one of those tremendous rains, which seem in a moment to bring back Deucalion's Deluge. I was obliged to take shelter in a hut picturesquely placed on the top of the mountain, and to pass the night there. . . . The house consisted of one room, the lower end of which was occupied by the domestic animals, to which our horses were now added. The floor was of hardened earth mixed with straw. Towards the upper end there was a raised circle, on which the fire was burning; but as there was no chimney, the smoke floated about in graceful curls among the timbers of the roof, the cracks in which served the purpose of *not* letting out the smoke, and of letting in the rain. The family were the father, mother,

four children, and a maiden aunt, who, like maiden aunts all over the world, was making herself useful in a variety of ways—rocking the baby, which, according to the fashion in Greece, was swathed like an infant mummy; spinning too, not with a wheel, but in Homeric style, sitting upon her heels, and whirling a spindle on the ground. They had no beds, and therefore required no bedrooms; they had no chairs, and therefore sat on the floor; they had no knives and forks, and therefore ate with their fingers. In searching for supplies, a disconsolate old hen was found on the premises; and when the good mother returned from washing clothes, like Nausicaa, in a neighboring stream, she tipped the baby out of the cradle—leaving him to roll helplessly on the floor—poured in it a quantity of Indian meal, and kneaded a mighty loaf, which she baked under the ashes. Perhaps some of my over-fastidious hearers think they would have hesitated to partake of a loaf whose antecedents were such as I have described. But, I can assure them, that loaf of bread, and that old hen boiled in an earthen pot by the light of a blazing pine torch, made a supper fit for a hungry Homeric hero, or a hungrier American Professor, in the very presence of Apollo and the Muses Nine. At the proper time, the family went to bed, figuratively speaking; that is, they plumped down on a piece of coarse matting, just as they were, extending their feet, like radii of a circle or spokes of a wheel, towards the fire; while we plumped down on the other side, with our saddles for pillows, and with our feet extending like opposite spokes towards the hub of the same wheel."[1]

[1] Greece, Ancient and Modern, ii. 261–3.

The testimony of the same high authority to the completeness and excellence of the system of public instruction at this time, ten years before the end of King Otho's reign, must not be omitted: "The schools are well graded, from the lowest children's schools, up through the Hellenic schools, the gymnasia, and the University, and they are all supported by the government; so that a young man who has the bare means of subsistence may acquire the best education the country affords—and that is as good as can be had anywhere in Europe—without its costing him a farthing. The quality of the instruction, both in the schools and in the University of Athens, is very excellent. . . . The zeal for instruction among all classes of the people is indescribable, greater than I have witnessed anywhere else in the world." [1]

The schools and courts with which Otho endowed his kingdom are of themselves enough to entitle his reign to a favorable judgment, and himself to the lasting gratitude of Greece. The rock on which his government foundered, and over which, to his own amazement, he found himself suddenly precipitated from his throne, was financial insolvency. His finances had been always in a bad way, and always growing worse. With a revenue at first of one and a half millions of dollars, and which, during Otho's reign, never rose above four millions, the kingdom began its career with a debt of twenty-seven millions of dollars. But of this sum, so large a part had been kept back by the usurers who furnished the money, and so much had been expended to set up King Otho's Bavarian Court, that not more than five or six millions of

[1] Id., ii. 263.

dollars had gone to meet the necessities of the kingdom.[1] The interest on this enormous debt was paid until 1843, but after that fell hopelessly in arrears, until, in 1856, the three Powers which had guaranteed the interest appointed a commission to inquire into the financial condition of the kingdom. The report of this commission in 1859 showed the finances of the government to be in a condition so utterly hopeless and irreclaimable, that from that time, by the silent judgment, not of the Greeks alone, but of all Europe, the Bavarian dynasty was doomed.[2] For three years the Greeks patiently endured, fearing lest by the premature overthrow of their government some worse thing might come upon them; but in 1862 there was a sudden and general revolutionary movement, and in the last days of October, King Otho abdicated his throne.

This revolution was as quiet, orderly, and bloodless as that of 1843, and gave the civilized world a new idea of the peculiar characteristics of the Greeks.[3] A provisional government was appointed, consisting of three members, of whom old Constantine Kanaris was one, who immediately proceeded with great calmness and dignity to secure peace and order at home, and to take the only

[1] Edinburgh Review, April, 1863, p. 304.

[2] North British Review, February, 1863, p. 79.

[3] "'The Greek people,' says About, in his 'Grèce Contemporaine,' 'may be said to have no inclination to any kind of excess, and to enjoy all kinds of pleasure with equal sobriety. They are a race without strong passion. They are capable of love and hatred; but neither their love nor their hatred is blind. They do good and ill on reflection, and reasoning is always mixed up with their most violent actions.' As far as politics are concerned, the clever though paradoxical Frenchman's observations have been confirmed by the events of the last two revolutions."—Ed. Review, April, 1863, p. 294.

step possible under the circumstances for the resettlement of the government, by seeking another king from the Allied Powers. In this emergency the Greeks turned to England, as the Power from which they had least to fear, and which they could most confidently trust, and, with one accord and great earnestness, chose Prince Alfred, the second son of Queen Victoria, for their king. The treaty stipulations between the three Powers were such that this choice could not be ratified, and the election finally fell, and with happy unanimity, on Prince William George, the second son of the present King of Denmark, and brother of the Princess of Wales, who ascended the throne of Greece, amid the universal joy of the nation, October 31st, 1863.

On the 27th of October, 1867, King George was married to the Princess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia—"a woman lovely to look upon, whether standing in royal robes, crowned with a tiara of diamonds, or sitting in sweet abandon in her nursery surrounded by her children; and from her amiability of disposition, and her avoidance of all intermeddling with politics, . . . universally beloved by her people."[1]

King George is a sincere Protestant,[2] and just before the return of Dr. King to this country, in 1864, he summoned the veteran missionary to the palace to receive

[1] Tuckerman, p. 28.

[2] From fear of Rome on the one hand and Russia on the other, the Greeks at this time were resolutely determined to have no man for their king who was not a Protestant. The declaration was distinctly and emphatically made at Athens during the interregnum, that the nation would sooner return to its old position under the rule of the Sultan, than accept another Catholic king. See Ed. Review, April, 1863, p. 307.

the communion at his hands. The impression made upon Dr. King by the youthful sovereign, then only nineteen years of age, was very happy. He seemed frank, honest, virtuous, and truly religious, very simple and unostentatious in his manners, and well deserving the love of his people.[1] He has now filled the throne for fourteen years, and these happy first impressions have been confirmed. He has administered the government, not perhaps with the highest energy and ability, or with the most brilliant success, producing no great and sudden improvement in the condition of the kingdom, but with such virtue, such honesty of purpose and kindliness of disposition, as to win the love of his people and the hearty respect of those who have been brought into the most intimate relations with him.[2]

[1] These facts, and many others in regard to his work in Greece, were communicated to the writer by Dr. King orally during his stay in his native land.

[2] Tuckerman, pp. 25–31, 106–12.

CHAPTER X.

PRESENT CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE GREEKS.

THE GOVERNMENT STILL WEAK — BRIGANDAGE — PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM — MORALS — EDUCATION — RELIGION — THE GREEK CHURCH — MISSIONARIES — AGRICULTURE DEPRESSED — GREAT WANT OF THE KINGDOM — THE GREEKS ONE PEOPLE—THE GREECE OF THE FUTURE.

THE hopes of those who looked for a great and immediate improvement in the condition of the kingdom as the result of a change of dynasty, have not been fully realized. The state of things is still very much as it was at the time of President Felton's visit twenty-four years ago. Agriculture is still greatly depressed. Less than half the arable land of the kingdom is under cultivation.[1] The old Turkish fiscal system is still retained, and the peasants, still bound hand and foot by the tax-gatherer, are hardly less indolent and unaspiring, in many parts of the kingdom, than they were in King Otho's time.[2] As in Mr. Senior's day, the government is still something of a "job," successive ministries (with

[1] Tuckerman, p. 159. [2] Id., pp. 162-4.

whom, rather than with the King, as is the case in England, rests the larger share of substantial power) managing the government in the interest of their own followers and friends, so that a multitude of needless officials in the military, naval, and civil services swallow up the funds which are urgently needed for the building of roads and the payment of the national debt.[1] Worst of all, the northern districts of the country have still continued to be cursed by brigandage, to such a degree that no traveler was safe unless protected by a strong military guard.

In January, 1870, a band of twenty-eight robbers crossed the northern boundary of the kingdom from the Turkish territories, and produced the greatest consternation at Athens.[2] They were at once pursued by flying detachments of soldiers, and several of them were killed or taken. They then disappeared, and were not heard of again until April, when they waylaid a party of travelers in the neighborhood of Marathon, and made captives of three English gentlemen of the highest standing, with Count De Boyl, secretary of the Italian Legation. As a ransom for their prisoners they demanded the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling. The money was immediately raised, and was ready for delivery, when the robbers raised their demand, and insisted upon a free pardon and full amnesty for *all* their band. This the government could not grant, and, after long and fruitless negotiations, an attempt was made to secretly surround the band with a cordon of soldiers, in the hope of taking them all alive with their prisoners. The attempt resulted

[1] Tuckerman, p. 159. [2] Id., pp. 255–91.

only in a fearful tragedy, which shocked the whole civilized world. Finding themselves entrapped, the robbers put their prisoners to death and took to flight. Ten only escaped, the leader and seven of the band being killed and four taken prisoners. This most painful catastrophe produced a wild outburst of indignation and wrath from Western Europe, and especially from England, against the Greeks and their government, as if the whole people were a race of cut-throats, their whole country a den of robbers and pirates.

In his remarks upon this subject, Mr. Tuckerman shows clearly the entire injustice of these sweeping charges, and the exceeding difficulty of extirpating brigandage from Northern Greece, unless the Turkish authorities will co-operate with energy and good faith on the other side of the line. The brigands for the most part are Turkish subjects, and have their retreats upon Turkish territory, where they are safe from the Greek patrols. The country is very sparsely settled, wholly destitute of roads, and full of wild and almost inaccessible mountain fastnesses. The villagers, to say nothing of some old and hereditary respect for the mountain Klepht,[1] are wholly at the mercy of the brigands, and are compelled to connive at their proceedings and to furnish them with supplies. This connection with village voters often gives the brigand chiefs no small political power, if not a strong secret foothold with the government itself; since they

[1] For an admirable account of modern Greek brigands and their relations with the common people, an account applying to Greece as truly as to Asia Minor, the reader is referred to Dr. Van Lennep's graphic little story, "Ten Days among the Greek Brigands."

are able to decide many a local election, and to insure success or defeat to many an aspirant for place and power. Up to 1870, the government, first of Otho and afterwards of King George, partly through weakness and remissness and partly through the great difficulties of the undertaking, had so entirely failed to suppress brigandage in Northern Greece, that a stranger of wealth was hardly safe, if traversing the country alone, even in sight of the capital itself. But by the terrible tragedy above described, both the Greek and Turkish governments were roused to such vigorous action that, for the time, the robber bands were very generally hunted down and broken up.

Thus far, it must be acknowledged, the country has remained very poor, the government has been to a painful degree inefficient and weak. Yet, looking back over the forty years of settled government which the kingdom has enjoyed, we see at once that its progress has been steady and on the whole very great. "Greece has . . . in these thirty-five or forty years of freedom doubled her population,[1] and increased her revenues five hundred per cent. Eleven new cities have been founded on sites formerly deserted. More than forty towns reduced to ruins by the war have been rebuilt, restored to regular proportions, and enlarged, presenting at present the aspect of prosperous and progressive cities. . . . Eight or ten ports have been cleared, deepened, and opened to

[1] The population of the kingdom in 1870 was 1,457,894; the chief increase within the past fifteen years having been from the acquisition of the Ionian Islands (Corfu, Santa Maura, Ithica, Cephalonia, and Zante), which formerly constituted a small republic, with a population of about 220,000, under the protection of Great Britain, but were annexed to the Kingdom of Greece by a treaty signed November 14th, 1863.

communication. Lighthouses and bridges have been erected. From four hundred and forty vessels, measuring 61,410 tons, her merchant fleet has increased to more than five thousand vessels, of 330,000 tons. Nearly a hundred thousand vessels enter Greek ports yearly, of which more than three-quarters are engaged in the coasting trade. The united value of imports and exports exceeds twenty-five millions of dollars. Greece has five chambers of commerce, numerous insurance companies, and a national bank, the associated capital of which exceeds eight millions of dollars. In 1830, the small dried grape of Corinth, of which the word "currant" is a corruption, and which forms the chief article of export, sold at about $120 the ton. It now sells at from $20 to $30, which indicates the enormous increase in the production of this one article of commerce, from about ten millions of pounds before the Revolution, to about one hundred and fifty millions now."[1]

The progress of the kingdom has not been alone in the direction of a merely material prosperity; in the moral, social, and intellectual interests of society it has been yet more marked and encouraging. The Greek peasantry were virtuous and honest, as a class, before the Revolution, and they are so still; while the vices engendered by Turkish rule in the wealthier and more influential classes have in great measure disappeared. President Felton found the educated Greeks "not only well bred, but generally of high and honorable views."[2] Mr. Tuckerman expresses a similar judgment at much length and with equal confidence. He found the commercial

[1] Tuckerman, 148–9. [2] Greece, Ancient and Modern, ii. 260.

and working classes of "free Greece" as respectable and honest as people in the like circumstances in any other part of Europe. A Greek servant could usually be safely intrusted with money or valuables to any amount, would very rarely steal. The common people were universally chaste, temperate, and hospitable. "Domestic fidelity, maternal affection, family unity, and the cheerful discharge of the duties and responsibilities of wedded life are nowhere more beautifully illustrated than among the Greeks." [1]

Of political corruption, Mr. Tuckerman did, unhappily, find abundant evidence.[2] Not, however, in the way of venality, peculation, and personal dishonesty. Of these vices there seemed to be as little as in any other country. The high officials of the government were usually poor, and left office as poor as they entered it. The evil practices lay rather in the endeavor of each successive ministry to manage the elections, and direct the whole machinery of government in the interests of its own party and political dependents. For these evils there are two sufficient reasons in the peculiar circumstances of the country. The first is the absence of any efficient and salutary check upon the government in an intelligent and powerful public sentiment. The Greeks are no longer an ignorant people. So far as mere school instruction is concerned, they are, perhaps, the best educated people in the world. "It may be safely asserted that no man, woman, or child born in the kingdom since the organization of free institutions is so deficient in elementary

[1] See Mr. Tuckerman's closing chapter—"Character of the Greeks."
[2] "The Greeks of To-day," pp. 94–7.

knowledge as not to be able to read and write."[1] With a free government, such a people will certainly learn in no very long time to take care of themselves.

But as yet the knowledge of the Greeks, universally diffused as it is, is a mere school-boy knowledge. To the great body of the people, that political intelligence and training which would fit them to form a just opinion upon important questions, and to exert a controlling influence in public affairs, is entirely wanting. "Such a thing as a public meeting in village, town, or city, composed of the working or industrious classes, for the purpose of discussing or enforcing a public measure, is a spectacle never witnessed in Greece."[2] The peasantry

[1] Id., p. 179. "At present, according to official reports, there are 73,219 persons under instruction in Greece at public establishments, and 7,978 persons at private establishments, making in all 81,197, or one to about 18 of the population. First come the primary schools, 1,141 in number. . . . The Hellenic grammar schools and gymnasia (colleges) follow with about 2,000 pupils; and the University completes the system of education. . . . The University . . . has 50 professors and 1,244 students, a large proportion of whom are Greeks from the Turkish provinces. . . . Connected with the University is a library of about a hundred thousand volumes; a mathematical museum, a museum of natural history (incomplete), an astronomical observatory, erected by Baron Sinna, the well-known Greek banker at Vienna, . . . a botanical garden, and a polytechnic school. . . . This desire for mutual improvement extends to all classes and ages. Men who have missed opportunities of schooling when young devote their evenings and moments of leisure . . . to earnest study."—Id., 179–80.

"The aisles of the University lecture rooms were crowded with young men, and sometimes old men, who, having an hour to spare from their daily labors, would come in to pick up the crumbs of instruction that were falling from the tables of their more favored juniors. Not once did I enter a school-house, during a three months' residence in Athens, without witnessing this extraordinary spectacle."—Felton, ii. 518.

[2] Tuckerman, p. 113.

are quiet, peaceable, and loyal, and never think of resisting the government, whatever course it may pursue. Acting thus, without the needful and controlling restraint of an intelligent and powerful public sentiment, each succeeding ministry is under the constant and strong temptation to provide for its own friends, to carry its own measures, and maintain itself in power, by questionable and illegitimate means.

In the second place, it is probable that in no other country in the world does so large a proportion of the educated class of young men look to political life as a permanent profession and source of livelihood. Before the multitude of young men graduating every year from the University and other higher schools, the openings to useful and profitable employment are comparatively very few and narrow. To the Church they rarely give a thought. The parish priest is usually too ignorant and too poorly paid to make his post at all inviting. The legal profession is greatly overstocked, and the mercantile houses have already a crowd of applicants for every vacant post. As teachers, there is employment for a few at home; for more, if they can bring their minds to such a life, among their countrymen in the various provinces of the Turkish dominions.

Too often the young man finds himself prepared for active life with nothing before him but to become a hanger on of some political clique, in the hope that in some way, and at some time, he may secure some office, and so climb to power. The class of professed politicians, always needy, hungry, and ready for any service, honorable or dishonorable, is thus constantly recruited and enlarged.

The political world in Greece is thus always divided into two large and hostile parties; one of them in power, and doing its best to maintain itself, and make the most of its little day; the other out of power, and straining every nerve to oust the existing ministry and get itself into the vacant places. This evil will find its natural and effectual remedy in the advancing prosperity, especially the agricultural prosperity of the country, as wider and more inviting fields are opened to the activity of intelligent young men.

The population of the Greek cities is quiet, orderly, and peaceable. Mr. Tuckerman assures us that in Athens, a city of nearly fifty thousand inhabitants, a criminal or a "rowdy" class is almost unknown. "Such crimes as housebreaking, highway robbery, or even pocket-picking, are extremly rare at Athens. On the occasion of the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of Greek independence, when the streets were choked for hours with dense crowds, not less than fifty thousand people, as was estimated, being in the streets to witness the military pageant, when every house, excepting those in the line of the procession, was deserted, "not the meanest servant consenting to remain at home on such an occasion," not the slightest disturbance occurred; no house or shop was entered, not a pocket was picked. . . . No crowd is more easily gathered together than a Greek crowd, and nowhere does a large assembly more quietly disperse."[1]

The chief and universal foibles of the Greeks are an inordinate egotism and vanity, and a love of subtilty and finesse. They are a passionate race, though their

[1] "The Greeks of To-day," pp. 345 7.

passions are almost always under control, and jealousy and revenge rankle deeply in their minds. In the wilder districts the knife and the pistol are too often appealed to for swift retribution upon fancied wrongs. "The Greek is notoriously sharp-witted, and takes a pride in his wit. To be outmaneuvered in a bargain, especially by one of his own countrymen, is a source of the deepest mortification. Hence the proverb, 'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.' It is very amusing to stand by and watch the process of a business transaction, even if it be the buying and selling of a string of dried onions."[1] In keenness, shrewdness, and subtilty, the Athenian of to-day is hardly inferior to his ancestor of twenty-two centuries ago. "A Greek will look one in the eye and fathom one's thoughts before expressing his own. He calculates your wants rather than his own; he assents, or seems to assent, with eyes and tongue, while mentally snapping his fingers at your ignorance or folly. You may leave him with the impression that your superior intelligence or persuasion has made a deep impression; he may leave you with a feeling that he is relieved of a bore. He understands you better than you understand him; and while you go away deceived by your own want of perception, he goes away with a respect for your honesty, but more and more convinced that your nation and habits are at fault. The Greek will not contrive to delude unless in a game of wits; but he despairs of assimilation, and, wishing your friendship, avoids antagonism. If he believes in anything, it is himself, and in his origin; in his capabil-

[1] Id., 341.

ities, in the superiority of his rights. If he is despised and thwarted, he laments his fate, which he puts upon his poverty, or his physical inability to cope with his adversary. He appears weak, and offers no resisting hand; but he wraps himself in his own merits, and finds compensation in ideas." [1]

To the American Christian, the most discouraging feature in the present state of things among the Greeks is the steadfast, unanimous adherence of the whole nation to the superstitions and formalities of their Church. In this respect there has been, as yet, but little apparent change. With very few exceptions, the whole body of the people, educated and uneducated, urban and rustic, commercial and agricultural, cling with the same immovable, unquestioning devotion to their national Church. Rapid as has been the spread of education and intelligence among the peasantry within the past thirty years, their old superstitions still seem to maintain a steady hold upon their minds. In their faith in ceremonies and forms, in their reverence for relics, pictures, and saints, especially in their veneration for the Virgin Mary, they appear to be hardly behind their fathers of a hundred years ago.

This reign of superstition and ecclesiasticism is, however, far less complete and secure than, to a casual observer, it might at first appear. This we shall see plainly enough as we go on. We shall also see that for the steadfast, not to say bigoted, orthodoxy of all classes of the Greeks, and for the superstition and religious ignorance of the common people, there have been two strong and sufficient reasons.

[1] Id., 334.

In the first place, the immovable devotion to their national Church, which fires the breasts of all intelligent Greeks, is far more political than religious. Their Church is now, as it has been for four hundred years, the one and only bond of union and nationality to the Greek people. They are a nation without a country. The little Kingdom of Greece embraces less than half their numbers; and "The Great Idea" of a Greek Empire in which they shall all be united—an Empire which shall rival the power and glory of mediæval Constantinople—is an idea which they can hope to see realized only in a distant future. Meanwhile, the only thing which binds them together, which gives them a conscious and vigorous national life, and makes them feel that they are one, is their national Church. Thus, for a Greek to forsake the church of his fathers is something more than to change his religion. It seems to him that it is to denationalize himself, to give up all his patriotic aspirations, and prove false to that glorious country of the present and the future which he loves a hundred times more than he loves his life.[1] This is the great reason why the best educated, the most liberal, even the most free-thinking Greeks, almost without a single exception, remain so invincibly loyal to their Church. In their Church the Greeks are one; out of it, as it seems to them, their nationality would be hopelessly dissolved.

In the second place, the continued prevalence of superstition and religious ignorance among the peasantry is largely owing to the unintelligent and greatly depressed condition of the parish priesthood. The parochial priests

[1] See Tuckerman, pp. 339–40.

are married; they live with their families among their people, and are in general kindly and worthy men. But for the most part they are deplorably ignorant and very poor. This low condition of the regular priesthood, the spiritual shepherds and teachers of the people, is perhaps the greatest hindrance in the way of the true and healthful advancement of the Greeks. It springs, in great part at least, from the old and inveterate evil by which the Greeks have been cursed for a thousand years, and upon which we have already dwelt — the hostile rivalry of the monkish hierarchy towards the married parochial clergy.

As no married priest can rise to the higher dignities of the Church, the bishops are all monks; and as all ecclesiastical power is in their hands, they have been able thus far to prevent the parish priests from obtaining either intelligence or influence. "The love of power is nowhere more strongly manifested than in the Synod of Bishops. To retain their power they discourage the elevation of the lower orders of the clergy, and would, if they could, debar them from rising into popular notoriety or favor by the exercise of any natural talents they may possess. . . . Among the priests there occasionally appear men, who, from having been in contact with foreign society, or from having acquired the advantages of foreign education, desire to cleanse the Church of its impurities, and incite a more active religious principle in the masses. To do this they have established regular preaching in the churches, which has heretofore been almost neglected in Greece. But difficulties and hindrances have been thrown in the way of their noble efforts, which seriously discourage the hopes of permanent re-

forms. The preacher, especially if he is in danger of becoming popular, is closely watched; and if anything in his language from the pulpit can be construed into too great latitude in points of religious faith, the interdiction of the bishop falls upon his head, and for a series of Sabbaths, or of months, he is suspended from the exercise of his holy functions. . . . At present the Fathers of the Church are little better than an oligarchy, whose imperious will brings the entire priesthood into a narrow material subserviency to power, which degenerates and weakens the whole system."[1]

This is a sad and discouraging statement, but it evidently describes a state of things which cannot last. In a country where every man can read, and is eagerly watching for every new idea — a country flooded with newspapers and periodicals, and enjoying the most perfect freedom of discussion and opinion — it is very clear that this selfish tyranny of a few stupid monks will not long be endured. The parochial clergy must rise in intelligence as their people rise, and the time cannot be distant when they will assert their rights, and take the place which is justly theirs. When they shall have done this, there is not very much in the constitution and laws of their Church to prevent them from preaching the gospel of Christ in its purity and simplicity. The movement referred to above in the direction of preaching, and the active religious instruction of the people, is full of promise. For more than twenty years able and in some respects excellent sermons — sermons sometimes two hours long — have been constantly listened to by crowds of peo-

[1] Tuckerman, 203–6.

ple in the churches of Athens,[1] and probably of the other cities as well. In such preaching, in a free country, there is a power which cannot be withstood; and it must and will extend itself throughout the Kingdom.

The Church of the Kingdom stands on a footing of entire independence. Since the Revolution the Patriarch of Constantinople has been a mere tool of the Porte, to whom the Greeks could not pay their allegiance. For thirty years the ecclesiastical affairs of the Kingdom remained in a confused state; but in 1852 a law was passed which gave the Greek Church within the Kingdom an independent and permanent organization. The government of the Church was vested in a Holy Synod, consisting of the Archbishop of Athens as Metropolitan and presiding officer, and five other members with equal votes, chosen from the diocesan bishops of the Kingdom. At the meetings of the Synod a government commissioner is always present, though without a vote.[2]

For more than forty years a missionary work has been sustained in Greece by the American churches of several denominations; but for reasons already explained, the results of these labors apparent to the eye of the casual

[1] Baird, 134; Felton, ii. 519; Tuckerman, 204. The greatest practical difficulty in the way of the preaching of a pure gospel by the Greek priest, is the worship of the Virgin, which seems to be impregnably fixed at once in the canons of the Church, in the books of devotion, and in the hearts of the people. See Baird, 122.

[2] Report of the Greek Minister of Public Worship for the year 1865, in the London Colonial Church Chronicle for 1866. From this report it appears that four hundred and twelve convents had been closed, and that in the Kingdom of Greece there then remained one hundred and fifty-two convents, with three thousand monks and two hundred nuns. The monks are still equal in numbers to the parish priests.

observer have been limited. Dr. King was sent to Greece by the ladies of New York, in May, 1822, and received his commission as a missionary of the American Board in 1830. Dr. Riggs joined him in 1833, and Mr. Benjamin in 1836. These able and earnest representatives of our American Christianity at once entered zealously upon their labors. They established schools, translated and published books, circulated the Scriptures, and preached the gospel as opportunity was given them. For a time they were welcomed by the authorities and the people, and their labors seemed to promise large results. But these favorable indications did not long continue. The bishops took alarm, seeing clearly enough that their own power was becoming endangered, and at their instigation the government took such action as in great measure closed the door to the usefulness of the missionaries. As the result, Dr. Riggs left the field in 1838, and Mr. Benjamin in 1843. From that time for twenty-one years, until in 1864, a war-worn veteran, he left the field for a visit to his native land, Dr. King remained at his post alone.

Few nobler examples of an heroic and exhaustless patience, and an entire devotion to the cause of Christ and humanity, have adorned the annals of the missionary work. Constantly opposed and persecuted, sometimes imprisoned and threatened with the loss of all things, sometimes in peril even of his life, he steadily adhered to his one inflexible purpose to give the labors of his life to the cause of Christ in Greece. Thus he stood manfully at his post, while, so far as the world could see, he was laboring almost in vain. He has entered into his rest and

his work is done; but even now, to the superficial observer, there appears as the fruit of all these forty years of indefatigable toil no important and enduring result. Dr. King founded no church, made no considerable number of converts, gathered about himself no strong or influential party, in Church or in State. But his work was not in vain, did not fail of important and satisfying results.

The life of Dr. King in Greece was one long and earnest protest against the errors of the Greek Church. With a piety of apostolic fervor and simplicity, with great learning, and with irresistible clearness and cogency of reasoning, he never ceased in his endeavors to make those errors clear to the minds of the Greeks, and to teach them a more excellent way. The Greeks are quick-witted and free-spirited, and nothing so delights them as keen and vigorous discussion. They are always ready to read everything both for and against their own views, and Dr. King could never complain that he was refused a hearing. His arguments and those of his friends were carefully listened to and widely read. They carried conviction to many enlightened and liberal minds, and proved a powerful leaven which is still pursuing its silent but ever extending work.

Dr. King's first great struggle was for the free dissemination of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. This had never been forbidden by the Church, but with the clear instincts of an ecclesiastical despotism, the bishops set themselves resolutely against it. The battle, however, was triumphantly fought out, and now every Greek in Greece may read freely in his own tongue the Word of eternal truth. But when from this success Dr. King ad-

vanced to attack the worship of the Virgin Mary, he touched the Greeks upon a very tender point. The common people, as strong in their devotion to "the Mother of God" as their fathers in the days of Nestorius, were filled with an intense and fanatical bitterness, and from the whole Kingdom rose one universal clamor for his expulsion or punishment. The crisis of Dr. King's career in Greece occurred in his famous trial before the Criminal Court of Athens, on the charge of reviling the Greek Church, March 5th, 1852.[1] He had scrupulously conformed in all things to the letter of the law. He had preached only in his own house, had formed no church, and in all his writings for the press had never transcended the rights secured to him in the plainest terms by the constitution and the laws. But the clamors of the clergy and the populace at last prevailed, and the government determined to bring the troublesome missionary to trial.

The proceedings in this memorable trial were a mere farce from beginning to end. Law and evidence were alike disregarded, and the Court, determined beforehand to convict, speedily reached its judgment, that Dr. King should be imprisoned for fifteen days, should pay the costs of prosecution, and afterwards be expelled from Greece. No sooner, however, was the trial over than a strong reaction set in. All intelligent men were shocked and disgusted at such a flagrant mockery of justice, and the Athenian press, almost with one accord, was loud in denunciation and ridicule of the whole affair. Nor was this all. Dr. King was at this time Consular Agent of

[1] Baird, 355–67; Felton, ii. 489–93; Tuckerman, 214–17.

the United States at Athens. As such, he drew up a report of the injustice to which he had been subjected, which he forwarded to Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State. Mr. Webster acted in the matter with characteristic promptitude and energy. He at once directed Mr. Marsh, American Minister at Constantinople, to proceed to Athens and investigate the subject. The next year, Mr. Everett, who succeeded to the Department of State on Mr. Webster's death, acting on Mr. Marsh's report, addressed an energetic remonstrance to the Greek government, as the result of which, after some delay, the unjust action of the court was entirely annulled.

From this time Dr. King found his position at Athens greatly improved. Not only had a strong expression been called forth in his favor among the Greeks, but the whole nation had been compelled to look with respect upon him and the Republic of the West, of which he was a citizen and representative. When in 1863 Prince William George of Denmark was called to the throne of Greece, Dr. King found his influence and his opportunities for usefulness yet further increased. King George is a sincere Protestant, and very soon manifested his appreciation of and respect for the character of the old missionary hero, by inviting him to the palace that he might receive the communion at his hands. This act of royal justice as well as kindness at once turned the tide of popular feeling. The last vestiges of public hostility disappeared, and Dr. King became, not indeed a popular man, but a man universally respected for his honesty and his irreproachable character.

From this time until his death, in May, 1869, Dr. King

lived in quiet usefulness at Athens, enjoying a peaceful and happy evening to the long and stormy day of his missionary life. His last days were spent in active and generous labors for the relief and assistance of the sixty thousand Cretan refugees, whose pitiable condition appealed so strongly to the Christian world during the unfortunate insurrection in their native island. A very pleasing scene which occurred during the last year of the grand old missionary's life is thus described by Mr. Tuckerman: "One evening I was informed that a procession of Cretan children, refugees from their unhappy island, had called to pay their respects to the American minister. They numbered about nine hundred, and had been brought by their teachers, missionaries of the American Board, and were ranged in line, up and down the street, before the legation. They were all of tender years, and were neatly dressed. A large crowd had collected at the unwonted spectacle, which was altogether quite touching. There they were, the helpless children of poor and suffering mothers, who had been cast upon the shores of Greece to find that subsistence which was denied to them at home, where their fathers and elder brothers were sustaining all the hardships of a struggle which, in the face of tremendous odds, they still hoped might terminate in the independence of an island which is theirs by right of nationality, language, religion, and numbers. To our countrymen at home they were indebted for the very clothes on their backs, and for the food which from day to day kept the feeble life within them, while to the disinterested labors of our missionaries at Athens they owed a moral and intellectual salvation from something

worse than death itself. After singing two or three hymns, they saluted the minister with cheers, which forced him to address them with a few sympathetic and encouraging words, the venerable Dr. King acting as interpreter. . . . Then, with more singing, and more 'zetos,' the assembly quietly dispersed."[1]

One of the most pleasing signs of progress in Greece during the past thirty years has been the advancement in female education. A fifth part of the pupils in the public schools of the kingdom are now girls, while private schools of a high order for the training of young women have not been wanting, and have been liberally sustained. One of the most useful and most fruitful missionary enterprises in Greece has been the large boarding-school for girls at Athens, conducted for nearly forty years by Dr. and Mrs. Hill, missionaries of the American Episcopal Board. Many hundreds of girls have graduated at this school with a moral and intellectual training never before enjoyed by the women of Greece.[2]

We thus see that in the political, commercial, educa-

[1] The Greeks of To-day, 22–3.

[2] This school has been the subject of much and very sharp controversy in this country, it being alleged by many that its conductors have not only acquiesced in, but actually taught the errors of the Greek Church. It seems plain that the school was not properly a Protestant school. Its conductors complied with all the requirements of the Greek ecclesiastical authorities, and the Greek catechism was taught in it, at least a portion of the time, by a Greek priest. But Mrs. Hill, although holding apparently very High Church views, seems to have been a person of sincere and earnest piety, and the influence which she and her husband have exerted in elevating and ennobling the women of Greece, has unquestionably been very great. See an able and thorough, though somewhat narrow and partial examination of this subject, in a pamphlet by Dr. C. W. Andrews of Virginia, entitled "Historic Notes of Protestant Missions to the Oriental Churches."

tional, social, and religious interests of the kingdom, there has been steady progress in the past, and that there is the promise of greater and more rapid advancement in the future.

But the life of human society, like the life of a tree, is drawn from the ground. Agriculture, the tilling of the soil, is and must be ultimately the source and ground of all national prosperity and wealth. With a few rare exceptions, if the agriculture of a country does not prosper, the country itself must remain poor and feeble, like a young infant trying in vain to draw the nourishment it needs from the shrunken fountains of its mother's breasts. Of this truth, unfortunately, the present state of things in Greece is a very forcible illustration. Almost alone of all the great interests of society, the agriculture of the kingdom has not prospered, has remained steadily at the very lowest point of depression and poverty. Half the arable soil of the Kingdom lies untilled, and the agricultural peasantry, living content in a thriftless poverty, which in this land of comfort we can hardly imagine, attempt no more than to raise just enough to pay their taxes and provide themselves with food and clothing from year to year.

This profound depression of the agricultural interest, in which is included the large majority of the population, has entailed a state of poverty and weakness upon the whole kingdom. Domestic commerce is starved for want of sustenance; except from foreign trade there is little accumulation of capital; the poverty-stricken country districts afford few openings for either business or professional success, and the great multitude of educated and enterprising young men who are every year

coming forward are almost compelled to devote themselves to political life, and to become mere hangers on upon the government. It has been the fashion in many quarters to charge this ruinous prostration of the agricultural interests of Greece upon the idle and frivolous character of the Greek people—as if the Greek, ashamed of honest labor, and leaving it as far as possible to servants and women, cared for nothing but to intrigue for some petty office, and to spend his time gossiping and wrangling in the market-place of his miserable village.

Never, surely, was charge more unjust or more unkind than this. After four centuries of patient, plodding industry the Greek peasant has not suddenly changed his nature; the thriftless poverty in which he is too often content to live is not owing to inherent indolence and contempt for honest toil. Human nature is very much the same everywhere, and it may well be doubted whether the people ever existed, at least in a temperate climate, who were not ready enough to work, provided they were sure of adequate returns for their labor. It was said that the negroes of the West Indies were an idle and thriftless race, who would not work unless driven by the lash to their hated task. A thirty years' experience of freedom has shown the utter falsity of this charge, and that with a fair field and a sure and reasonable compensation, the negro becomes an industrious man. The Irish are very idle and improvident in their own country, but no sooner have they been transported to our soil than their character undergoes a sudden transformation, and they appear among the most frugal and diligent of men. The Greeks are no exception to

this rule; and if their industry presented a ready means for the securing of comfort, abundance, and wealth, they would not remain, as they now do, contented with a wretched and squalid poverty.

We might be sure beforehand that there is some reason for their thriftless indolence in the peculiar circumstances of their condition. A very brief examination of those circumstances will show us that there is such a reason, and one more than sufficient to account for the facts we are considering. The Bulgarians would probably work when the Greeks stand idle; but the truth is, that very few races now exist, or ever have existed, who in their circumstances would be more industrious than they are. They have no inducement to labor. Even if by hard work they have raised an abundant crop, that crop brings them not wealth and comfort, but only vexation and trouble. It would cost them all that it is worth to get it to market; for there are no roads, and it must be transported by wretched tracks over mountains and through valleys upon the backs of horses, mules, or servants, and everything obtained in exchange for it must be brought back in the same way.

But this is not all nor the worst. More unendurable even than the state of the roads is the tyranny of the tax-gatherer.[1] All the produce in the country must pay a tithe to the government. And as two-thirds or more of the soil belongs to the state, the greater part of the farmers must add to this about another tenth and a half for rent, making in all about one-quarter of the produce. The amount

[1] Senior's Journal, pp. 176-7; Edinburgh Review for April, 1863, p. 301.

of this exaction is not so grievous as the mode of its collection. As the peasants have no money, the tax must be paid in kind. And lest the government be defrauded, no crop can be cut until the collector's license has been obtained. If he is disposed to make trouble, he has every opportunity to do so. Sometimes he will require the crop to be cut before it is ripe. Sometimes he withholds his license until it is over-ripe and half ruined. Then all the grain for miles around must be carried over the mountains to the collector's public threshing-floor, where it lies, perhaps for months, until he gets ready to thresh it; and if he chooses to be extortionate in his tithing, the poor peasant has generally no redress. When the grain has been threshed, a large stamp is impressed upon every part of the pile, so that it cannot be disturbed without leaving indications of the fact, and then the farmer must watch it night and day, or leave it at his own risk, until the tithe has been taken.

Under such circumstances, what wonder if the poor farmer considers the least excess in his crop over the absolute wants of his family to be an evil and not a blessing. The larger the crop the greater the trouble and worry, with no hope of proportionate gain in the end. Considering these facts, we may well inquire whether the people has ever existed, who, situated as the Greeks now are, would not be as poor, as thriftless, and as indolent as they are. Some more satisfactory compensation than vexation and trouble has been usually needed to incite men to patient and cheerful industry. With these facts before us, we may confidently infer that Greece only needs a few years of honest, energetic, common-sense

government to launch her upon a career of prosperity such as she has not yet known.

The one grand necessity of the country is *roads*, avenues of communication, by which the farmers can get their produce to the sea, and thus to the markets of the world. The British government has given comparative wealth to the Ionian Islands, by the simple expedient of granting aid to the peasants in building roads for themselves. In May, 1858, Sir John Young wrote home: "It is quite surprising the amount of work I got done in this way, by small grants in aid. The villagers were willing to give, and actually gave, some thousands of days of gratuitous labor in order to complete branch roads from the main lines to their villages and enable carts to pass; for they know that a man with a cart and horse, when there is a practicable communication, can support a family, while a man with a horse, obliged to use paniers only, can scarcely pay his expenses. It is a gratifying fact that the number of carts on the Island of Corfu has well-nigh doubled in the last four or five years." [1]

The same results would follow upon the mainland. Once make it possible for the Greeks to get their produce to market on wheels, and thus give them the ability to commute their present ruinous exactions for a reasonable money tax, and we should soon hear no more of their indolence, or of their thriftless, contented poverty. With roads and a ready access to the markets of the world, would come deliverance from the tyranny of the tax-gatherer; for it would then be for the interest of government and producer alike, that the taxes should be paid in money.

[1] Edinburgh Review for April, 1863, p. 302.

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And with the possibility of making money and gaining wealth by his calling, the peasant would soon desire to buy the farm he now rents of the government, as the law now allows him to do on easy terms,[1] and to own the land he tills. Roads are the one thing needful for Greece;[2] the one thing which would at once give prosperity and vigor to her agriculture, bring her waste lands under cultivation, double her country population, and redeem the whole Kingdom from its present poverty and weakness.

The Greeks of the Turkish provinces, although they have kept pace with their brethren of free Greece in material prosperity, have fallen far behind them in moral and social advancement. They live under all the demoralizing influences of Turkish rule, and are still very much what their fathers were two generations ago. The Greek in Turkey does the work and receives the money. He vitalizes the sluggish mass around him, but is quite as unscrupulous as his masters. How can it be otherwise, when he possesses all the characteristics of a conquered race. "At sight of a Mussulman," says an intelligent observer, "the rayah's back bends to the ground, his hands involuntarily join on his breast, his lips compose themselves to a smile; but under this conventional mask you see the hatred instilled even into women and children toward their ancient oppressors."[3] The moral and social emancipation which the Revolution brought to the inhab-

[1] Tuckerman, 164.

[2] Leake's "Greece after Twenty-three Years of Protection," p. 17; Tuckerman, 158.

[3] Tuckerman, 121.

itants of Greece was a greater deliverance than the breaking of their political yoke. By their half century of freedom, the Greeks of free Greece have been prepared to take the lead in a wider and grander national development than that now going on within the narrow limits of their little Kingdom. The Greeks are one people—one in national character, one in feeling and sympathies, and one in their patriotic aspirations. Crete, Samos, Thessaly, and Macedonia are but parts of their common inheritance, withheld from them as yet by arbitrary power, but sure whenever that grasp is relaxed, to join themselves to Greece, and so in due time to expand the Kingdom into a large, prosperous, and opulent state.

PART THIRD.

THE TURKISH SLAVONIANS, THE WALLACHIANS, AND THE GYPSIES.

The leading Authorities followed are:

The Histories of Gibbon and Finlay.

"Historical View of the Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations," by Talvi (Mrs E. Robinson).

Ranke's History of Servia, the Servian Revolution, and Bosnia, with the Treatise of Cyprien Robert on "The Slave Provinces of Turkey;" Bohn's Standard Library.

Upham's History of the Ottoman Empire.

"Dalmatia and Montenegro; with a Journey to Mostar in Herzegovina, and Remarks on the Slavonic Nations; the History of Dalmatia and Ragusa; the Uscocs;" &c., &c., by Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S.

Brace's "Races of the Old World."

"Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe," by Lady Muir Mackenzie, and Miss Irby.

"Servia and the Servians," and "Serbian Folk-Lore," by Rev. W. Denton, M.A.

"The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic in 1863," by Vicountess Strangford.

"The Slavonic Provinces South of the Danube," by William Forsyth, LL.D., London, 1876.

"Servian Popular Poetry," translated by Sir John Bowring.

Owen Meredith's "Serbski Pesme, or National Songs of Servia."

Special Eastern Correspondence of the London Times, in the years 1875 and 1876.

Articles on "Montenegro," Edinburgh Review, April, 1859; "Servia," London Quarterly Review, January, 1865; "The True Eastern Question," Littell's Living Age, January 8th and February 12th, 1876; "The Herzegovinian Question," International Review, January, 1876.

CHAPTER I.

THE SLAVIC RACE.

Of the widespread Japhetic, Indo-European or Aryan race, the various families of which have extended their conquests and their settlements from the Ganges on the East to the shores of the Pacific on the West, the Teutonic or German branch has now for five centuries held the foremost place in civilization, wealth, and power. But at the present time another family of the same imperial race is rising rapidly to a position second only to that of its Teutonic neighbors. It may well be doubted whether, in the course of another hundred years, the Slave will not fully equal the Teuton, not only in military and political power, but in social and intellectual culture, in all the highest developments of a Christian civilization.

In point of numbers the Slavic race is hardly inferior to the Teutonic. Its several families—the Russians, Poles, Bohemians, and Moravians, the Slovaks of Hungary (in distinction from the Magyars, who are a Scythic or Turanian people akin to the Turks), the Croats, Servians, and Bulgarians—have for a thousand years occupied little less than the eastern half of the continent of Europe.

The several peoples of this race are separated by a two-fold division. The first and most ancient division is into Eastern and Western.[1] The Russians, Bulgarians, and Servians received Christianity from the East, and became associated, both politically and ecclesiastically, with Constantinople. The Western tribes received their faith from Rome, and connected themselves politically with the German Empire. Except in the case of the Dalmatians and Austrian Croats, this separating line still exists with undiminished clearness.

But during the past century another division has developed itself which may be destined in the future to prove yet more important. While the Northern Slavonic nations have been slowly forming their national character and advancing in civilization under the despotic governments of Russia and Austria, the kindred tribes of the South, including the Bulgarians and Servians of Turkey, the independent Montenegrins, and the inhabitants of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, the three south-western provinces of Austria, have begun to display a common and intense national spirit. Almost everything in their circumstances and mutual relations tends strongly to this result. Geographical position, similarity of blood and language, the glorious memories of their early history, and the fact that they all stand upon the same social level, and are inspired by the same feelings, sympathies, and aspirations—the result of ages of common and bitter oppression—all these things tend strongly to draw and bind them together, and to impel them onwards to a common destiny.

[1] Talvi, p. 8; Brace, 112.

As a convenient designation, these tribes may be called the Southern Slavonians. In distinction from their Northern brethren, they are characterized by an intensely democratic spirit.[1] Turkish despotism has wrought at least this beneficial result. It has placed the despised rayahs all upon the same level, and made every man among them the equal of every other; so that as they rise they all rise together. It may be that there is a deep purpose of the Divine Providence in thus developing these two opposite political tendencies side by side in kindred tribes of the same race; and that while the Russians of the North are displaying the grandest experiment which modern times have seen of centralized despotic power, the Servians of the South may be destined to show to the world a new and surprising example of the measureless energy of free institutions in promoting the progress of society and the well-being of mankind.

The primitive Slavonians,[2] although squalid and savage barbarians, exceedingly cruel, and always ready to ravage the territories of weaker neighbors, were in many respects a most interesting people, and one of the noblest

[1] That the Austrian Croats, who have never been subject to Turkish power, who have for centuries been separated from their Servian kindred by their Roman Catholic faith and their partially Latinized language, should show so strong a tendency to unite with the Slaves of Turkey, who are mostly of the Greek Church, is somewhat surprising. The fact is to be accounted for by the strong sympathies of race, and similarity of social position. For, while the Croats have never been subject to Turkish power, their troubled and dangerous situation in the border land between Islam and Christianity has been a great hindrance to their progress in civilization; and they now find themselves upon very nearly the same social level, and in nearly the same circumstances generally, with their Servian brethren.

[2] Gibbon, iv. 196; Finlay's Greece under the Romans, p. 310.

of the Japhetic races. They were wholly unlike the Germans, having neither their lofty stature, their military ardor and invincible valor, nor their aptitude for political organization. They were rather quiet and unmilitary in their habits, inclined to agriculture and commerce. In the early centuries of the Middle Ages they built Kief on the Dnieper, Novgorod on the Volkof, Vineta at the mouth of the Oder, and Arcona on the Island of Rugen, and conducted a large and important traffic between the Black and Baltic seas.[1] As such characteristics would lead us to expect, they were more industrious, thrifty, and wealthy than the other races about them. Not being very warlike, they were easily subdued by other tribes, and were tyrannized over by Goths, Avars, Huns, and Tartars, until at last, having acquired strength and order from the slow progress of civilization, they passed from subjects to masters, and two great Empires, the Russian in the North and the Servian in the South, rose to a prominent place among the semi-barbarous powers of Europe in the Middle Ages.

But while the early Slavonians were not a very warlike race, in devotion to the great idea of personal freedom they surpassed the Germans themselves. "The Slavonian disdained to obey a despot, a prince, or even a magistrate; . . . but each tribe or village existed as a separate republic, and all must be persuaded where none could be compelled."[2] The same simple communal organization of society, which still prevails in Russia, and in a modified form among the Southern Slaves also, existed among their rude progenitors from the earliest times.

[1] Wilkinson, ii. 14. [2] Gibbon, iv. 197.

Their most remarkable quality, however, was a patient, much-enduring toughness of character, which enabled them to hold their ground indestructibly, while one murderous wave after another of Gothic or Scythian invasion passed over them, so that they remain to-day strong, flourishing, and predominant in the very seats which their fathers occupied at the dawn of authentic history.

As a race, the Slavic peoples have always been marked by the same general characteristics. They are grave, serious, and sincere; quiet, peaceable, industrious, and frugal; very earnest, reverent, and devout; very docile, tractable, and loyal. As soldiers, while they lack the fiery valor of the Gaul and the invincible courage of the German, they have always displayed a steadfast patience, fortitude, and fidelity to their national cause, which in the critical emergencies of their history have made them no less heroic and no less successful than the more brilliant peoples of the West.

In all its branches and tribes, the Slavic race has always been among the most poetical, the most song-loving of mankind.[1] Long before it had been reduced to writing, in the far distant ages of an unknown past, the Slavic language, like the Greek and the Arabic, had become, as it remains to the present day in almost all its various dialects, the vehicle of an immense body of unwritten poetry; and through that poetry it had been carried to a high degree of richness and literary culture. Popular poetry is still the spontaneous, the constant and abundant product of the Slavonic mind. "The general prevalence of a musical ear and taste among all Slavic

[1] Talvi, 318.

nations is indeed striking." "Where a Slavic woman is," says Schaffarik, "there is also song. House and yard, mountain and valley, meadow and forest, garden and vineyard, she fills them all with the sound of her voice. Often, after a wearisome day, spent in heat and sweat, hunger and thirst, she animates, on her way home, the silence of the evening twilight with her melodious songs. What spirit these popular songs breathe, the reader may learn from the collections already published. Without encountering contradiction, we may say that among no other nation of Europe does natural poetry exist to such an extent, and in such purity, heartiness, and warmth of feeling as among the Slavi."[1]

An immense number of epic and heroic poems, to which new pieces have been constantly added, are continually sung by the winter hearth and the festal table of the Servians, among whom, and among them alone, the Homeric age has been continued to the present day. "Indeed, what epic popular poetry is, how it is produced and propagated, what powers of invention it naturally exhibits—powers which no art can command—we may learn from this multitude of simple legends and complicated fables. The Servians stand in this respect quite isolated; there is no modern nation that can be compared to them in epic productiveness; and a new light seems to be thrown over the grand compositions of the ancients."[2]

The Slaves are evidently one of the latest offshoots from the great Aryan stock. Their geographical and chronological relations to the other races of Europe can

[1] Talvi, 318–19. [2] Id., 374.

be made plain in a few words.[1] The aboriginal inhabitants of Europe were a Finnic or Scythian race, akin to the Tartars of the North of Asia. Relics of this early population, as is known from their language, still exist in the Finns and Lapps of the North of Europe, and the Basques of the North of Spain. Then came the first wave of Japhetic or Aryan immigration in the once mighty race to the Celts (or Kelts), the fathers of the ancient Gauls, Britons, Scots, and Hibernians.[2]

Following this, though after what interval of time no one can say, came two great movements of other families of the same race. The German tribes passed into Europe to the north of the Black Sea, while another migration, from which sprung the Lydians, Phrygians, Thracians, Macedonians, Greeks, and Romans, settled the western regions of Asia Minor, and passed on into the South of Europe. In the wake of the German tribes came the Slavonians, who were settled upon the vast plains of European Russia long before the Christian era. From these their primitive seats they gradually moved westward, until they had occupied the territory which their descendants still retain.

At what time the Slaves began to infiltrate themselves into the Roman Empire it is difficult to say. It is probable, however, that it was as early as the third or fourth

[1] Brace's Ethnology, 78–122. See also Max Müller's Lectures on the Science of Language; and Languages of the Seat of War.

[2] Unless the Pelasgic or Illyrian race was an earlier offshoot from the Japhetic stock, and the first to find its way into Europe. Italy seems to have been occupied by Pelasgic tribes of Japhetic blood before the arrival of the Celts.—Brace, p. 93. See also the views of Max Müller and Prof. Pott, cited in Part Second, chap. v. of this volume.

century of our era that they began to be numerous in Moesia, Thrace, and Macedonia, as a class of hardy, industrious shepherds and laborers, very much as the Bulgarians now are in the neighborhood of Constantinople, on both sides of the Bosphorus, or as the Irish are among ourselves. By the sixth century, they had evidently become an important element of the population. They not only filled the north-western provinces as a simple agricultural and pastoral peasantry, but had begun to rise to the higher walks of civil and military life; and from that time we frequently find them in the highest and most commanding positions of the Empire. The famous Emperor Justinian, who ascended the throne of Constantinople in 527, and became the lawgiver, not of the Roman Empire alone, but of a great part of the Christian world from that day to this, was a Slave, as appears from his native name, Upravda, of which Justinian is a Latin imitation.[1]

As the Empire declined, and wide districts began to be left uninhabited, this Slavic immigration rapidly increased. By the year 700, an immense population of rude Slavonian peasants and shepherds, many of them little better than barbarian robbers, had occupied all the

[1] Justinian was born at Tauresium, near the modern Skopia, in north-western Macedonia. His father's name was Istok, and his mother and sister were both called Wigleritza. These names seem to place the Slavonian descent of Justinian beyond a question.—Finlay's Greece under the Romans, p. 235.

See also Mackenzie and Irby, p. 134. This very valuable work contains much carefully collected and authentic information upon the early history as well as the present condition of all the Christian peoples of European Turkey.

more open and unprotected districts from the Danube to the Gulf of Corinth. "They became almost the sole possessors of the territories once occupied by the Illyrians and the Thracians. They advanced southward, occupying the waste lands; but, as they penetrated into the heart of Greece, they met with more obstructions from a denser population, especially in the neighborhood of the still remaining walled towns. In the early part of the eighth century, nearly the whole of the Peloponnesus was occupied by the Slavonians. It was then regarded by pilgrims from Europe as Slavonic soil; and the complete colonization of the whole country of Greece and the Peloponnesus is dated by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus from the time of the great pestilence that depopulated the East in 746. . . . Such are the principal facts known in history with regard to this extraordinary series of events, by which an old population was almost entirely displaced in the course of two centuries by swarms of another race coming into the country, partly as warriors and enemies, partly as agriculturists, herdsmen, and shepherds, to occupy the lands left vacant by the greatly diminished numbers of the Greeks. . . . When they were once established, they lived in a rude and wild independence. They took possession chiefly of the valleys and the interior of the provinces. . . . The Greeks themselves still held the seacoasts and the large towns. . . . The singularity of this chapter in Greek history consists in the fact that this great body of intrusive settlers gradually disappeared from the soil of Greece as mysteriously as they came. Some had, of course, mingled with the Greeks,

were converted to Christianity in the course of time by the blending of families, became Hellenized in language, manners, and blood, and were to all intents and purposes Greeks; just as the descendants of foreign settlers in England, mingling their blood with the native race, lose the original nationality of their ancestors, and become Englishmen." [1]

So steadily and so far did this invading wave recede, that after the Turkish conquest the several races of the European provinces were distributed much as they are now, and few Slavonic settlements existed south of Macedonia. The modern representatives of those early Slaves, who, before the time of Justinian, had already swarmed so numerously into the decaying provinces of the Empire, and whose descendants have held their ground even to the present time, are seen, not in the Servians, but in the Bulgarians. The Servians had another and later origin, as we shall presently see.

The vast region extending from the Adriatic to the Danube had been already ruined by incessant barbarian inroads, when Justinian surrendered it to the Lombards, that in them he might find a barrier against the tribes of the North. The Lombards had not been long in possession, when, becoming weary of the poverty and desolation which everywhere surrounded them, about the year 570, they migrated in a body for a new and permanent conquest in the North of Italy. This was just at the time when the formidable Kingdom of the Avars was rising

[1] Felton's Greece, Ancient and Modern, ii., 311-12. In the latter part of the ninth century, the Greeks were rapidly recovering their ascendency in the Peloponnesus.—Finlay's Byzantine Empire, i. 303.

into power to the north of the Danube.[1] It was to repeople the territory thus left vacant by the Lombards, and at the same time to raise a firm barrier against the power of the Avars, that the Emperor Heraclius, who reigned from 610 to 641, invited the Servians and the Croats to migrate from the neighborhood of the Carpathian Mountains, and seek a permanent home within the limits of the Empire.

The invitation was accepted, and several tribes of these Western Slaves, a race far more spirited and warlike than their eastern kindred, took up their abode in the seats which their descendants have ever since retained. This movement proved eminently advantageous to the Empire. The Servians entered at once into quiet possession of their new homes, readily blending with the considerable Slavic population, which had before occupied the country, as the oppressed servants of the Lombards, and formed the Zupanias (Zhupanias) or Bannats of Servia, Croatia, Bosnia, Rascia,[2] and Dalmatia. The chiefs of these small barbarian kingdoms were called Zupans (Zhupans), a title to which Pan or Ban seems to have been nearly equivalent. The Voivode was a leader in war and a judge in peace; the nobles were called Boyars; Kniaz or Knez, the proper title (with Gospoda or Hospodar) of the pre-

[1] The Avars were a Tartar tribe, driven from Asia by the Turks, whose conquests at this time first revealed their name and nation to the world.—Gibbon, iv. 200.

[2] Rascia was the ancient Dardania, named from the river Rashka, the small stream on which stands the modern Novi Bazaar. Novi Bazaar occupies very nearly the site of the capital of Nemanja, the founder of the Servian Monarchy.—Wilkinson, ii. 283, note; Mackenzie and Irby, p. 315; Forsyth, p. 22.

sent sovereigns of Montenegro and Servia—was equivalent to Prince, Kral to King, and Tzar to Emperor.[1] These Servian principalities acknowledged a nominal allegiance to the Emperors of Constantinople, but were from the beginning essentially independent, and pursued unrestricted their own normal and healthful political development.[2]

[1] Wilkinson, ii. 25–6; Mackenzie and Irby, pp. 148–9.

[2] Finlay's Greece under the Romans, p. 408.

CHAPTER II.

THE BULGARIANS.

THE EARLIER AND LATER BULGARIAN KINGDOMS.

As already observed, the modern Bulgarians represent in the main that great Eastern Slavic population, which, before the year 600, had become established in the region to the south of the Danube. Their name is derived from a Finnish or Hunnish tribe, which first subdued them, long ruled over them, and finally became lost among them. It was very much as if the Normans, after the victory of William the Conqueror, had given their name to the English nation.

The Huns, Avars, Turks, Tartars, and Bulgarians were all kindred Turanian or Scythian tribes from Central Asia. The Bulgarians[1] are said to have been mentioned by Armenian writers as early as six hundred years before Christ, when they are reported to have invaded Armenia from their primitive seats beyond the Caspian. Some centuries later a branch of the nation moved westward and settled upon the River Volga, which derived its name from them. About A. D. 500, they moved still further westward, and subdued the Huns and Slaves upon the north-west shores of the Black Sea, and the lower Dan-

[1] Gibbon, iv. 195; and Finlay's Greece under the Romans, 311–18.

ube, thus coming into dangerous proximity to the Roman Empire and the civilized regions of the South.

In the weakness and confusion which marked the last years of the long reign (A. D. 527–565) of the Emperor Justinian, the mingled tribes of the Bulgarians, Huns, and Slaves became a terrible scourge to the declining Empire. Breaking across the Danube, these fierce enemies entered upon a long career of slaughter and devastation. At first the aged Belisarius (himself as well as his master probably a Slave) took the field against them, and added the crowning glory to his long career by inflicting upon them a serious defeat. This check, however, was but momentary, and very soon the waves of this fearful invasion rolled almost unresisted over the devoted regions of Thrace, Macedonia, and Greece. Year by year the barbarians returned to renew the work of destruction, and the Byzantine historians bitterly complain that in every inroad they robbed the Empire of two hundred thousand of its people. Vast multitudes of these unhappy captives were put to death with cruel tortures, while the rest were carried into slavery or held for ransom. Before many years, however, these tribes fell under the yoke of the Avars, and for a time their destroying career was checked.

In the year 635, the Bulgarians again made themselves free, and established a widely extended dominion, reaching from the Carpathian Mountains to the Sea of Azof. It was about the year 670 that Asparuch, a powerful chief of this Bulgarian kingdom, crossed the Danube at the head of his tribe and perhaps an equal number of Slavonian allies and subjects, not so much for

plunder as for conquest and permanent settlement.[1] The Slavic inhabitants, then almost the only occupants of the district between the Danube and the Balkan Mountains, readily united with the invaders, and Asparuch established his throne at Varna, upon the Black Sea. An expedition sent against him by the Emperor Constantine Pogonatus was totally defeated; the humiliated Emperor was compelled to pay tribute to the Bulgarian chief, and the whole of the district now known as the province of Bulgaria was left quietly in his possession. Thus was founded the first Bulgarian kingdom within the ancient territory of Rome. Soon after the capital was removed to Preslav (Marcionopolis), the ruins of which may now be found about fifteen miles south of the city of Shumla.

For two hundred years longer the Bulgarians remained a pagan people, but in process of time, familiar and constant intercourse with the now reinvigorated Byzantine Empire began to impart to them some rudiments of civilization. Commerce, the great civilizer, was beginning to bend them to her potent sway. The passes of the Balkans were the channels through which flowed the rich and extensive traffic between Constantinople and the vast regions of Central Europe; and of this source of wealth the Bulgarians soon learned to avail themselves. This social progress[2] prepared the way for

[1] Finlay's Greece under the Romans, p. 485.

[2] Before their conversion to Christianity, the Bulgarians advanced in the arts of war far more rapidly than in those of peace. The Bulgarian armies appeared at the very gates of Constantinople armed in complete steel, and in possession of all the military engines then in use. In the year 811, the Emperor Nicephorus I. was completely defeated by them and

Christianity; and, strange as it may appear, the frequent and cruel wars between this barbarian kingdom and the Greek Empire had much to do in conveying the first knowledge of the gospel to the Bulgarians. In every war numerous captives were taken on both sides; and these captives of either party proved efficient propagators of Christianity among the Bulgarians. The Greek captives were rarely wanting in zeal for their faith; and not infrequently Bulgarian men and women, living for years in captivity among a Christian people, embraced Christianity, and returned to communicate their new religion to their brethren at home.[1]

Christianity was first actively preached in Bulgaria about the year 813, by a captive bishop, whose labors met with little success, and won him a martyr's crown. But in the year 861, a sister of King Bogoris, who had been detained at Constantinople as a captive or a hostage, and had there embraced Christianity, returned to her brother's court and set herself with great earnestness to secure his conversion. At first her efforts were vain; but, softened by trouble and famine, the King began at length to listen more thoughtfully to his sister's instructions, and even to call for help from the Christians' God. At this time there appeared at the Bulgarian court—purposely sent for, according to some accounts, by the King's sister—a monk named Methodius, who was a skillful painter. This monk was employed by the King

fell upon the field of battle, leaving his skull to be made into a drinking cup by the Bulgarian king.—Finlay's Byzantine Empire, i. 124-38.

[1] For the conversion of the Bulgarians, see Neander, iii. 307–15; and Maclear's History of Christian Missions in the Middle Ages, 279–83.

to paint for him the walls of a hunting-lodge; but instead of depicting the scenes and incidents of the chase, he improved the opportunity to paint a vivid representation of the Day of Judgment. The King and his attendants are said to have been greatly impressed by this painting, and, by earnestly asking its meaning, to have given the artist what he desired—an opportunity to preach Christ and Him crucified.

Soon afterwards the King avowed himself a Christian and was baptized. Having himself forsaken the religion of his fathers, he at once proceeded, and with no little violence and cruelty, to force his subjects to a like change in their faith; and thus it was that about the year 865 the Bulgarians became nominally a Christian people. For a time, however, their religious affairs remained in such confusion that Bogoris finally applied to Pope Nicholas I. for instruction, and for a definite statement of the doctrines of Christianity. Nicholas responded by sending him two bishops and an excellent letter of counsel and instruction. After this the Bulgarians wavered for a time between Rome and Constantinople, but finally turned to the latter, and became, as they have ever since remained, attached to the Greek communion.

About the year 850, Cyril[1] and Methodius, two brothers of Thessalonica, themselves probably of Slavonic descent, entered upon their noble career as the great apostles of the Slavonic race. Whether Methodius, the brother of Cyril, was the same person with the

[1] The baptismal name of Cyril was Constantine. At Constantinople he was known as Constantine the Philosopher.—Neander, iii. 314.

artist monk of the same name, already spoken of, is not sure. The Bulgarians believe that they were the same; and for this reason, in the pictures of the two brothers in the old Bulgarian churches, St. Methodius is always represented with his painting in his hand.[1] About the year 860, Cyril invented what has ever since been known as the Cyrillic alphabet, and reduced the Slavonic language to writing.[2] Soon afterwards the two brothers translated portions of the Scriptures into the Slavonic language, and, with a liberality beyond their age, they everywhere conducted in this, the dialect of the common people, all the services of public worship.

From that day to this the language of the Cyrillic Scriptures has remained the sacred language of the Bulgarians, the Servians, and the Russians. The modern dialects have not so far deviated from it but that it is still easily understood by all the families of the Slavonic race; and of late years the Southern Slaves are everywhere reviving this grand old language as their best and most vital bond of nationality. The names of Cyril and Methodius are spoken with reverence by the whole Slavonic race. In the year 1862, the thousandth anniversary of these great apostles of Eastern Europe was celebrated with a deep and sacred enthusiasm "by more than eighty millions of Slavonic Christians, without dis-

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 40.

[2] The Servians still employ this alphabet, while the Bulgarians make use of the modified form of the same character, which, ever since the days of Peter the Great, has been in use in Russia. There was an older and ruder Slavonic alphabet, called the Glagolitic. When or by whom it was invented, or where it was used, is not clear.—Talvi, p. 37.

tinction of sect or denomination, from Prague to the Pacific, and from the Baltic to Salonica."[1]

After their conversion to Christianity, the progress of the Bulgarians was for a time very rapid. The young men of their leading families were many of them educated at Constantinople; the lucrative traffic between the East and the West, which passed through their hands, gave them wealth, and the refining influences of civilization were widely and powerfully felt. In the long and prosperous reign of Simeon, the son of Bogoris, the Bulgarian power reached its culminating point. In the year 923, this prince appeared for the second time before the walls of Constantinople, and, as the result of a treaty then entered into, he assumed the title of Emperor, and took the proud position of the equal of his imperial brother of Constantinople. By the same treaty was established the entire independence of the Bulgarian Church, of which the Archbishop of Dorostylon (Silistria) was made Patriarch.[2] Simeon also subdued the neighboring Servian provinces, which he laid waste with terrible cruelty. It would not seem, however, that the Bulgarian kings ever extended a well established authority over any large portion of the Servian territories; and, by the treaty above referred to, the Balkan Mountains were still recognized as the southern boundary of Simeon's dominions.

The sceptre of Simeon descended to feebler hands, and

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 46.

[2] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, i. 369. Tzar was the proper title of the Bulgarian and Servian, as it now is of the Russian sovereigns. The capital was called the Tzarigrad, or King's Fortress.

in the years 968 and 970 occurred two great Russian invasions, by which the Bulgarian armies were defeated and the whole kingdom subdued. The throne of Constantinople was occupied at this time by John Zimisces, an able sovereign and valiant soldier. It was the purpose of the Russian commander to pass the Balkans and lay siege to Constantinople; but his dreams of conquest were suddenly cut short. Early in the spring of 971, John Zimisces marched from Adrianople, penetrated the passes of the Balkans before the Russians dreamed of his approach, entirely defeated them, and recaptured Boris, the Bulgarian King. Boris was compelled to surrender the independence not only of his kingdom but of the Bulgarian Church; and the frontiers of the Greek Empire were again extended to the Danube. Thus fell the first Bulgarian kingdom, after an existence of just three hundred years.[1]

The subjection of the Bulgarians, however, was but short. Hardly had John Zimisces breathed his last, in 976, when four brothers of a noble Bulgarian family roused their countrymen to a renewed struggle for independence. Three of the brothers soon perished, but the fourth, Samuel by name, succeeded in establishing himself firmly upon the Bulgarian throne. Samuel the Bulgarian proved one of the ablest leaders who ever contested the sceptre of empire with the sovereigns of Constantinople. Not content with the narrow limits of the old Bulgarian kingdom, he passed the Balkans, and carried his victorious arms as far south as the Peloponnesus.

[1] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, i. 410.

Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus were in great part added to his dominions.

Understanding well the difficulty of maintaining himself in the plains of Bulgaria proper against the superior discipline of the Roman armies, Samuel transferred the seat of his kingdom to north-western Macedonia, and fixed his capital at Achrida or Lychnidus, on Lake Achrida. At the same time the independence of the Bulgarian Church was restored, and the Archbishop of Achrida was consecrated Patriarch.

The strength of this second Bulgarian Kingdom lay in the Slavonic population to the south of the Balkans; and its establishment marks the complete fusion of the Bulgarians and Eastern Slavonians. Unfortunately for the cause of Bulgarian independence, however, the throne of Constantinople was at this time occupied by a sovereign not only of eminent ability, but of a fierce and terrible energy. The Emperor Basil II., surnamed Bulgaroktonos, or Slayer of the Bulgarians, assumed the imperial purple in 976.[1] Perfectly aware that the establishment of this new barbarian kingdom at the gates of his capital menaced the very existence of his Empire, he determined upon a mortal struggle which should end only with the complete subjection of one or the other of the rival pow-

[1] Basil Bulgaroktonos was himself of Slavonic blood. Basil I., the founder of this imperial family, was a Slavonian groom, whom the caprices of fortune and his rare talents and crimes raised to the imperial throne. He entered Constantinople carrying all his goods in a wallet upon his shoulder, and not knowing where he could find lodging for the night. He obtained employment in the service of an officer of the Imperial Court, and it was his skill in taming unruly horses which first brought him into notice.—Finlay's Byzantine Empire, i. 271. See above, Part I. chap. v.

ers. His first campaigns were disastrous, and served only to establish the power of Samuel upon a firmer basis. But, like Frederick the Great, acquiring skill from defeat, he persevered, and ere long the tide of success turned in his favor. His first great victory was won in 996. From this time for twenty-two years he prosecuted the war with unflagging determination, until at last his end was attained, and the last Bulgarian stronghold surrendered to his arms. The decisive battle was fought in 1014, resulting in the total defeat of the Bulgarians. Basil followed this victory by an act of atrocious cruelty, which covered his name with lasting infamy. He put out the eyes of fifteen thousand prisoners, leaving a single eye to the leader of every hundred, that he might conduct his wretched companions to their master. Samuel went out to meet the returning captains, but, overpowered by the horrible sight, fell senseless to the ground, and died in two days.

This act of fiendish cruelty roused the Bulgarians to a desperate resistance, but it was without avail. Samuel left his throne to his son Gabriel Radomir, who was soon murdered and succeeded by his cousin Ladislas. Ladislas fell after a short reign of two years and five months, when the kingdom, left without a head, surrendered without further resistance, and in 1018 the Byzantine Empire was once more extended to the Adriatic and the Danube.

After this thorough subjugation, the Bulgarians remained dependent upon the Byzantine Empire for about one hundred and seventy-five years. And when, about the year 1190, in the reign of the Emperor Alexis, a successful revolt established the third Bulgarian Kingdom, another people, the Wallachians, the descendants of the

old Latin-speaking population which had occupied these regions under the Empire of Rome, had risen to a prominent position, and it was a Wallachian family which secured possession of the throne.[1]

The third Bulgarian Kingdom had its capital at Ternovo, which was made the seat of a Bulgarian Patriarch, thus once more restoring the independence of the Bulgarian Church. This Kingdom was limited to the provinces north of the Balkans; and, excepting a temporary subjection to the great Servian Emperor Stephen Dushan, it endured for a period of two hundred years, until it was swallowed up in the conquests of the Turks. Like those before it, it was not characterized by a high degree of social quiet and good order. Unlike the Servians, the Bulgarians never developed among themselves a healthful and progressive political life. Their institutions were confused and ill-jointed, nor did they ever afford the promise of permanent and advancing prosperity. The hope of the Southern Slaves, then as now, was in the Servians, who from the beginning have always given promise of a great and progressive national development. Still, the Kingdom of Ternovo was to some extent a civilized and prosperous state, and displayed no little of opulence and magnificence. The rich caravan trade between the East and the West still passed through its borders, and the massive storehouses of the princely merchants of Sophia remain to this day an indestructible monument to their enterprise and their wealth.[2]

[1] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, ii. 306.

[2] "The remains of the old entrepot for the goods conveyed by the Bulgarian caravans from Asia into Europe, are as imposing as those of a Roman

Many of the Bulgarian Kings were patrons of learning and letters, and some of them were themselves writers. The great Simeon was an author, and a curious chronicle of John Asan, one of the Tzars of the third Bulgarian Kingdom, is said to have been published a few years ago in modern Bulgarian. The last Bulgarian king was John Shishman, who styles himself, in a golden bull addressed to the monastery of Rilo, "Faithful Tzar and Autocrat of all the Bulgarians and Greeks." Shishman surrendered himself and his capital to the Turks in 1390.[1]

amphitheatre. They consist of a vast square, flanked by three superb ranges of vaulted galleries, placed one over the other. The upper arch has in part broken down, but the others, built of large masses of granite, are entire."—Cyprien Robert, p. 475.

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, pp. 17 and 126.

CHAPTER III.

THE SERVIANS.

RISE OF THE SERVIAN EMPIRE—STEPHEN DUSHAN—THE BATTLE OF KOSSOVO—THE TURKISH CONQUEST.

THE history of the Servians, in both mediæval and modern times, is full of interest. Not only is it perhaps the best example known to us of a Slavonic people pursuing quietly the natural course of its own proper development; but it is the history of one of the noblest races of the human family, evidently formed by nature to play no insignificant part in the great drama of human advancement. This history is most instructive because there is about it from beginning to end a strong and delightful flavor of Slavonic originality. The strong points in the character of the Servian people are peculiar to themselves. Almost alone of modern civilized peoples, they have preserved unadulterated the simplicity of their original character, the flavor of the soil from which they sprung.

Loving freedom with ardent devotion, from the days of their savage ancestors the Servians have always been remarkable for the quiet and peaceful order of their village life. Though as brave as any other people in defence of their rights and their homes, they have never been inclined to aggression and conquest, have never been really warlike. As compared with other nations,

they have always been remarkable as a quiet, orderly, home-keeping and industrious people, living in comfort and abundance, of grave and dignified demeanor, almost wholly free from most of the grosser vices which degrade humanity, possessing a temperament in a high degree poetic, and delighting, above all other things, in the opulent store of ballads and legends which recount the glories and vicissitudes of their history. In the days of the great Stephen Dushan they seemed upon the very eve of making Constantinople the seat of a powerful and enduring Servian Empire—an empire which would have excluded the Turks from Europe, and changed the course of modern history. In our own times, though situated in the very heart of the Turkish dominions, and with the territories of their oppressors surrounding them on three sides, they have for more than half a century successfully asserted their independence, and now display a spectacle of well established freedom, and of advancing intelligence, prosperity, and wealth hardly to be paralleled in Eastern Europe.

We have already seen that the Croats and Servians belonged originally to the western branch of the Slavonic stock; that they were settled in the neighborhood of the Carpathian Mountains; and that about the year 630, in response to an invitation of the Emperor Heraclius, they came by a great national migration to occupy the desolate western provinces of the Greek Empire.[1] The Croats moved first, and occupied the north-western districts nearest the Adriatic; the Servians followed, and settled the regions next adjoining upon the east. The territory thus

[1] See p. 319.

colonized extended from Epirus or Albania upon the south to the River Drave on the north, and from the Adriatic on the west to Bulgaria on the east. It is a magnificent and fruitful country, much of it wild and mountainous, but everywhere abounding in forest-crowned slopes and sunny valleys and plains.

The colonists brought with them in full perfection their Slavonic customs and institutions, and, although they acknowledged some allegiance to the Greek Emperor, were always essentially independent. The only nobility among the early Servians was a nobility of office. The Zupan[1] or Knez was the governor of a province; the master of several provinces was a Grand Zupan; they called their military leaders Voivodes,[2] and the heads of their petty kingdoms were Krals. There had been many Krals of Servia, Bosnia, Rascia, and Dalmatia, when, in 1222, Stephen Radoslav was crowned the first "Tzar of all the Servian lands." The organization of society among the Servians was upon the same communal principle which seems to have prevailed everywhere among the early Slaves. A description of the "House Communion," as it may still be seen in free Servia and Montenegro in almost its primitive character, will give the reader a very good idea of the manner of life of their ancestors in mediæval times.

The household or community is a sort of clan, consist-

[1] Pronounced *Zhŭpaan.* For the early history of the Servians, see Ranke's Servia, chap. i.; Finlay's Greece under the Romans, chap. iv., sect. 6; Wilkinson, chap. i.; Mackenzie and Irby, chap. xii.

[2] *Voivode,* not Woiwode, or Waiwode. "There is only one letter in the Slavish language for *v* and *w*. The Slavic *w* is always pronounced like the English *v*."—Talvi, p. 411, note.

ing of several families, more commonly all related to each other, although strangers may be received upon a footing of entire equality. The male members form the Zadrooga, or corporation. The Zadrooga chooses the Stareshina (housefather), who is the responsible head and director of the community. The Stareshina has charge of the common business of the family, apportions incomes and expenditures, and is the guardian of orphan children. The "House Communion" is strictly a joint stock corporation, each member of which is entitled to share in the profits according to what he has contributed or produced. Each family establishment forms a little village by itself. Sometimes the comparatively large and imposing house of the Stareshina will appear in a central position, while round it are grouped a number of smaller dwellings, of which each separate family has one. In other cases, and perhaps more frequently, the whole household is accommodated beneath the same roof; the large common room occupying the middle of the house, while the smaller family rooms open out of it on the sides of the building. These family rooms or houses, however, are little more than sleeping apartments.

The real home of the whole community is the large common room, or the house of the Stareshina. Here they all live and take their meals together. "Evening finds the family by the household hearth, by the bright burning fire in the house of the Stareshina. The men cut and repair the agricultural tools and house vessels. The elders rest from their labors, smoke, and discuss what is to be done next day, or the events of the village and the country. The women group themselves, quietly

working, in a circle near them; the merry little ones play at the feet of their parents, or beg the grandfather to relate to them about Czar Troyan, or Marko Kralïevitch. Then the Stareshina, or one of the other men, takes the one-stringed gûsla from the wall. To its singular monotonous accompaniment are sung legends, heroic songs, and such as in burning words relate the need of the fatherland, and its wars of liberation. Thus the house of the Stareshina becomes the social gathering-point of the whole family. At his hearth is kindled the love of individuals for the old traditions of the family and people, and the inspiring enthusiasm of all for the freedom and prosperity of their native land."[1]

For a considerable time after their migration the Croats and Servians formed several bannats or principalities, in a greater or less degree independent. The unifying, national movement among the Servians had its origin from the south-west corner of their territory, where the neighborhood of Greek and Latin commercial cities had communicated to the rude Slaves the beginnings of civilization. In the twelfth century the Adriatic was already the scene of a vast commercial activity, and of rapidly advancing civilization. Venice was rising steadily to her proud position as mistress of the seas, while two hundred and fifty miles down the eastern shore the little republic of Ragusa was pursuing a career no less honorable and successful. Still further south were Cattaro, at the head of the gulf of the same name, and Antivari, lying between Lake Scutari and the sea, while further inland

[1] F. Kanitz in the Oestr. Revue, vol. viii., quoted by Mackenzie and Irby, p. 670.

upon the waters of the lake was the old Latin city of Dioclea. From the fruitfulness of the soil and the commercial enterprise and activity of its population, all this region upon the Dalmatian coast was making rapid progress in prosperity and civilization.

For many generations before this period we dimly trace a long succession of Servian Knezes and Krals, many of whom were but the petty chiefs of narrow territories, while others were kings of considerable power. The founding of the Servian Empire is dated from the accession of Stephen Némanja,[1] whose paternal dominions as Duke of Chelmo[2] and Grand Zupan of Rascia embraced all the Servian lands upon the Dalmatian coast. Zeta or Zenta, the wealthy and cultivated region about Dioclea on Lake Scutari, seems to have been the cradle of the Servian state.[3] Némanja is said to have reigned over all Servia, and to have taken from the Byzantine governors all the fortified places within the Servian limits. Among those fortresses were Skopia and Prizren, the latter of which was made the Servian czarigrad or capital. Némanja was succeeded in 1196 by his son, Stephen Tehomil.[4]

Of the three sons of Tehomil, the youngest, named

[1] Pronounced Némanya, the accent on the first syllable.

[2] Chelmo or Zaculmia was the district upon the seacoast extending northwards from Ragusa to the River Narenta.—Wilkinson, ii. 96.

[3] "Montenegro was then called Zeta or Zenta, which was divided into Upper and Lower Zenta, the latter extending to the Lake of Scutari, hence called Lake of Zenta."—Wilkinson, i. 477, and note.

[4] Wilkinson, i. 448, note, and II. Appendix C. Ranke (Servia, p. 6) makes St. Sava the son of Némanja, and Némanja himself in his old age the monk Simeon. But the authorities followed by Wilkinson seem to warrant the statement in the text.

Rasko or Predislav, but better known in history by his monastic name as St. Sava, was destined to accomplish a work for his country and his race greater even than that of his royal grandfather. In spite of all that his parents could do to prevent, he forsook his royal station, and, betaking himself to Mount Athos, became a caloyer or monk. After Rasko's departure, Stephen Tehomil himself so wearied of the cares of royalty, so yearned for the society of his son, that after a reign of only a single year he placed the crown upon the head of his oldest son, Stephen Radoslav or Velkan, and, following Rasko to Mount Athos, became himself a monk under the name of Simeon.

After his father's abdication St. Sava entered upon his long and zealous labors for the good of his country. He obtained from the Greek Emperor and the Patriarch of Constantinople a recognition of the independence of the Servian Church, and of his brother as the Tzar of the Servian peoples. Having been consecrated as Metropolitan of Servia, he returned to his native land, and fixed his ecclesiastical throne at the church and monastery of Zitchka. Here, in the year 1222, he convened a great Sabor, or Parliament, at which he crowned his brother Stephen "Tzar of all the Servian lands and the Pomoria."[1] Considering the barbarous character of his country and his age, St. Sava left an honorable record. He completed the ecclesiastical organization of the kingdom, built churches and monasteries, secured peace with foreign nations, healed dissensions at home, and preached

[1] Or Primorie; the commercial cities upon the seacoast.—Ranke's Servia, p. 7.

the gospel to the poor. He has also the doubtful praise of having finished the work of his father and grandfather in rooting out heresy. What this language means, however, is not very clear, as the Paulician sects[1] (the Patarenes and Bogomilians, akin to the Waldenses and Albigenses of the South of Europe) continued to be very numerous among the Servians down almost or quite to the Turkish conquest.

Previous to the time of Némanja the religious affairs of the Croats and Servians, lying, as they did, midway between Rome and Constantinople, had been in great confusion. Part inclined to the Papal Church, and part to the Greek, while the Paulicians formed a third party of no little strength and influence. The decision of Némanja connected the Servians wholly and permanently with Constantinople, while the Croats turned finally to Rome. The separation between the Croats and Servians was political as well as religious. Most of their Zupans had been subject to Charlemagne, although afterwards they were united in a powerful kingdom of their own, which included Dalmatia and a part of Bosnia. Before the rise of the Servian Empire, the Croats had already placed their crown upon the head of their neighbor the King of Hungary.

From the time of St. Sava, the Servian state pursued the course of its political and social development with more or less of quiet and steadiness, until it reached its culminating point in the reign of its renowned Emperor Stephen Dushan, who ascended the throne in 1333. The sway of this able and powerful prince extended over the

[1] See above, Part I. chap. iv.; and Wilkinson, ii. 97–114.

whole of the South Slavonic race excepting the Croats. The Bulgarian Kingdom was for the time made subsidiary, and his authority extended over Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus. His Empire thus embraced the whole of the present territories of Turkey in Europe south of the Danube, with the exception of Thrace.

The designs of Stephen Dushan were vast and far-reaching.[1] The Greek Empire now presented but the shadow of imperial power, and the Turk was already standing defiantly at the gates of Europe. It was evident that either the Ottoman or the Némanyitch[2] line must very soon reign in Constantinople. The instincts of self-preservation and the honor of the Christian name coincided with the impulses of ambition in impelling the Servian Tzar to his decision. He determined to restore in his own person the Roman Empire of the East, as, six hundred years before, Charlemagne had that of the West. He accordingly assembled a great Sabor or Parliament at Skopia, at which he was solemnly crowned Emperor of

[1] Ranke, p. 11; Finlay, ii. 551; and the sketch of the history of Stephen Dushan in Mackenzie and Irby.

[2] Némanyitch is the proper surname of all the Servian princes descended from Némanja. It is the usual Slavonian usage to designate each man by the name of his father appended to his own. The terminal *itch*, *vich*, *vitch*, or *vitsch* in Slavonian patronymics signifies the son of. The heir apparent to the Russian throne is the Czarevitch, or Czar's-son. Vuk Stephanovitch is Vůk the son of Stephen. Alexander Kara Georgevitch is Alexander the son of Kara George; and Milosch Obrenovitch is Milosch the son of Obren. *Vitsch* is the spelling of Prof. Ranke, and this, unpronounceable as it seems to English ears, is probably the nearest approach to the correct orthography. Mrs. Robinson observes (pp. 14-23) that the Slavonic languages abound in sibilants which can hardly be represented by English characters, or articulated by any foreigner; *sh*, *tsh*, *sht*, *shtsh* (Polish *szcz*), &c., being represented in the old Slavonic by single letters.

the Roumelians or Romans. At another Sabor, held at Seres, the successor of St. Sava was elevated to the rank of Patriarch, and Ipek was made the seat of his ecclesiastical authority.

The new Emperor then proceeded to arrange everything in his dominions preparatory to his grand march upon Constantinople. The several provinces were put in charge of deputies, or viceroys, whose titles were graduated according to their dignity.[1] Seven years of his earlier life Stephen Dushan had passed at Constantinople.[2] He had thus enjoyed the opportunity of acquiring not only the best education which the times afforded, but a knowledge of the laws and polity of the Greek Empire, and a minute acquaintance with all its affairs. This early training bore important fruit in his after life. At the Sabor of Skopia was enacted a code of laws which has ever since borne the Emperor's name, and is one of the most interesting and valuable remains of the old Servian literature and institutions. Nothing else perhaps is able to throw so clear a light upon the state of Servian society at this time. From those laws it is clear that the Servians were still a free people. The sovereigns took no important step without the advice and consent of their Sabor or Parliament. These Sabors were not always the same. Sometimes they were attended only by the official nobles; sometimes the summons included "all men of note in the Servian lands." The feudal system, and its

[1] These titles were Kral (King), Despot, Cæsar, Sevastocrator (the three latter being dignities borrowed from the Greeks), Knez (Prince), Ban (Count), and Voivode (General).

[2] Finlay, ii. 550.

wretched attendant, serfdom, seem never to have existed in Servia. There was a large and powerful body of nobles whose titles were hereditary, but their nobility was based not in landed estates but in office.

Perhaps these laws present no more striking evidence of a sound statesmanship than in the careful protection which they afford to trade. Everything is ordered to favor the construction of roads and bridges. The government undertakes, for a moderate sum, to insure the foreign merchant against losses by robbery; and it is provided that when he is brought before a legal tribunal on any charge, half the jury shall be of his own countrymen. It was during this period, and owing in part, no doubt, to the protection afforded to their commerce by the Servian princes, that Ragusa and the other important cities upon the seacoast acquired that wealth and strength which enabled them to exist so long as independent republics after the conquest of the Servian Empire by the Turks.[1]

This period was the most flourishing age of the Servian Church. Letters were patronized, and books, chiefly ecclesiastical, were multiplied. The arts made great progress, and many fine churches and monasteries still remain, in which the best talents of both Byzantine and Italian art were made subservient to the taste of the Némanyitch princes.

His preparations at length complete, Stephen Du-

[1] Ragusa remained rich, prosperous, and powerful until the city was almost wholly destroyed by a dreadful earthquake, April 6th, 1667. This little republic fell at last, with many other and mightier states, before the power of Napoleon, in 1806.—Wilkinson, chap. v.

shan assembled the forces of his Empire, and began his march upon Constantinople. His design was not so much to conquer that ancient seat of imperial power as to present himself a rightful and irresistible candidate for the throne to which his Empire had for so many centuries been subject, and which had been already filled by so many Emperors of Slavonic blood. It is vain to speculate on what might have been the subsequent course of events in Eastern Europe if this great founder of Servian power had lived to old age. The imagination dwells fondly upon this young and vigorous Empire, replacing the worn-out pageant at Constantinople, holding the gates of Europe firmly against the Turk, and advancing side by side with Germany, France, and England in prosperity and civilization; but all this was not to be. Hardly had the Servian Emperor set out on his march for Constantinople, when, in 1355, a fever seized him and carried him quickly to his grave.

Dushan had sought to provide for such an emergency, and had named Vûkashine, Kral of Zenta, Regent of the Empire and guardian of his son, Urosh, in the event of his decease. But the Regent proved treacherous, the young Tzar was but a helpless boy, dissensions filled the imperial family, and the majestic fabric reared by the genius of Stephen Dushan rapidly crumbled away. Bulgaria and Bosnia recovered their independence; the Southern nobles threw off their allegiance, and were one by one subdued by the Turks, now firmly established in Thrace; and finally, in 1368,[1] the young Emperor, Stephen Urosh V., was secretly murdered by

[1] Wilkinson ii., Appendix C.

Vûkashine, who, pretending that his master had gone on a long pilgrimage, held the government in his own hands. Vûkashine retained his ill-gotten power until 1371, when, after a defeat suffered from the Turks under Amurath I., his standard-bearer discovered the guilty secret, and laid the traitorous Kral dead at his feet.

It is hardly possible for the less simple-minded and poetic men of the West to understand the vividness with which the constant chanting of their old traditionary ballads and legends has impressed these and all the events of their early history upon the minds of the whole Servian race. We cannot better take our leave of this great Servian hero, whose glories are sung by day and by night, in every Servian market-place and by every Servian hearthstone, than in the simple and pathetic language of one of these old heroic poems:—

"When Stephen Dushan felt the hand of death upon him, he bade them carry him to the top of a hill from whence he could look, on the one hand towards Constantinople, and on the other towards the Servian lands. And, behold, when he had looked this way and that, bitter tears gathered in the eyes of the Tzar. Then said his secretary, King's-son-Marko,[1] 'Wherefore weepest thou, O Tzar?' The Tzar answered him, 'Therefore weep I, not because I am about to leave the countries where I have made good roads, and builded good bridges, and appointed good governors; but because I must leave

[1] That is, "Marko Kralievitch," the son of Kral Vûkashine. Marko Kralievitch is one of the most famous characters and heroes of Servian legendary lore. For his story, see Mackenzie and Irby, chap. viii., and Ranke's Servia, pp. 52–55.

them without taking the City of Empire; and I see the gate standing open by which the enemy of the land will enter in.' Then the secretary Marko made haste, and wrote down the words of the Tzar, that they might be remembered by his son, the boy Urosh; that they might be remembered by the Servian nation; that they might be remembered by all peoples among the Sclaves." [1]

The murder of Urosh extinguished the Némanyitch line; and when Vûkashine had paid the penalty of his crime, a Sabor of the Servian nation was convened for the election of another Tzar. The choice fell upon Lazar [2] (Lazarus), a natural son of Stephen Dushan, Knez of Sirmium, a frontier province north of the Save. Lazar proved a virtuous and able sovereign, but he could not fill his father's place, or restore the greatness of his father's Empire. This fact was but too manifest when the Servians came to their mortal struggle with the Turks, in the battle of Kossovo, in 1389. Upon that fatal field the brave Lazar fell.[3] With him died the independence and the glory of his kingdom, but not unavenged. The Turks won their victory at a terrible cost, and as Sultan Amurath stood surveying the field of blood, a Servian noble, rising from amidst the heaps of slain, plunged a dagger into his bowels, and left him stretched upon the same field with the last of the Servian Tzars.

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 161.

[2] Wilkinson says (ii. 284, and Appendix C) that Lazar bore only the title of Knez. This statement is obviously incorrect. Owen Meredith affirms (p. 65), though without indicating his authority, that he was consecrated Czar in 1376.

[3] See Owen Meredith's translation of the long Servian heroic poem, "The Battle of Kossovo."

As the result of this battle, Sultan Bajazet and Stephen Lazarevitch, the successors of the two fallen monarchs, entered into a compact by which Stephen acknowledged his kingdom to be subsidiary to the Turkish power, gave his sister in marriage to Bajazet, and formed with him a league of brotherhood.[1] This compact Stephen observed faithfully to the day of his death. At the terrible battle of Angora, at which the Turkish power was annihilated, and Bajazet himself taken prisoner by Timour (Tamarlane), Stephen was present with his contingent, and fought bravely for his brother-in-law. More surprising still, when the victory of Timour had opened the way to the recovery of Servian independence, instead of availing himself of the opportunity, Stephen still remained faithful to his engagement, and stood by the sons of Bajazet until they recovered their father's throne.

His fidelity availed nothing for his people. No sooner had he breathed his last, in 1428, than the Turks laid claim to his kingdom. One stronghold after another surrendered to them until Servia was prostrate at the feet of the Sultan. After the death of Stephen, George Brankovitch, as Despot of Servia, succeeded to some poor remains of his power, and made common cause with John Huniades when that famous Hungarian hero beat back the Turks and gave the Servians a last opportunity to throw off their yoke. But the aversion of the Servians to the Roman Church was stronger than their aversion to the Turks; and rather than pass under the ecclesiastical rule of the Pope, they chose to remain with

[1] Ranke, p. 16.

their Greek brethren under the civil rule of the Sultan. George Brankovitch was deposed in 1458, and in 1459 Servia was made a Turkish province. Bosnia, which since the death of Stephen Dushan had been again an independent kingdom, surrendered to Mohammed II. in 1463, and Servian freedom was at an end.

In their hope that under Ottoman rule they might enjoy fair treatment and ecclesiastical freedom, the Servians were woefully deceived. No sooner were their strongholds opened to the Turks than they were made to feel in its most grinding form the oppression of Moslem tyranny. The country was parceled out into spahilics; every fifth year the terrible tribute of a tenth of the Christian youth was exacted for the service of the Sultan; the nobles either apostatized to save life and power, fled from the country, or were destroyed; and the whole remaining body of the people sunk into helpless, unarmed Rayahs. So many of both nobles and people escaped to Hungary that they formed there a little principality,[1] the rulers of which were long called Despots of Servia. George Brankovitch, the last of these Hungarian Despots of Servia, after filling various high positions under the Austrian government, and writing a history of Servia, died in an Austrian prison in 1711.[2]

There were, however, a few Servian nobles, and a larger number in Herzegovina, who, strong in their mountain fastnesses, and the support of a brave and well-armed people, were able to make such terms with the Turks that they retained both their power and their religion.[3]

[1] The province of Slavonia, between the rivers Drave and Save.

[2] Talvi, p. 111; Bowring, Introduction, p. 23, note.

[3] Ranke, pp. 20, 28.

But the number of these Christian chiefs under Turkish rule was always comparatively very small, and grew less as time passed away. The Servian nobles mostly disappeared; the Bosnian nobles nearly all apostatized and became Turkish Beys, though retaining their national language.

For more than three hundred years after the Turkish conquest, the Servian Church retained its independence, and for two hundred years the Patriarchs of Ipek remained an important centre and representative of Servian nationality, paying an annual tribute to the Porte of sixty-three thousand aspers.[1] But in 1646 the Turks seized the Servian Patriarch and sent him to Brûsa, in Asia Minor, where he was ignominiously hanged. This outrage was probably occasioned by threatening movements already in progress, and seems to have driven the Servians to open rebellion. In 1689, the new Patriarch, Arsenius Tzernoievitch, joined an invading Austrian army at the head of a strong Servian force, hoping to secure the final deliverance of his country from Turkish oppression. The issue of the war was not according to his hopes, and at its close he migrated to Hungary at the head of thirty-seven thousand Servian families, leaving Stara Servia almost denuded of inhabitants, to be resettled by Albanians.[2] After this great national movement, the Patriarch of Ipek was appointed by the Porte,

[1] Id., p. 24, note.

[2] Ranke, p. 22. Stara Servia (Old Servia) is the Servian territory south of the Balkans, containing Ipek and Prizren, the ecclesiastical and civil capitals of the Servian Empire. Though now containing but few inhabitants of Slavonian blood, it is very dear to the Servians as the ancient seat of their national glory.

until 1737, when, as the result of another rebellion, the Servian Patriarchate was entirely suppressed, and the Servian Church made dependent upon the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. The Greek proved a worse tyrant than the Turk. The national language was proscribed, and the churches were filled with Greek bishops, a set of greedy cormorants, whose only care for their flocks has been to squeeze from them the largest possible amount of money. This measure completed the subjugation of the Servian people. By it, so far as Turkish tyranny could accomplish such a result, their last right was sacrificed, their national existence destroyed. "The Rayahs, excluded from all share in the conduct of public affairs, appeared only as persons to be ruled over, . . . a weaponless herd, whose duty was obedience and subjection."

The immense numbers of Servians who from time to time removed to the Austrian dominions were settled as a military colony to maintain a perpetual guard against the Turks. This military colony, known as the Grenzer, or Borderers, occupied the whole Austrian frontier from Croatia to the borders of Transylvania. It was maintained in full vigor and efficiency until 1871, and could bring into the field a well-trained force of one hundred thousand of the best and bravest soldiers of the Austrian Empire. This colony is organized into communes and "House Communions" on the Servian principle, although but one-third of its people are reckoned as Servians.[2]

[1] Ranke, pp. 32, 33.

[2] See a statement from the London Times, on the authority of Prof. Kloeden of Berlin, in New York Semi-Weekly Times, March 10, 1876.

The fall of the rising, vigorous, Christian civilization of the Servian people before the barbarian, unprogressive Turk, is one of the many things in the history of the past which we find it difficult to reconcile with the wisdom of a Divine Providence. We can understand why Mohammedanism was permitted to triumph over the decaying civilization of the East. The living, vigorous faith of the Saracens and the Turks was better than the dead Christianity of Western Asia; the universal and equal servitude of Turkish oppression was better than the chattel slavery which held in bondage half the population of the later Roman Empire. But here was a people instinct with the energy of youth, and just entering upon the grand career of their social and political development; a nation of freemen, whose future seemed bright with promise for themselves and for the world. Why was this promise blighted, and a nation which seemed entering upon a career as grand and worthy as that of France or England, suffered to be thus buried for centuries, not only from the activities, but almost from the knowledge of the Christian world, beneath the deluge of Moslem conquest? Can it be that it was necessary for the Servians to lie for four centuries in a state of suspended political animation to preserve them from the fate of their northern kindred, that the Turk was a needful agent to prevent a mighty despotism like that of Russia from fixing its iron grasp upon the fair regions of Southern Europe? It may be so. If Stephen Dushan had succeeded in his great designs, and had firmly enthroned himself in "the City of Empire," he would have thenceforth reigned in the fullness of imperial power. The traditions, the pol-

icy, and the essential spirit of the Byzantine despotism would, in all probability, have been transferred to his government. The patient, quiescent Servians would have submitted but too readily to the fatal change, and they might have found themselves ere long fettered with a bondage far worse than that of the Turks.

It is at least clear that the long catalepsy which the Servians have suffered under Turkish oppression has transferred the grand career of their national development from a despotic age to an age of freedom. And no thoughtful student of their recent history can have failed to notice that the most remarkable characteristic of their new-born political life, like that of the Greeks, and from the same causes, is an intensely democratic spirit.

CHAPTER IV.

MONTENEGRO.

THE Servian monarchy received its death-wound upon the field of Kossovo, and died with Stephen Lazarevitch. But amidst the strong fastnesses of the mountains of the West a wonderful fragment of this ill-fated Empire has preserved not only its own independence but the language, the institutions, the manners, and the spirit of the mediæval Servians to the present time.

This narrow and politically insignificant but glorious remnant of the Servian Empire is called, in the language of its own people, Tzernogóra, or the Black Mountain; to the world it is known by the Venetian translation of the same name—Montenegro. Its territory, lying upon the rugged mountains overlooking the Adriatic and the Gulf of Cattaro, just at the lower extremity of the Austrian province of Dalmatia, is no more than sixty miles in length by thirty-five in breadth, occupied by a population of about a hundred and twenty thousand souls, with perhaps twenty thousand fighting men.[1]

This tiny state, not more from its wonderful history than from the present position, character and manners

[1] Wilkinson, i. 406; Slave Provinces of Turkey (Bohn), p. 394. According to a statement of Lady Strangford, Prince Nicolas reckoned the population of Montenegro and the Berda, in 1863, at two hundred thousand.—Eastern Shores of the Adriatic, p. 172.

of its people, is one of the most curious and interesting communities to be found in the world. Its whole territory is one vast natural fortress, easily defended at almost every point against an invading force. Upon those sterile rocks a race of Servian heroes, who prized their ancient freedom above all other possessions, has stood for four hundred years in proud defiance, the bulwark of Christendom, and a thorn in the side of the Turk.

Like other and greater states, Montenegro has not been without sad vicissitudes of fortune, and sometimes her strength has been brought very low. After several generations of victory and independence, the Turkish forces, led by her own renegade sons, were able to reduce the principality to great distress and partial subjection. But at length, by their own unaided valor, her people broke the yoke of Turkish oppression. From that day to this they have maintained their independence, constantly defeating, and often with annihilating victories, the incessant efforts of the Turks to reduce them to submission. In more than forty campaigns has this minute commonwealth borne the full weight of Turkish invading power, until at last her valor has received its reward, and her rights as an independent state have been recognized and secured by being brought under the common law of Europe.

It was by the memorable battle of Grahovo, in May, 1858, that Montenegro finally assured her position in the European political system. A description of this short but decisive conflict will illustrate the style of Montenegrin warfare, and the way in which these invincible mountaineers have so long preserved their free-

dom. Elated as it would seem by the advantages won for them by the arms of their allies in the Crimea, and forgetting their own solemn declaration at the Paris Congress, that they would respect the *status quo*, the Turks, early in 1858, concentrated on the Montenegrin frontiers the forces of the neighboring provinces, while a succession of powerful armaments bore by sea, from Constantinople to the scene of action, fresh battalions and munitions of war.

The district of Grahovo, bordering on Herzegovina, was the first point of attack; and there, on May 13th, 1858, some of the choicest troops of the Turkish Empire, their breasts covered with French and English Crimean decorations, which are now exhibited as trophies in the arsenal at Tzetinie,[1] were as utterly routed or cut to pieces by the clans of the Black Mountains, as the English army at Prestonpans by the Scotch Highlanders in 1745. An eye-witness, who beheld the battle from a neighboring hill, has given a vivid description of the charge of the Montenegrin columns. "They rushed furiously forward, keeping up a rolling fire on the enemy. When about a pistol shot from the Turkish lines, they paused for a few seconds, while each man devoutly crossed himself, looking up to heaven. Then, dropping their muskets and rifles, and drawing their handjars and yatagans[2] (dirks and broadswords), they threw themselves headlong on the foe. It was Ascension Day, and

[1] The name of the Montenegrin village capital is written sometimes *Tzetinie*, and sometimes *Cetinje*. In either case the pronunciation is the same, the *C* in the second form having the sound of *Ts*, and the *j* the sound of *y*.

[2] Sir Gardiner Wilkinson speaks of the *khanjar*, or *khangiar*, and the

at the moment of closing, the various cries of the Christians swelled into one thrilling, enthusiastic shout, which rang clearly above the roar of battle—'Glory to God in the highest!' Neither the flashing volleys of cannon and musketry, nor the bristling hedge of bayonets, nor the long lines of Turkish intrenchments, withstood for more than a few minutes that tremendous shock. Hardly was the first onset over, when the mingled torrent of the conquerors and the conquered went raving down the stream of fight. Never was victory more complete; never were the vanquished more nearly annihilated. The Turks who escaped from the field of battle mostly fell into the Montenegrin ambuscades in the defiles through which they had marched on the preceding day."[1]

In this battle, according to the official report of Mirko Petrovitch, the Montenegrin commander, to his brother, Prince Daniel, two Turkish pashas and seven thousand Turks were slain; eight pieces of artillery, twelve hundred caparisoned horses, and five hundred tents were taken; while the Montenegrin loss was but forty-seven killed and about sixty wounded. "The success of the Montenegrins at Grahovo," observes the writer just cited, borrowing an expression from Lord Macaulay, "was certainly a 'victory of strange and almost portentous splendor.'" It fixed the admiring eyes of the civilized world upon the little principality, and gave it a firm standing in the political system of Europe.

After Grohovo the Turks would perhaps have been

yatagan, or more properly *yatakan*, as the same weapon—a long knife for cut and thrust, worn in the girdle.—Dalmatia and Montenegro, i. 431.

[1] Edinburgh Review, April, 1859, p. 421.

quite willing to let the Montenegrins alone. But fighting and plundering the Turks had been for ages the constant employment of those fierce mountaineers, and their marauding bands would no more be restrained than the overflowing waters in the floods of spring.[1] Under such provocation it was inevitable that the Porte should recommence hostilities, and in 1862, the Turkish armies, under the famous Omer Pasha,[2] again invaded the Montenegrin territory. This able leader was more successful than his predecessors had been four years before. He made good his foothold in the principality, inflicted great loss and suffering upon the Montenegrins, and seemed likely to effect a permanent conquest of some part of their territory. But Montenegro was now under the protection of the Great Powers. Through their interposition the Turks retired, and the Montenegrins were induced to cease from

[1] At Mishke, the scene of a great victory over the Turks, and the death of Mustai Pasha, Sir Gardner Wilkinson was hospitably entertained at the house of a peasant. In the evening the party was "increased by a visit from some strangers of the village; dusky mountaineers, well known for warlike deeds; who, sitting on wooden stools, began to talk of a foray across the border. . . . 'Is there not,' I asked, 'a truce at this moment, between you and the Turks of Herzegovina?' They laughed, and seemed much amused at my scruples. 'We don't mind that,' said a stern, swarthy man, taking his pipe from his mouth, and shaking his head to and fro, 'they are Turks;' and all agreed that the Turks were fair game. 'Besides,' they said, 'it is only to be a plundering excursion;' and they evidently considered that any one refusing to join in a marauding expedition into Turkey at any time, or in an open attack during a war, would be unworthy the name of a brave man."—Dalmatia and Montenegro, i. 521.

[2] Omer Pasha was the son of an Austrian official in Austrian Croatia, and in his youth became a cadet in an Austrian regiment. He ran away, crossed the frontier, turned Mohammedan, entered the military service of the Sultan, and rose to be Generalissimo of the Turkish forces in the Crimean War.—See the account of him in the New American Cyclopedia.

their plundering inroads, and to live on better terms with their Moslem neighbors. From that time a great change came over the Montenegrin people. They entered upon a career of peaceful development which has proved even more surprising than the fierce and stubborn valor with which for so many ages they withstood the Turk.

The Principality of Montenegro is a part of the old Zupania of Zenta, the cradle of the Servian monarchy. At the breaking up of the Empire, this province formed the government of the Knez (Prince) George Balsha, a son-in-law of Tzar Lazar, whose capital was the city of Zabliak (Zhabliak), at the north-western extremity of Lake Scutari. This prince and his successors bravely and successfully defended their province against the Turks for a considerable time.[1] The son and successor of George Balsha was the famous Stratzimir, surnamed Tzernoie, or the Black.[2] The successor of Stratzimir was his son, Stephen Tzernoievitch, the contemporary, it would seem also the brother-in-law, of the famous Albanian hero Scanderbeg, in firm alliance with whom he held his ground stoutly against the Turks. After the death of Scanderbeg the Servians of Zenta could no longer maintain themselves, and Ivan Tzernoievitch, the son of Stephen, found himself compelled to abandon the whole open country. He therefore called his followers about him, and taking an oath of them that they would be true to their

[1] Wilkinson's Dalmatia and Montenegro, i. 476; The Slave Provinces of Turkey (Bohn), p. 411. The sketch of early Montenegrin history given by Sir Gardner Wilkinson was prepared for him by the secretary of the Vladika, Peter II. The Zupania of Zenta or Zeta included the fruitful plain about Lake Scutari, and the Herzegovina. Of these districts the Prince of Montenegro still considers himself the rightful sovereign.

[2] Hence the appellation of the Tzernoievitch family.

country and their faith, he left his "white castle of Zabliak," and took refuge in the fastnesses of the Black Mountains, where he built the monastery of Tzetinie, and there, in its last remaining stronghold, erected the Servian standard in 1485.[1]

Ivan Tzernoievitch was the civil founder of the new principality. He fixed its institutions and established its laws. In all their *piesmas*, or national ballads, the Montenegrins celebrate him as their greatest hero. In firm alliance with Venice, Ivan, and after him his son George, reigned long and prosperously. But George had married a lady belonging to a princely Venetian house, and having no children, and wearying at last of the constant cares of his troubled reign, he assembled the elders of his people, solemnly made over his authority to the bishop, and retired to Venice. This occurred in 1516; and from this date until 1852, the Vladikas, or Prince-bishops, were the sovereigns of Montenegro.[2] The Montenegrins could not forgive this desertion of their Prince, and in their ancient ballads he is confounded with the renegade Servian who founded the powerful family of the Pashas of Scutari, or Skadar.[3]

[1] Wilkinson, i. 479.

[2] Id., i. 480; Slave Provinces, p. 419. Valiant warriors and able commanders, as many of them proved themselves, the Vladikas were all regular *caloyers* (monks), and bishops of the Greek communion.

[3] The Pashas of Skadar, the semi-independent sovereigns of Northern Albania, became the worst and most formidable enemies of Montenegro, and after a time reduced the principality to great distress. This family retained its power until the fall, in the year 1833, of the famous Mustapha Pasha, the Turk who was sleeping

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,"

when his dreams were cut short by Marco Bozzaris.—The Slave Provinces, p. 418.

The marriage of Prince George, or Stanisha, to a Venetian wife, seems to have been followed by singular and very tragic results. The story as told in the *piesmas* is evidently not, in all points, historically correct, but is doubtless the narrative in a poetical form of events which actually took place. The beginning of this affair is thus related by the poet:—

"The Tzernoievitch Ivo (Ivan) writes a letter to the Doge of great Venice: 'Hearken to me, Doge! As they say that thou hast in thy house the most beautiful of roses, so there is in my house the handsomest of pinks. Doge, let us unite the rose with the pink.' The Venetian Doge replies in flattering terms. Ivo repairs to his court, taking with him three loads of gold, in order to woo the fair Latin in his son's name. When he had lavished all his gold, the Latins agreed with him that the wedding should take place at the next vintage. Ivo, who was wise, uttered foolish words at his departure. 'Friend and Doge,' said he, 'thou shalt soon see me again with six hundred chosen companions; and if there is among them a single one who is handsomer than my son Stanisha, give me neither dower nor bride. The delighted Doge pressed his hand and presented him with the apple of gold. Ivo then returned to his states. . . . The winter passed off cheerfully, but in the spring Stanisha was seized with the small-pox, which pitted his face all over. When the old man assembled his six hundred

The Pashas of Skadar, or Skodra, surnamed Bushatlia, boasted their own descent from the Merlyaftchevitches, the family of Kral Vûkashine, the guardian, murderer, and successor of Urosh, the son of Stephen Dushan. This semi-royal family no Sultan for centuries had been able to displace.—Ranke's Servia, pp. 285, 335.

companions at the approach of autumn, it was easy for him, alas! to find among them a Yunak handsomer than his son. Then his forehead was gathered into wrinkles, and the black mustaches that reached to his shoulders grew limp." [1]

After his foolish boast, Ivan did not dare to present his disfigured son to claim the fair Venetian. He therefore proposed to his followers that they should choose the handsomest youth from their number to take the place of the Prince at the coming marriage. As his reward, the pseudo husband was to receive half the marriage gifts. The choice fell upon Djuro, the young Bey of Dulcigno. The plan was carried out, and the deceptive marriage consummated. But when the party had returned to Montenegro, Djuro refused to fulfill the compact, and kept *all* the presents for himself. The bride, naturally, was not at all satisfied with this state of things; and at last, stung to madness by her constant lamentations and reproaches, Stanisha sought out his handsome rival, and with a single blow of his hanjar laid him dead at his feet.

The family and followers of the fallen Bey held themselves bound to avenge his death, and a bloody and exterminating feud was the result, which carried desolation to almost every house in the districts of the two chiefs. According to the *piesmas*, Stanisha and Obren Vûk, the successor of Djuro, were both finally compelled to leave the country, and both, turning Mohammedans, entered the service of the Sultan. It is added that after some years of valiant service they were both rewarded with

[1] Slave Provinces of Turkey, p. 415.

important governments, which became hereditary in their families; Stanisha becoming Pasha of Skadar, or Northern Albania, and Obren Vûk Pasha of Dûkagine, near Ipek.[1]

For a long period, the Vladikas were not able to hold their own against the Turks and the powerful Pashas of Skadar. The defiles were penetrated, garrisons were established within the Montenegrin frontiers, and from the villages within their reach a small *Kharatch* (capitation tax) was exacted, which was contemptuously appropriated to pay for the Sultan's slippers. For a hundred years the Turks affected to regard Montenegro as a conquered country, and reckoned it a part of the Pashalik of Skadar. So powerful did the Turkish influence become, that many of the people in the frontier districts turned Mohammedans, and took military service with the neighboring Pashas.[2] But the country was not subdued. The Montenegrins were always taking part with the Venetians in their frequent wars with the Porte, and in open warfare, or by incessant plundering raids, they inflicted incalculable loss upon the Turks.

It is related that on one occasion, when the Turkish officials came to exact their little tribute of corn, and charged the Montenegrins with cheating by measuring the corn in bushels which were too small, the exasperated mountaineers broke the bushels over the heads of the astonished Turks, and vowed thenceforward to pay their *Kharatch* in that coin alone. Whether or not that was the end of the Montenegrin capitation tax does not ap-

[1] Slave Provinces, pp. 415–19. [2] Wilkinson, i. 481.

pear; but in 1703 occurred an event from which is to be dated the complete independence of the principality. The people of a district upon the borders of Skadar had obtained permission of the Pasha to build a little church. But when the Vladika Daniel came to consecrate it, he was treacherously seized by the Pasha, and released only upon paying a ransom of three thousand ducats. The Montenegrins were not the people to submit to oppression like this when they felt strong enough to avenge themselves. No sooner had Daniel returned to Tzetinie, according to the *piesmas*, than he called the tribes together and told them that the only hope for their country and their faith lay in the instant destruction of all the Turks living among them. His words were listened to at first with silent awe and fear, afterwards with fierce approval, and on Christmas eve, 1703, as the *piesmas* relate, every Moslem in the principality who would not forswear the Prophet and embrace Christianity was put to death in cold blood.[1] This slaughter ended all semblance of Turkish domination in Montenegro. Soon after these events, the Slavonians of the Black Mountain began to receive effectual aid from their kindred in the great Empire of the North. In 1711, Peter the Great sought the alliance of the Montenegrins in his struggle with the Turks; and from that time to the present they have been wont to look up to the Muscovite Czar as not only their pro-

[1] Ranke, pp. 23, 420. This massacre seems to have been mostly limited to one of the four nahias, or provinces, for the reason, probably, that in this alone was there any considerable Moslem population. The "Turks" thus forcibly converted or put to death, were all, or nearly all, apostate Servians.

tector and friend, but as in some sense their political head.[2]

From time to time, for the past two hundred and seventy-five years, the Turks have put forth prodigious efforts to effect the complete subjugation of these fierce mountaineers. In 1623, Suleiman Pasha of Skadar invaded Montenegro with a great army. He penetrated to Tzetinie, burned the convent, and laid waste the whole district, but was compelled to retire with no permanent result. In 1712 (according to the *piesmas*), enraged at the alliance of the Montenegrins with Peter the Great, the Sultan sent the Seraskier Pasha against them with an army of fifty thousand men. This force is said to have suffered an entire defeat, leaving eighty-four standards in the hands of the Montenegrins. For this defeat, however, the Turks inflicted a fearful retribution. In 1714, the Grand Vizier, Nauman Kiuprili, invaded the principality at the head of one hundred and twenty thousand men. By treacherously proposing terms of peace the Grand Vizier was able to seize and put to death thirty-seven of the Montenegrin chiefs. Deprived of their leaders, the people were able to make but a feeble resistance. The convent of Tzetinie was again burned, and the whole mountain was wasted with fire and sword. But the country was not subdued. No sooner had the Turks departed than the Montenegrins returned and

[2] The Montenegrins acknowledged themselves subjects of Peter the Great, and took the oath of allegiance to him. At the time of Wilkinson's visit, the Vladikas were still receiving pecuniary subsidies from the Russian government, and went to St. Petersburg for consecration to their office.—Dalmatia and Montenegro, i. 448, 456, 482-5.

rebuilt their ruined villages. In a few years the little republic was erect again, as resolute and defiant as before.

At length, in the terrible battle of Krûssa, fought in 1796, the Montenegrins won a great victory—a victory greater and more "portentously splendid" than even that of Grahovo—over the Turks under Kara Mahmoud Bûshatlia, Pasha of Skadar, which assured their position and compelled the Porte to tacitly acknowledge their independence. They were led by their Prince-bishop, Pietro Petrovitch, who, occupying a difficult pass with five thousand marksmen, silently drew the main body of his forces to the rear of the Turks. For three days the battle was fiercely contested, resulting at last in the complete destruction of the Turkish army. Thirty thousand Turks were slain, and Mahmoud Bûshatlia himself fell. The Pasha's head, remaining in the Vladika's hands, was embalmed, and is still preserved at Tzetinie, a significant trophy of this decisive repulse of the Moslem power.[1] As a consequence of this victory, the seven mountains of the *Berda* were severed from the Pashalik of Skadar, and have ever since remained confederate with Montenegro, adding three more to the four original *nahias* of the principality.[2] From that time, by the common consent of all concerned, Montenegro has proudly taken her place among the independent states of Europe.

This result, however, was not achieved by the strength and valor of the Montenegrins alone. Their mountains have always afforded a ready and safe asylum to the oppressed Slavonians of the neighboring Turkish provinces. From this source the population of the principal-

[1] Wilkinson, i. 489–90. [2] Id., i. 404; Slave Provinces, p. 432.

ity has been constantly recruited. "O Slavonian, wherever thou art," sings one of their native poets, "whether freeman or serf, rejoice that so long as the Black Mountain exists, thou hast liberty and a country!" In October, 1875, twenty thousand fugitives from Herzegovina and Bosnia had sought and found refuge in Montenegro.[1]

For the past hundred years until quite recently the Montenegrins have amply repaid in their own coin the scorn and cruelty of their old oppressors. They have kept up a constant predatory warfare, and Turkish prisoners were pretty sure to lose their heads, which were set up as trophies upon stakes. In 1839, Sir Gardner Wilkinson found the Montenegrin capital garnished with numbers of these ghastly trophies.[2] To his humane and earnest efforts with both parties it was largely owing that some years later this practice of beheading prisoners was finally abandoned.

The Montenegrins are *very* poor. Until the recent conquest of Scutari and Antivari by Prince Nicolas, the Austrian and Turkish territories, meeting upon the narrow strip of coast in their front, cut them off entirely from the sea. Although they had here and there a fine valley, the greater part of their old territory is a mass of wild and bleak mountains, which afford but the scantiest sub-

[1] E. A. Freeman, Littell, February 12, 1876, p. 397.

[2] "On a rock immediately above the convent, is a round tower pierced with embrasures, but without cannon, on which I counted the heads of twenty Turks fixed upon stakes round the parapet, the trophies of Montenegrin victory; and below, scattered upon the rock, were the fragments of other skulls, which had fallen to pieces by time; a strange spectacle in a Christian country, in Europe, and in the immediate vicinity of a convent and a bishop's palace."—Wilkinson, i. 511.

sistence to their inhabitants. They are exceedingly clannish in their habits and mode of life, a single family with its Stareshina, or housefather, often forming an entire village. As among the old Scottish Highlanders, fierce and long enduring blood feuds between these clans have always been until recently of frequent occurrence.

They are as poetical as their neighbors and kindred the Servians. Every event in their history, every exploit of their male and female heroes, has its own *piesmà* or ballad [1]—the materials for another Iliad by some future Slavonic Homer. In no part of the world, probably, is there a state of society now existing which illustrates so perfectly the simple manners, the warfare, and indeed the whole mode of life of Homeric Greece. Of these national ballads the Montenegrins never grow weary, always listen to them with kindling eye and fierce enthusiasm. They are sung by day in every gathering, by night in every household circle, until the Montenegrin youth becomes as familiar with them, and, through them, with all

[1] "After dinner (at Ostrok) it was proposed that I should hear their *gûsla*, or Slavonic violin, and some of the songs of their bards; which, on a frontier constantly resounding with the din of arms, are hailed with delight by every Montenegrin. Independent of the gratification of my curiosity, I was glad to have the opportunity of witnessing the stirring effect produced by these songs. The subjects related to their contests with their enemies, the vain hopes of the Turks to subdue their country, and the glorious victories obtained over them both by themselves and the heroes of Servia; in some of which the armed bard may have had his share of glory. For, like Taillefer, the minstrel of William the Conqueror, these men are warriors; and no one would venture to sing of deeds he could not emulate. The sounds of the *gûsla* were not according to European taste, and the tune was only varied by the intonation of the voice; but the enthusiasm of the performer compensated for the monotony of the one-stringed instrument."—Wilkinson, i. 533.

the long and eventful story of his country's history, as he is with his father's name.

While manifesting a strong regard for their Church and its rites, the Montenegrins were too ignorant and too fierce to be very religious, even in the way of superstition. Yet every little department of the country had its own church, and the few monks and more numerous popes or priests were generally men of strict and austere lives. The priests were just as warlike as their flocks, and constantly attended them to the field of battle; but, that their hands might not be stained with blood, they usually contented themselves with weapons of wood. Like the Vladikas, however, some of their priests have been among their bravest warriors and most famous heroes.[1]

The Prince-bishops who reigned in Montenegro for the hundred and fifty years ending with 1851, were for

[1] "Another hour brought us to Podbûkovo. . . . In this straggling village we stopped to lunch, at the house of a *reverend* captain of the guards; for, like other military chiefs of Montenegro, he was a priest, and united, as of old, the two offices of killing bodies and saving souls."—Wilkinson, i. 516.

At Ostrok, near the northern or Herzegovinian frontier, "an elderly priest came in, a man of quiet demeanor, who asked me various questions, some of which I in vain attempted to understand. . . . I was fortunately relieved from my embarrassment by the arrival of Signor Giacovich, who performed for me the office of interpreter. He also gave me to understand that the reverend priest, Pope Yovan, or Ivan Knezovich, was the most renowned and gallant warrior of Montenegro; and the same who twenty years ago had defended the convent of Moraça with two hundred men against twenty thousand Albanians. 'He lives,' he added, 'in the very midst of the Turks, in the neighborhood of Spûss; and he has fought and defeated them in many battles, without ever having been wounded; though balls have struck his pistols and his dress, and numbers have fallen at his side.' . . . It was pleasing to see the mild, unassuming manner of the

the most part an able and commanding set of men. The last of them was Peter II., the friend and host of Sir Gardner Wilkinson in 1839. In him, certainly, the long and distinguished line came to a worthy close. In no European of modern times, probably, has the true Homeric hero ever been so perfectly exemplified as in this last of the Vladikas. He was at once the champion, hero, legislator, king, poet, teacher, and father of his people.[1] A well formed and handsome man, six feet and eight inches in height, he stood, like Saul among the Israelites, the goodliest of his race. No soldier of his guards could point a rifle or a cannon with more unerring aim than he, while he alone, probably, among them all, could throw a lemon into the air and pierce it while falling with a pistol ball.

Educated in Dalmatia and Russia, he was a man of culture and intelligence, well acquainted with European politics, and an able diplomatist. His foreign education, however, had in no degree diminished his patriotic spirit. He was Slavonian, Servian, Montenegrin through and through. He loved the minstrelsy of his native land, and by his own songs and ballads had won a high position among the Servian bards of his time. His whole life was given, with a devotion as wise and patient as it was earnest and successful, to the elevation and improvement of his people. Roads were opened, schools were established; a senate of twelve or sixteen of the leading

old warrior, so consistent with real courage; and when, on my return to Tzetinie, I told the Vladika of my meeting him at Ostrok, his expressions of regard for him showed the high estimation in which he is held throughout the country."—Id., i. pp. 530–2.

[1] Wilkinson, i. 460–71; Slave Provinces, pp. 447–8.

chiefs was instituted with judicial as well as legislative functions; one hundred and thirty-five inferior officials were armed with judicial and executive powers in the several districts; there were forty captains, or pretors, who acted as provincial judges, and eight hundred guards served as a general police throughout the principality.

The Vladika himself was High-priest, Chief-justice, Legislator, King, and Commander-in-chief. Under the firm and able government of Peter II. the condition of the principality rapidly improved. The old barbarian customs—among which the *lex talionis* and blood revenge had been as prominent and as universally prevalent as among the Arabs of the desert—which before had been the only law, gradually gave place to legal enactments and regular judicial proceedings;[1] while the inveterate propensity of these wild mountaineers to harry and plunder their neighbors was to some extent curbed and held in check.

The predecessor of Peter (Pietro Petrovitch) II. was Peter I., the hero of Krûssa, whose long reign of fifty-three years, from 1777 to 1830, was perhaps the most memorable in the annals of Montenegro. Peter (Pietro

[1] "The rude patriarchal justice of the chieftains and elders of the tribe has been collected and embodied; and the Montenegrins (happy people!) have justice administered to them by their prince according to the provisions of a code of *eighty-nine* articles. The Montenegrin code has acquired great fame and popularity among the Christians of the neighboring Ottoman provinces. The people of Herzegovina especially now very generally refer their disputes for arbitration to Tzetinie, instead of trusting to what is facetiously termed the justice of the Turkish cadis."—Edinburgh Review, April, 1859, p. 247, and note.

Petrovitch) I. is now the patron saint of Montenegro, venerated, almost worshipped, by the whole body of his countrymen. Well were it, certainly, if all the saints in the calendar had given as good grounds for their canonization. When asked why they render such homage to St. Peter, the simple-hearted mountaineers reply: "There are still with us men who lived under St. Peter's rule, heard his words, and saw his life. For fifty years he governed us, and fought and negotiated for us, and walked before us in pureness and uprightness from day to day. He gave us good laws, and put an end to the disorderly state of the country; he enlarged our frontier, and drove away our enemies; even on his death-bed he spoke words to our elders which have kept peace among us since he is gone. While he yet lived we swore by his name; we felt his smile a blessing, and his anger a curse; we do so still." [1]

The government of Montenegro is properly a primitive democracy, under the leadership of nominally elective, but really hereditary chiefs. The people, all armed, and as free in spirit as the Bedouins of the desert, have no doubt whatever of their right to a voice in every important measure. Under the Vladikas this right was exercised in frequent assemblies. All official proceedings were marked by the most primitive simplicity. The senate-house was an oblong stone building of one story, covered with thatch. It contained three rooms; one used as a stable for oxen and donkeys; a second filled with bedsteads covered with straw for the use of the senators, whose rifles hung suspended upon the walls; and a third,

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 622.

which was the court-room or senate-house. In the middle of this room was a fireplace, and round the walls ran a stone bench. The Vladika, when present, occupied a seat on the bench covered with a rug. The senators sat on the bench or on low wooden stools about the fireplace, smoking their pipes.[1]

The Diet, or general assembly of the people, was held in the open air. The place and the deliberations of this assembly are thus described by Wilkinson: "In a semicircular recess, formed by the rocks on one side of the plain of Tzetinie, and about half a mile to the southward of the town, is a level piece of grass land with a thicket of low poplar trees. Here the Diet is held, from which the spot has received the name of *mali sbor*, 'the small assembly.' When any matter is to be discussed, the people meet in this, their *Runimede*, or 'meadow of council;' and partly on the level space, partly on the rocks, receive from the Vladika notice of the question proposed. The duration of the discussion is limited to a certain time; at the expiration of which the assembly is expected to come to a decision; and when the monastery's bell orders silence, notwithstanding the most animated discussion, it is instantly restored. The Metropolitan (Vladika) asks again what is their decision, and whether they agree to his proposal or not. The answer is always the same, 'Let it be as thou wishest, Vladika.'"[2]

When Peter II. died, in 1851, his nephew, Prince

[1] Slave Provinces, p. 449.

[2] Dalmatia and Montenegro, i. 456. On the 20th of February, 1875, the first fugitives from Herzegovina found the whole armed population of Montenegro assembled in council at Tzetinie.—Consular Report in London Mail, December 15, 1875.

Danilo, or Daniel, was pursuing his studies at Vienna. While returning home, he chanced to fall in with a fair young countrywoman at Trieste, for whom he conceived a strong attachment. This circumstance so opened his eyes to the evils of uniting civil and ecclesiastical powers in the same hands, that he determined to separate them. He accordingly married, and became simply Knez, or prince, leaving his ecclesiastical honors to another. His matrimonial choice proved most happy, and his noble wife, the Princess Darinka, soon came to be revered in all the Servian lands as a wise and energetic promoter of every good cause. Prince Daniel proved fully worthy to fill the place of Peter I. and Peter II.; and under his rule his people enjoyed great prosperity. His reign, unhappily, was short. He was shot by an assassin in 1860, at Cattaro, whither he had attended his wife, that she might have the benefit of sea baths.[1]

Mirko, the hero of Grahovo,[2] was the elder brother of Prince Daniel, and as such, upon the death of Peter I., was entitled to the succession. He was, however, only a stern, uncultured warrior, while he felt that his country had need of a prince of European education. He accordingly waived his own claims in favor of his brother. Prince Daniel left no son, and Mirko was again entitled to the succession. For the same reason as before he again declined, and his son, Nicolas, or Nikita, was crowned in his uncle's room. Prince Nicolas still rules in Montene-

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 593.

[2] In 1863, Mirko was President of the Montenegrin Senate. In this capacity he might be seen every day, sitting in the door of a house judging the people. From his decisions an appeal lay to the Gospodar, or prince, who was often present, walking up and down.—Mackenzie and Irby, p. 625.

gro, and under no one of his predecessors, probably, has the principality ever enjoyed greater prosperity, or advanced with such rapid strides in the culture of a true civilization.[1]

The long succession of wise and able princes who have ruled this little principality for the past hundred years is one of the marvels of recent history. Prince Nicolas seems to be inferior to no one of his predecessors, and to have filled his most difficult position, since the breaking out of the revolt, with a wisdom and firmness which have deservedly won him the respect and confidence of the statesmen of Europe. The special correspondent of the London Times, a man of large intelligence and excellent judgment, who was with him much, and knew him well in the last months of 1875, speaks of him in the very highest terms. His ambition seemed less for himself than for his country, less for Montenegro than for the Servian race. He seemed willing to accept any position for himself, even to surrender the independence of his principality, so that the grand possibilities of the Servian future might be assured. "No European Power," he observes, "has anything to fear from his weakness, or his ambition; and no Power, whether Russia, or any other, will make him the instrument of any ulterior purposes. I have never met a character more admirably fitted for a position such as seems to be preparing for some potentate, than that of Prince Nikita."[2]

The change through which the people of this little

[1] Lady Strangford, p. 137; Freeman, in Littell, February 12, 1876, pp. 394-5; Mackenzie and Irby, pp. 563-611.

[2] London Mail, Dec. 6, 1875.

state have passed in the last thirty years is very great. Within that period they have, indeed, taken the long step from a barbarous to a civilized state of society. They are no longer the marauding, cattle-lifting *heyducs*[1] which Sir Gardner Wilkinson found them in 1839. Law and order have taken the place of blood feuds and the *lex talionis*. Very tolerable roads have been carried in all directions over the precipitous mountains; the dwellings of the peasants begin to display the comforts and conveniences of civilized life; the post-office and the newspaper have long been established institutions. But the most surprising and most gratifying progress has been manifest in the multiplication of schools, and the general education of the children. An excellent girls' school has been established at Tzetinie, to which young women are drawn even from the shores of the Gulf; and Mr. Freeman affirms that as the older generation passes away, every man and woman in Montenegro will be able to read and write.[2]

[1] *Heyduc* is the Slavonian equivalent for the Greek *Klepht*, or robber. Forty years ago the Montenegrins gloried in the title of *heyducs*, which properly belonged to them all. Now, "robbery of every kind is utterly come to an end; there is no part of the world where property is safer, or where the traveler may go with less risk of danger, than within the bounds of Montenegro."—Freeman, Littell, Feb. 12, 1876, p. 390.

"They have another virtue besides this simplicity of life—this is their perfect honesty. I happened to mention that I had dropped a gold bracelet in Albania. 'Had you dropped it here, even in the remotest corner of the Black Mountain, it would have been brought to me in three days,' said the prince. I am sure this was not mere talk, for I heard it confirmed by enemies as well as friends of the Montenegrins."—Lady Strangford, p. 171.

[2] Littell, Feb. 12, 1876, p. 391. Since these words were written, two years of constant and desperate fighting have sadly demoralized Montenegrin society.

The Montenegrins are a nation of soldiers, every man trained to arms, ready for the field at a moment's notice, and, if the Turk is the foe to be met, fiercely eager for the fray. At the breaking out of the late insurrection it was exceedingly difficult to hold them back from going to the help of their struggling brethren in Herzegovina, and, if allowed to have their own way, they would have made short work with the Turks in that province. In the struggle which followed, the Servians failed, but the Montenegrins, under their able and heroic prince, have fully maintained their old renown.

From highest to lowest, these simple people are great lovers of hospitality. The stranger is always welcome, and may be sure that his host will entertain him with the best the house affords, and guard and defend him even at the hazard of his own life. Another sterling and universal virtue is a sacred regard for the honor of women. Violations of the law of chastity are very rare, and always severely punished. "The forms and features of the maidens of the Black Mountain are often cast in Nature's best mould; but early exposure to the sun and wind, and a fare as hard as the incessant toil to which they are condemned, almost from their cradles, soon nip their beauty in its bud. Like other highlanders, the Montenegrins devolve almost all manual occupations upon their women, except the labors of war, of the chase, and of agriculture (that is, the actual tilling of the soil). Nor do the women repine at their lot. Tall and strong, they may be seen cheerfully toiling up the steepest ascents, or stepping nimbly along the verge of precipices, under such loads of corn or firewood as men

seldom carry in other countries; while, as if they did not feel their enormous burdens, they hold their distaffs in their hands, and chat gayly together as they spin."[1] Nor have these stout-hearted Montenegrin women been at all careful to limit themselves to the labors of peace. In many a fierce conflict with the Turks, they have left the distaff for the rifle and the yatagan, and fought right valiantly by the side of their husbands and sons.

Such is this strange and wonderful little state, the living relic of an age and order of things long since passed away, and clothed in everything pertaining, either to its past history or its present condition, with the most fascinating interest. It can hardly be that before this proud and ancient principality there should not lie some worthy destiny yet to be realized in the future. In conjunction with its younger sister, the principality of Servia, it may yet prove the nucleus about which the whole South Slavonic race shall gather into one free and powerful state. Certain it is that if things were allowed to take their natural course, the whole Slavic population of Turkey in Europe would soon be ranged under the banners of these two principalities. The ultimate issue of this twofold development may have been foreshadowed in the memorable words addressed by Prince Daniel to Prince Milosh of Servia: "Prince, go forward, and I also will go forward. Whenever our ways meet, trust me for being the first to hail you as Czar of the Serbs;" excepting that, in accordance with the present judgment of the civilized world, the coming "Tzar of all the Servian lands" ought to be, not the less competent Prince who now

[1] Edinburgh Review, April, 1859, p. 240.

reigns in Servia, but Nicolas Petrovitch of Tzernogora, the heroic scion of a heroic race, the direct and true representative of the ancient glory of the Servian name and the imperial dominion of Stephen Dushan.

CHAPTER V.

THE SERVIAN REVOLUTION.

THE Principality of Servia lies between the Danube on the north and the Balkan Mountains on the south, Bulgaria proper on the east and Bosnia on the west. Its territory measures about one hundred and sixty miles in length from north to south, and one hundred and fifty miles in breadth from east to west. Its population is reckoned at about one million of souls. Yet so secluded is it in the heart of the Turkish dominions, and so little has it been brought into communication with the Christian nations of the West, that many very intelligent persons are still in ignorance of the fact that the Servians present the first example of an ancient Christian people revolting successfully against Mohammedan oppression; and that for seventy years, with one brief interval of defeat and disaster, they have maintained themselves in essential independence of the Turkish government. Preceding the Greeks in their revolt by fifteen years, and far more successful than they, as well in their revolutionary struggle as in political organization and self-government, the Servians have now for a long time held an acknowledged place in the political system of Europe, and seem to be permanently established as an independent people.

The Turkish conquest served not so much to enslave and degrade the great body of the Servian people as to produce a complete suspension of their political life. They sank into a helpless multitude of unarmed *rayahs*, whom their contemptuous masters tyrannized over and trampled upon at their pleasure. Still, there was much in their circumstances favorable to the preservation of their national spirit. The Turks[1] were mostly confined to the towns, while the Servians lived by themselves in the retired villages of the country. The Turks, especially in later times, had little disposition, in fact were not allowed, to roam at will about the country, while the Servians had good reason for avoiding the towns. Many Servians lived to old age without ever setting foot in the towns of their own neighborhood.[2] The two classes were thus kept in great measure apart, the *rayahs* paying their taxes, and living, under their own village elders, in comparative peace.

The so-called Turks, who held the Servians in subjection, were of three classes. First, there were the Pashas and other high officials, who received their appointment from Constantinople. Secondly, there were the janizaries of Belgrade, originally the garrison of that important city and fortress, but which, here as elsewhere, had grown into a powerful military caste; and thirdly, there was the large body of Moslem landholders—Begs,[3] Aghas,

[1] Or rather Moslems, for the "Turks" of Servia were mostly the descendants of apostate Servians.

[2] Ranke, p. 34.

[3] "Beg" is the Turkish form of the word; "Bey" is the Anglicized form of the same title.—Mackenzie and Irby, p. 345.

and Spahis, or Timariots—whose estates were scattered throughout the province, and who were nearly all of Slavonic descent. As elsewhere throughout the Empire, the Servian Spahis had no feudal jurisdiction over their estates, but were simply men-at-arms, to be supported by their tenant *rayahs*, that they might be always in readiness to follow the standard of the Sultan.

In all the Slavonian provinces of European Turkey, it has been the peculiar hardship of the Christians, who have long, if not always, formed a majority of the population, to be held in subjection by local tyrants of their own blood. When the country first yielded to Turkish supremacy, the Sultans treacherously offered the most favorable terms to the princes and nobles who would submit to their authority. As in the case of Stephen Lazarevitch, they were permitted to retain their positions and their religion, and to serve as Christian allies in the Turkish armies, upon the payment of a moderate tribute. Large bodies of Christian troops thus came to be enrolled under the Ottoman banners. But no sooner was the power of the Turks firmly established than the mask was thrown off. Nobles and people alike were compelled to abjure their faith or to surrender their arms and descend to the ignoble and helpless condition of *rayahs*. Already demoralized by the Turkish military service, great numbers of the Christian soldiers chose the former alternative, forsook their people and their religion, and became, according to their rank, Turkish Begs, Aghas,[1] or Timari-

[1] The Turkish Beg or Agha was simply a landholder or local magnate answering nearly to the English squire or lord of the manor.

ots. It was the extortion and tyranny of these Slavonian landlords which proved the immediate cause of the late insurrection in Herzegovina.[1]

The train of events which resulted in Servian independence dates back to the war which broke out between the Austrians and the Turks in 1788. The Emperor Joseph had already taken the Servian Patriarchate under his protection, when, in the year just named, he declared war upon the Turks with the avowed purpose of driving them from Europe, "to revenge mankind on those barbarians."[2] As an important means to the end in view, he organized, armed, and disciplined a strong body of Servian refugees, who did excellent service in the war. The Austrians were entirely successful. The Turks were everywhere defeated, a large part of Servia was torn from their grasp, and the Servians fully believed that the day of their deliverance had come. Their hopes, however, were doomed to bitter disappointment. The success of Austria awakened the jealousy of the other European Powers, and the tremendous movements of the French Revolution, just then beginning, compelled the sovereigns of Eastern Europe, giving up all ideas of foreign conquest, to look to the preservation of their own power. The result was, that, without a thought for the unhappy Christians just rescued from Turkish tyranny, the conquered territory was restored and Servia given back to its chains.

But the spell of Turkish authority had been broken,

[1] See an able and valuable Consular Report in the London Mail for December 15, 1875.

[2] Ranke, p. 58.

never to be restored. When the Turks came back to reoccupy their cities and strongholds, with amazement and dismay they saw march out of them a powerful body of their old despised *rayahs*, with the arms, the discipline, and the proud bearing of a Christian soldiery. "Neighbors," cried one of them, "what have you made of our *rayahs?*"[1] This was a germ from which most important results were to spring; and events soon transpired which nourished it into sudden and unexpected growth.

A profound sense of the helpless weakness of the Turkish government before the stronger forces of the West and North, inspired by a long succession of reverses and disasters, impelled Sultan Selim, just at the close of the last century, to enter upon his great project of "reform."[2] This project involved the complete reorganization of both the military and political systems of the Empire. What concerns our present purpose is, that the old janizaries and irregular cavalry were to be superseded by a regular army, equipped and disciplined in the European manner. But the janizaries were not to be so easily supplanted. This ancient and famous body now numbered a hundred and fifty thousand registered members, who were scattered as permanent garrisons in all the principal cities of the Empire. Allowed to marry, and to engage, for the support of their families, in the various avocations of trade, they had long forgotten their military duties, and had grown up into a wealthy and powerful military caste.[3] The janizaries of the Barbary States had already thrown off their allegiance to the Sultan and ele-

[1] Ranke, p. 60. [2] Upham's Ottoman Empire, i. 307.
[3] Ranke, pp. 64, 66.

vated their leaders to supreme power. With the inauguration of the new project of reform, the division of janizaries established at Belgrade, the capital of Servia, assumed a similar rebellious attitude.

Thus, at the very outset of their national movement, the Servians had the good fortune to find their enemies fatally divided against themselves. The Pashas and Spahis sided with the government and sympathized with the Christians; the janizaries were in rebellion against the government, and desired only to plunder its subjects and establish their own power. Soon after the close of the Austrian war the Pasha of Belgrade received an imperial firman commanding the janizaries to leave the city and the province. The Spahis rallied strongly to the Pasha's support, and, after the treacherous assassination of the leader of the janizaries, the order was promulgated and enforced. After this, under the mild and paternal rule of their Pasha, Hadji Mustapha, the Servians enjoyed a short season of great quiet and prosperity.

At this time, however, the famous Osman Pasvan Oglu, a formidable rebel, who, but for his opportune death in the year 1800 might perhaps have overturned the Ottoman throne,[1] was at the height of his power as the leader and champion of the imperiled order of the janizaries in every part of the Empire. Pasvan was master, and at length, by the enforced consent of the Porte, Pasha and Vizier of Widdin, an important city on the Danube, just over the Servian border in Bulgaria. With Pasvan Oglu the expelled janizaries of Belgrade found refuge; and by

[1] Upham, i. 308–13.

his aid they endeavored to regain their lost position in Servia.

In this emergency, Mustapha Pasha did not hesitate to take the step before unheard of in Moslem history, of calling the Christian *rayahs* to arms for the defence of their common rights. They obeyed his call with alacrity, and the janizaries were repelled. The very completeness of their success, however, proved, for the time, their ruin. This defeat of true believers by armed Christians caused too great a shock to Moslem prejudice, and Sultan Selim was compelled to order the return of the janizaries to Belgrade. They did return, and like vultures to their prey. Mustapha Pasha was put to death, and the four Dahis, or leaders of the janizaries, at once proceeded to appropriate the province to themselves. Then followed a reign of terror and of blood such as Servia had never known before. The Dahis determined to exterminate the whole body of Servian leaders, and thus to make their power secure for the future.

These measures led to an issue far different from that which their ferocious originators intended. They resulted in giving the death-blow to the Turkish dominion in Servia. The people, already conscious of their strength and accustomed to the use of arms, fled to the mountains, thinking only of preserving their lives. Turkish tyranny had long before filled the mountains with bands of *Heyducs*, or robbers, the same in character with the Greek *Klephts*, who maintained a constant though irregular warfare against their oppressors. These bands became the nucleus of a revolutionary force. Everywhere leaders appeared, and the whole country rose in arms.

The Pasha of Bosnia joined the insurgents in their conflict with the hated janizaries. The movement rushed forward with the speed and the resistless power of a conflagration. In a single campaign the janizaries were swept from the country, and their four Dahis, intercepted in their flight, were put to death. To their own astonishment, the Servians thus found themselves suddenly the perfect masters of themselves and their country, and that while fighting only the Sultan's enemies, by the side of his own loyal lieutenants.[1] These events took place in 1804.

It was obvious that the Servians, now for the third time victorious over the Turks, could not return to their former oppressed condition. This they strongly felt; and, after mature deliberation, they determined to solicit the mediation of Russia and to demand the same concessions for themselves as had already been made to the neighboring provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia. It seemed for a time as if these demands would be granted, but it could not be. The old Moslem spirit was too fiercely aroused, and these presumptuous *rayahs* must be humbled. The Porte first temporized, then decisively rejected the Servian demands, and finally ordered the Pashas of Bosnia and Scutari to march against the Servians with an immense army. No doubt was entertained that this imposing force would make short work with the Servian rebellion, as Moslem fanaticism now chose to regard it. But the martial spirit of the Servians was now thoroughly aroused, and the whole people, numbering perhaps a million of souls, had become a nation of soldiers.

[1] Ranke, pp. 78–86.

Undismayed by the dangers which beset them, they hastened to accept the proffered wager of battle, determined now to strike for complete independence.

The time has now come to introduce to the reader a very remarkable man, the hero of Servian independence. This man was George Petrovitch, or, as the Turks called him, and as he is more familiarly known, Kara George.[1] Kara George was the son of a peasant in the neighborhood of Belgrade. He was a rude, uncultured child of nature, fired with fiercest resentment at the wrongs of his country and his people, with very indefinite ideas in regard to the moral character of his acts, capable of great things for evil as well as for good, and displaying from his youth up those high and commanding qualities which made him the saviour of his people, and gave him a great name in his country's history. He began his career by blowing out the brains of a Turk for some insulting act, and afterwards taking the life of his own father for his steadfast adherence to the Turkish cause.[2] In the Austrian war he had served in the Servian corps, with the rank of sergeant. With the restoration of Turkish power he betook himself to the mountains, for a time, as a *heyduc*.[3] Afterwards he returned to

[1] That is, Black George. His appellation, of the same meaning, among his own countrymen was Tzerni George. "This man," forcibly observes Dr. Croly, "was one of the bold creations of wild countries and troubled times—beings of impetuous courage, iron strength, original talent, and doubtful morality."—Ranke, p. 131, note.

[2] Upham, i. 313; Ranke, p. 130.

[3] At this time Kara George is said to have entered into the "bond of brotherhood," the relation so peculiarly sacred and binding among all the Servian peoples, with Pasvan Oglu of Widdin.—Servia and the Slave Principalities, p. 487.

more lawful and peaceable pursuits, engaged in business, and accumulated wealth as a dealer in swine. Servia is covered with immense forests of oak; and the swine fattened upon the acorns of these forests constitute, as in the days of Ulysses, and of Cedric the Saxon, an important part of the wealth of the people. In Servia, consequently, there is no more lucrative or more honorable calling than that of the dealer in swine.

Kara George had just collected a herd of swine to be driven over the frontier into Austria for sale, when the Dahis entered upon their general massacre. Leaving the herd to take care of itself, he fled to the mountains, and at once took a leader's place among his exasperated countrymen. Every other district had its own leader in the same way; but the central position of the Schumadia, the district of Kara George, and his superior and commanding ability, soon gave him a controlling influence throughout the province; and in 1804, at a meeting of the Servian leaders, he was formally elected commander of the Servians. In the events which followed, he soon proved his title to this position.

In 1806, the Pashas of Bosnia and Scutari were upon the borders of Servia with two armies, numbering together forty thousand men. Leaving a few hundred men in the east to hold the Pasha of Scutari in check, Kara George flew to the west at the head of a small but gallant army, and in a short but sanguinary battle inflicted upon the Bosnians a total defeat. Two Pashas, almost all the Turkish leaders, and all the flower of the Bosnian youth, were among the slain, while the Servian loss was

very small.[1] After this decisive victory Kara George returned to the east, and presented himself with so imposing a front that the Pasha of Scutari declined the conflict and proposed conditions of peace. These conditions would have satisfied the Servian leaders, but they were rejected at Constantinople, and the war went on. The next year, 1807, the Servians took all the remaining fortresses, and drove the Turks out of the country.

Servia was now free, with Kara George at its head. The seat of government was fixed at Belgrade, and measures were taken to bring some kind of political order out of the confusion which everywhere prevailed. A Senate was instituted, consisting of twelve members, one for each of the twelve districts (nahias), with both legislative and executive powers.[2] The several revolutionary leaders were made Voivodes, or military governors, of their respective districts, and, while an inferior jurisdiction was left in the hands of the *Kmetes*, or head men of the villages, in the chief town of every district, in place of the old Turkish Kadis, a legal tribunal was established, consisting of a President, Assessor, and Secretary, with appeals to the Senate itself.

More important still was the founding at this time of

[1] Ranke, p. 108. This battle was fought near Schabatz on the Save.

[2] The *Skuptschina*, or General Assembly of the leading men of the nation, was held from time to time from the first. The members of this body, coming together at first, it would seem, without any regular appointment, were afterward summoned individually by the Prince at his pleasure. No provision for the regular election of a legislative body by the people was made until 1848.—See an excellent account of the Servian Skuptschina in the Eastern Correspondence of the London Times, London Mail, Nov. 5, 1875.

that system of public schools which has since grown to such magnificent proportions. Efforts were made to establish a good common school in every district town, while a high or collegiate school, with three teachers, was established at Belgrade. The principal agent in carrying out all these excellent measures was Dr. Philippovitch, Secretary of the Senate, who, with most of the leading teachers in the schools, was an Austrian Servian.[1]

The new government, however, did not work smoothly. The old leaders, turbulent and refractory, were little inclined to acknowledge any authority superior to their own. As the only method of establishing an orderly and efficient administration, Kara George eventually found himself compelled to suppress his rivals, many of whom were banished, and make himself the sovereign of the little state. Thus for the six years from 1807 to 1813, Servia remained free and independent under the leadership of Kara George, who, for the last three years of this period, reigned over the principality in prosperity, and with absolute power.

At this point we may pause for a moment to survey the picture, which has been drawn by a master hand, of this famous Servian hero. "Kara George was a very extraordinary man. He would sit for days together without uttering a word, biting his nails. At times when addressed, he would turn his head aside and not answer. When he had taken wine he became talkative; and if in a cheerful mood, he would perhaps lead off a kolo-dance. Splendor and magnificence he despised. In

[1] Ranke, pp. 122–4.

the days of his greatest success, he was always seen in his old blue trousers, in his worn-out short pelt, and his well-known black cap. His daughter, even while her father was in the exercise of princely authority, was seen to carry her water vessel, like other girls of the village. Yet, strange to say, he was not insensible to the charms of gold.

"In Topola he might have been taken for a peasant. With his *momkes*[1] he would clear a piece of forest land, or conduct water to a mill; and then they would fish together in the brook Jasenitza. He ploughed and tilled the ground; and spoiled the insignia of the Russian Order, with which he had been decorated, whilst putting a hoop on a cask. It was in battle only that he appeared a warrior. When the Servians saw him approach, surrounded by his *momkes*, they took fresh courage. Of lofty stature, spare and broad shouldered, his face seamed by a large scar, and enlivened with sparkling, deep-set eyes, he could not fail to be instantly recognized. He would spring from his horse—for he preferred fighting on foot—and though his right hand had been disabled by a wound received when a Heyduc, he contrived to use his rifle most skillfuly. Wherever he appeared, the Turks became panic-stricken, for victory was believed to be invariably his companion.

"In peace, Kara George evinced, as has been shown, a decided inclination for a regular course of proceeding;

[1] Every Servian leader had a band of *momkes*, or mounted followers, who lived upon the lands of their chief and ate at his table. These bands of *momkes* were the only cavalry in the country. They were often very lawless, and sometimes their leaders, depending upon their support, played the petty tyrant in their own districts.

and although he could not himself write, he was fond of having business carried on in writing. He allowed matters to follow their own course for a long time together; but if they were carried too far, his very justice was violent and terrible. His only brother, presuming on his name and relationship, took unwarrantable license; and for a long time Kara George overlooked his misconduct; but at length he did violence to a young maiden, whose friends complained loudly, exclaiming that it was for crimes of such a character that the nation had risen against the Turks. Kara George was so greatly enraged at this vile deed that he ordered this only brother, whom he loved, to be hanged at the door of the house; and forbade his mother to mourn outwardly for the death of her son. . . .

"Such was Kara George: a character of extraordinary strength, unconscious, as it were, of its own powers, brooding in the vague sense of dormant energies, till roused to action by some event of the moment, but then bursting forth into vigorous activity, for good or for evil, as circumstances might direct." [1]

Kara George combined the strength and the weakness

[1] Ranke, p. 131. The following passage, from a paper by Marshal Diebitch, a representative of the Russian government at Belgrade, in the years 1810 and 1811, is added in a note: "George Petrovitch . . . is an important character. His countenance shows a greatness of mind which is not to be mistaken; and when we take into consideration the times, circumstances, and the impossibility of his having received an education, we must admit that he has a mind of a masculine and commanding order. . . . He has very little to say for himself, and is rude in his manners; but his judgments in civil affairs are promptly and soundly framed, and to great address he joins unwearied industry. As a soldier there is but one opinion of his talents, bravery, and enduring firmness."—Id. p. 133.

of an untrained, undisciplined child of nature. Though endowed with prodigious force and energy, and sometimes displaying flashes of the highest genius, his mind was capricious and ill-balanced. In the intervals of his almost superhuman exertions, he was subject to fits of gloomy dejection, inaction, almost of lethargy; and this peculiarity of his mental constitution proved his ruin. His fall was as sudden and disastrous as the opening of his career had been successful and glorious.

For six years, with the firm and steady support and protection of the Court of St. Petersburg, the Servians maintained their complete independence. But in 1812, Napoleon undertook his great expedition for the conquest of Russia; and this movement compelled the Russians to assemble all their forces and bend all their energies for their own defence. The Turks, thus left free from foreign interference, determined to put forth a great effort for the subjugation of the revolted Servians. The external danger on this occasion was not greater than that which the Servians had triumphantly met again and again. The difficulty, the fatal difficulty, was within. Like the Second Napoleon, and like many another successful autocrat, Kara George had not succeeded in establishing his own individual power without essentially modifying and weakening the old and vital institutions of his people. The Knezes, Voivodes, Gospodars, who had been the natural leaders of the people in their old struggles, had most of them been deprived of their authority. Some were in exile, others were nourishing a sullen and widespread opposition to the government at home. Many of the most important posts were occupied by mere selfish

adventurers, who were no soldiers, were inspired by no patriotic devotion to their country, were totally unfit to guide her destinies in a sudden and dangerous crisis like this.

In the year 1813, Kurschid Pasha, Grand Vizier of the Empire, appeared with a powerful army upon the Servian borders.[1] The first attack was upon Negotin, a fortress upon the Danube. The defences in this quarter were under the command of Veliko, a stout and valiant old Heyduc chief, but who, at this time, had little favor with the principal officers of the Servian government. His calls for help were met only with scornful neglect, and Veliko soon fell fighting bravely at his post. After the fall of Veliko, all effectual defence was at an end. The Turkish armies crossed the frontier, and half the province was speedily lost. But even then the condition of things was in nowise desperate. The people were all in arms, looking eagerly for the appearance of their great leader, and ready to rally under his standard as one man to drive back the invaders.

If at this juncture Kara George had put himself at their head, with a tithe of the valor and enthusiasm with which, in 1806, he had faced the Pashas of Bosnia and Scutari, no doubt another victory, no less complete and decisive, would have crowned his arms. But he did not appear. The cowardice and defection of his civil and military servants, who were stealing in crowds across the Austrian frontier for safety, seemed to have filled him with deep and hopeless despondency. He issued no commands to his armies, spoke no word of courage and

[1] Ranke, chap. xv.

inspiration to his people, took no measures for the defence of his principality. And so, without striking one blow for the realm he had so gloriously won, without one effort for the preservation of the imperiled freedom of his native land, he too joined the swelling current of fugitives, and stole ignominiously across the Danube.

The astonished Turks thus found their power over their revolted province restored as suddenly as it had been wrested from them seven years before. Their triumph, however, was but short. While most of the Servian leaders had followed Kara George in his flight, one of them, Milosch Obrenovitch by name, more brave and patriotic than the rest, determined to remain and share the fate of his countrymen. To him the Turkish commanders applied for aid in pacifying the province. As the best that could be done under the circumstances, Milosch readily complied with their request, and zealously exerted himself to persuade his countrymen to make the best terms possible with their conquerors. By this course, he not only secured the entire confidence of the Turkish officials, but became the acknowledged leader of the Servian people." [1]

At first, the Turkish authorities seemed inclined to use their recovered power with some fairness and moderation; but very soon the expelled Spahis and Moslem proprietors returned to their estates, determined to wreak a terrible vengeance upon the spoilers of their inheritance. As the result, a fearful reign of violence and blood soon prevailed.[2] This state of things could not last, and in

[1] Ranke, pp. 189–90.

[2] "In 1814, three hundred Christians were impaled at Belgrade by the

the spring of 1815 the exasperated Servians constrained Milosch to lead them in a fresh revolt.[1] The movement was crowned with complete success; the Turks were everywhere beaten, and, except a few of the principal fortresses, the country was again freed from their presence.

Thus in the year 1815, by "a campaign which would not lose by comparison with any that had ever occurred in Servia,"[2] did Milosch Obrenovitch finally secure and establish the essential freedom of the Servian people. The Turks still called the country their own, and for fifteen years longer the state of things was very unsettled. A Turkish Pasha held his court in Belgrade. Turkish garrisons held the fortresses, the Turkish Spahis claimed, to some extent received, the rents of their estates. Yet, none the less, Servia was essentially free. The country districts had been wholly cleared of their old Moslem population; the so-called Turks were now found only in the fortified towns, and even there were rapidly dwindling away; the internal administration was wholly in Servian hands; the Turkish money claims of all kinds were gradually commuted for a gross sum to be paid by the Servian authorities, forming a very light tax upon the householders, who were thus transformed into an independent yeomanry; the jurisdiction of the Pasha of Belgrade extended only over the Moslems in the few fortified towns; and the real sovereign of Servia was the Grand Knez, Milosch Obrenovitch.[3]

Pasha, and every valley in Servia presented the spectacle of infuriated Turkish Spahis avenging on the Servians the blood, exile, and confiscation of the ten preceding years."—Paton's Servia, p. 199.

[1] Ranke, pp. 195, 198. [2] Id., p. 205.

[3] Paton, p. 307; Ranke, chap. xviii.

CHAPTER VI.

FREE SERVIA.

THE country which is the home of the Servian people is one of the finest and most delightful regions of the earth's surface. Although in the latitude of Tuscany and the Gulf of Lyons, its situation, upon the northern slopes of the Balkan Mountains, has given it the climate, vegetation, and general character of the South of England rather than the South of France. Mr. Denton observes that the flora or vegetation of Servia is almost entirely English. But nowhere in England, probably, does this flora reach a development so luxuriant and magnificent as it everywhere displays upon these sunny slopes.

The heart of Servia is the broad and fruitful valley of the Morava, in its lower course a large and navigable river, which, with its branches, waters the interior districts of the principality in its whole length from north to south. This valley presents a wide expanse of fertile land, mostly without timber,[1] and yielding ample crops of wheat and other grains. On either side of this valley the country rises into detached hills and low mountains, which are covered with magnificent oaks and

[1] Paton, p. 178.

other trees in great variety, and clothed with richest verdure to their very summits.

The whole Principality, especially in the interior and southern districts, is but sparsely settled, and no more than a fifth or sixth of the soil is under cultivation. But in their almost extravagant admiration of the natural beauty of the scenery among those wooded hills, all visitants from the West are quite agreed. "This part of Servia (the Servian bank of the Drina near Liubovia) is a wilderness, if you will," says Mr. Paton. "So scant is it of inhabitants, so free from anything like inclosures, or fields, farms, laborers, gardens, or gardeners; and yet it is, and looks, a garden in one place, a trim English lawn and park in another. You almost say to yourself, The man or house cannot be far off: what lovely and extensive grounds! where can the hall or castle be hid?"[1] The vegetation which so luxuriates in these secluded regions is mostly spontaneous. The grassy slopes are filled with strawberries, and the forest glades with raspberries, while whortleberries are found abundantly upon the lighter soil of the hills. Almost every kind of flower that beautifies the English landscape is scattered in prodigal profusion among these Servian hills. "Trees, indeed, that are comparatively rare in England are met with in profusion in Servia. The wild pear and cherry, the plum and the apple may be seen in great numbers in the woods; the acacia and laburnum are met with by the sides of the roads, and lilacs abound on all the hillsides."[2]

As we advance southwards and upwards towards the

[1] Paton, p. 153.

[2] London Quarterly Review, January, 1865, p. 97.

higher summits of the Balkan range, the scenery becomes entirely changed. The oak and beech give place to the cedar; the mountains rise precipitous and wild; the luxuriant fruitfulness of the lower districts disappears; even the pasturage is scanty and poor.[1] Yet to this bleak and sterile region the mind of every Servian turns with the deepest and most reverent interest; for here are thickly scattered the monuments of the ancient glories of his race.[2] At Novi Bazar, just over the line in Bosnia, was the ancestral seat of Némanja, the founder of the Servian Empire. At Zitchka is the ancient monastery at which was raised the archiepiscopal throne of St. Sava, the patron saint of all the Servian lands, and in which seven Servian Tzars were crowned. A little further south, and a little higher up among the mountains, is the famous old monastery of Studenitza, built by Némanja in the latter part of the twelfth century, and containing within its walls a magnificent church of white marble and Byzantine architecture—magnificent still, after all the abuse and mutilations which it has suffered at the hands of the Turks—in which are seen the tombs of St. Simeon, the son of Némanja, and of St. Sava, the son of St. Simeon, and ecclesiastical father of the Servian Church. This church was built by Stephen Urosh, Tzar of Servia, in 1314, and is one of thirty-five similar churches in the same district which bear witness to the magnificence, the piety, and the architectural taste of the Némanyitch Tzars.

The social life and character of the rural Servians, who

[1] Paton, p. 188.

[2] Id., chap. xvii.; Forsyth, p. 22; Mackenzie and Irby, p. 315.

form the great majority of the nation,[1] present a subject of singular and fascinating interest. Secluded among their mountains, forests, and quiet vales, they have preserved almost unchanged the manners and mode of life of their ancestors in mediæval times. No doubt they have been characterized by the vices, the rudeness, violence, and lawlessness, as well as the virtues of a semi-civilized people; but the impression which they make upon the traveler from the West is, on the whole, most pleasing. They are an exceedingly simple-hearted people, so hospitable as almost to reverence the stranger; grave and serious, frank, honest, and dignified, and standing erect in the proud consciousness of a freedom nobly won. Turkish tyranny has had the same leveling effect upon them as upon the Greeks, and has inspired them with a spirit intensely democratic. To the inquiry of a traveler if there were no nobles in Servia, the characteristic answer was returned, "*Every* Servian is noble." The women are exceedingly diligent, and every family is comfortably clothed in the products of the domestic loom. The men too are industrious, but not like the Bulgarians, who annually cross the frontier in great numbers to assist them in gathering their harvests. Their domestic morals are above reproach, the members of the family circle being bound together by strong affection, while licentiousness is almost unknown. The "bond of brotherhood" is a peculiar relation which has been common among

[1] The Servians of the towns, who have always lived, until within a few years past, under Turkish influence, are far inferior to their brethren of the country. They are characterized by more of the vices which long continued servitude everywhere engenders.—See Owen Meredith, p. 16.

them from ancient times, although, in the complete change in their circumstances, it is now becoming less frequent. Two young men (and the maidens have a similar custom), having been drawn together by interest or affection, take an oath of brotherhood "in the name of God and St. John," and become thenceforth faithfully devoted to each other until separated by death.[1] Singularly enough, this bond was often formed between Christians and Moslems. The bond-brother of Kara George was Pasvan Oglu, afterwards Pasha of Widdin; the bond-brother of Prince Milosch Obrenovitch was a Turkish official;[2] and Sultan Bajazet was the bond-brother of the Servian King, Stephen Lazarevitch, who, with true Servian feeling, remained true to his oath after the defeat and capture of Bajazet by Tamarlane.[3]

According to the ancient traditions of the race, the Servian wife still holds, in theory, an inferior and somewhat servile position. She is expected for a long time after her marriage to be very modest and retiring, and not until she becomes the mother of grown up children does she rise to full equality with the other females of the family. When the husband dies, it is the mother and sisters, not the wife, who publicly mourn his loss. On his journey from Belgrade to Schabatz, Mr. Paton met a very pretty young woman, who, in response to the salutations of the party, bent herself almost to the earth. In answer to his inquiries respecting this singular humility, he was informed that the young woman was a bride,

[1] Ranke, p. 37. [2] Ranke, p. 197.

[3] Mr. Layard found something resembling this Servian league of brotherhood among the Shammar Arabs.—See his "Nineveh and Babylon," p. 201

and that custom required her to display this humility and reverence.[1] The Servian woman is an excellent housekeeper, and in all the better class of houses the traveler from the West is surprised and delighted to find scrupulous cleanliness, snowy sheets, and comfortable beds.

The social system of the Servians is strikingly patriarchal. This is the explanation of the communal form of their village life. The father, as long as he lives, is the head of the family in all its branches. The Servian "House Communion" is, in its origin, and frequently in fact, a clan; and the Stareshina, or "housefather," whether the actual father of the family or its ablest member chosen to fill the office, rules his little community with quiet dignity and firm authority. The "House Communion" is the basis not only of society but of nationality among the Servians. This communal system does not favor the development of individual energy and enterprise. It is already giving way, and must ere long become greatly modified, if it does not wholly disappear, as social order and the progress of civilization awaken the strong personal impulses of the several members of each community. Yet there can be no doubt that, in the dark and troubled ages of the past, it has been of incalculable value to the Servian people. As every household forms a considerable community by itself, and requires no little space, a Servian village necessarily extends over a great amount of ground.

The same principle which governs the House Communion has a more extended application in the village,

[1] Servia, p. 86.

which is a close corporation, electing its own elders and Seoski Knez, Kmete, or mayor, who, under the Turks, were the virtual rulers of the Servian people. The Servians have a strong dislike for professional lawyers, and the village Kmetes, with their council of elders, are still the courts to which the people of the country districts generally resort for the settlement of their disputes. In some villages a "reconciliation house" has been provided for the accommodation of this rustic tribunal, which sits every Sunday, and decides all cases without fee or charge. More commonly, however, it holds its sessions in the open air, sitting in patriarchal simplicity, the Kmete in the center, the elders grouped around him.[1] Every village and every household has its own titular saint, whose anniversary was formerly observed with much ceremony. In the general want of churches, the clergy found in these stated rites one of their most important points of union with their flocks.

As has been already observed, the Servians are a remarkably poetic race. Everything in their history, down even to the present moment, has been embodied in verse. The spontaneousness with which, in Servia, even the most common and prosaic occurrences seem to take on the poetic form, and go flying on the wings of song from one

[1] Forsyth, p. 65. "Seeing a large house (at Skela, on the Save) within an inclosure, I asked what it was, and was told that it was the reconciliation house, a court of first instance, in which cases are decided by the village elders, without expense to the litigants, and beyond which suits are seldom carried to the higher courts. There is, throughout all the interior of Servia, a stout opposition to the nascent lawyer class in Belgrade. I have been more than once amused on hearing an advocate, greedy of practice, style this laudable economy and patriarchal simplicity, 'Avarice and aversion from civilization.'"—Paton, p. 87.

end of the land to the other, is one of the most remarkable facts of modern times, one of the most striking illustrations of the Homeric age. Such verses, Mr. Denton observes, are not employed alone in celebrating the glories of Stephen Dushan, the heroism of George Brancovitch, or the mournful defeat of Kossovo. "Long tedious debates in the National Parliament, or Skoupchina, of 1870, on the liberty of opening and keeping shops in villages as distinguished from towns, were summed up and reported throughout the country, in a way which would astonish the readers of the debates in our English Parliament. The whole discussion, with the arguments of the various speakers, took the form of a long song or poem, which was recited in the open air before the villagers assembled to hear the course and result of the debate. Perhaps in a similar manner the military and naval incidents, the contentions of mighty chiefs, the debates before the tent of Agamemnon, or in the council-house of Troy, were thrown into verse by the Father of Poetry, the Prince of story-tellers, . . . and thus made known throughout Greece in the form of the Iliad."[1] A vast number of poems and ballads, of many of which no one knows the author, and which are constantly being added to or reproduced in different forms, are always passing from mouth to mouth, and are sung or recited to the monotonous accompaniment of the *gûsla*,[2] on all occasions, public and private. Sometimes, as at the tables of the chiefs, in public assemblies, and by

[1] Serbian Folk-lore, p. 23.

[2] The *gûsla* is a one-stringed violin, with a long neck. Mr. Paton writes the word *goosely*, which very nearly represents the correct pronunciation.

the fireside of the country inn, the singing is by professional rhapsodists, many of whom are blind. But the ability to chant these national poems is a universal accomplishment; and in the long evenings of winter,

> "When round the lonely cottage
> Roars loud the Tempest's din,
> And the good logs of Algidus
> Roar louder yet within;
> When young and old in circle
> Around the firebrands close,
> When the girls are weaving baskets
> And the lads are shaping bows;
> When the good-man mends his armor,
> And trims his helmet plume,
> And the good-wife's shuttle merrily
> Goes flashing through the loom;"

very often the venerable grandsire, excused on account of his years from the active labors in which the younger men are busy, takes down the *gûsla*, and whiles away the evening hour by chanting the glorious deeds of the great Dushan, of Marko Kralievitch, of the good Czar Lazar, or of Kara George.

Among a people so simple and primitive in their manners and feelings, and of so poetic a temperament, we find, as we might expect, an ardent sympathy with nature. The whole year is filled with rites, superstitious perhaps, but none the less simple and pleasing, in which the dependence of man upon the powers of nature is acknowledged and vividly set forth. In this way almost every change in the circling seasons is celebrated. "As soon as ice and snow disappear from the surface of water and land—that being the first harbinger of the renovated year—they commence with these sym-

bolic rites. On the eve of St. George's festival, towards the end of April, the women gather young flowers and herbs; then catching the water cast from a mill-wheel they throw into it the flowers and herbs, and let both remain during the night, for the purpose of bathing in the water the next morning."[1] And so with mystic rites, with dance and song, with rustic processions and social festivities, they celebrate each successive period of the advancing year.

Before the Revolution the people were very ignorant, the clergy in this respect having but little the advantage of their flocks, and their public religious services were little more than superstitious forms. Since the Revolution the Servians have become an intelligent, comparatively an educated people; and many of their clergy have been able and public-spirited men, who have exerted themselves with zeal and success for the moral and intellectual improvement of their countrymen. Yet it is to be feared that even now true evangelical piety, based in an intelligent study of the Scriptures, has little existence among them. But the Servians are and have always been of a grave, religious character. They love to sing the grand old hymns of their ancient Church, and engage in all the public and private services of religion with great punctuality and fervor. "They have three daily prayers—early in the morning, before supper, and on retiring to rest—in which they do not employ established forms; and at table, instead of one asking a blessing on the food, each individual expresses in his own words gratitude to the Supreme Being. In drinking, the

[1] Ranke, p. 41.

toast or sentiment of the Servians is, "To the glory of God;" and no one would presume to take his seat at the head of a convivial party, who was not able to extemporize a suitable prayer."[1]

The few fine old churches which have been preserved from mediæval times were wholly inadequate to the wants of the people, and as the Turks would allow no new churches to be built, the usual public services of religion upon the Sabbath were not generally observed. For this reason the parish clergy were a less important and influential body among the Servians than among any other of the Christian peoples of the East. They were usually very poor, and fortunate it was for them if they had land of their own on which they could labor for their bread. "Father," asked a boy one day of a priest, "do you also tend your oxen?" "My son," was the answer, "I would they were mine I tended."

The monks enjoy the respect and veneration of the people in a far higher degree than the parish clergy. This was owing to the fact that the monasteries, far away from Turkish scrutiny in the hidden recesses of the forests and the mountains, became important centres of the social as well as religious life of the people. On certain established days the population of the surrounding districts were accustomed to assemble at these places, not only for confession and worship, but for a social and festive gathering. Many parties arrived the preceding evening, and passed the night around a fire. The morning hours were given to confession and the communion, after which followed a market and a fair. The young

[1] Ranke, p. 43.

people engaged in various sports, while their seniors sat apart in grave consultation. In August, 1844, Mr. Paton had the good fortune to be present at one of these gatherings at the monastery of Tronosha, in the valley of the Drina. The party reached the monastery, "an edifice with strong walls, towers, and posterns," in the afternoon. "After coffee, sweetmeats, &c.," he continues, "we passed through the yard, and, piercing the postern gate, unexpectedly came upon a most animated scene. A green glade, that ran up to the foot of the hill, was covered with the preparations for the approaching festivities. Wood was splitting, fires lighting, fifty or sixty sheep were spitted, pyramids of bread, dishes of all sorts and sizes, and jars of wine in wicker baskets, were mingled with throat-cut fowls, lying on the banks of the stream side by side with pigs at their last squeak. . . . In the evening we went out, and the countless fires, lighting up the lofty oaks, had a most pleasing effect. The sheep were by this time cut up and lying in fragments, around which the supper parties were seated cross-legged. Other peasants danced slowly, in a circle, to the drone of the somniferous Servian bagpipe. When I went to bed, the assembled peasantry were in the full tide of merriment, but without excess. . . . I dreamed I know not what absurdities; suddenly a solemn swelling chorus of countless voices gently interrupted my slumbers—the room was filled with light, and the sun on high was beginning to begild an irregular parallelogram on the wainscot—when I started up and hastily drew on some clothes. Going out to the *makad*, I perceived yesterday's assembly of merry-making peasants

quadrupled in number, and all dressed in their holiday costume, thickset on their knees, down the avenue to the church, and following a noble old hymn. . . . The whole pit of this theater of verdure appeared covered with a carpet of white and crimson, for such were the prevailing colors of the rustic costumes. . . . After the midday meal we descended, accompanied by the monks. The lately crowded court-yard was silent and empty. 'What,' said I, 'all dispersed already?' The Superior smiled, and said nothing. On going out of the gate, I paused, in a state of slight emotion. The whole assembled peasantry were marshaled into rows, and standing uncovered in solemn silence, so as to make a living avenue to the bridge. . . . I took off my fez, and said, 'Do you know, Father Igoumen, what has given me the most pleasure in the course of my visit? I have seen a large assembly of peasantry, and not a trace of poverty, vice, or misery.' The Igoumen, smiling with satisfaction, made a short speech to the people. I mounted my horse; the convent bells began to toll as I waved my hand to the assembly, and 'Sretnj poot' (a prosperous journey) burst from a thousand tongues."[1] It is Prof. Ranke's opinion that through the dark centuries of Turkish oppression these secluded monasteries were the most efficient means of preserving both the religion and the nationality of the Servian people.[2] Since the Revolution the influence and the numbers of the monks have greatly decreased. As the parish priest is required to be a married man, and permitted to marry but once, on the death of his wife he is compelled to enter a mon-

[1] Servia, pp. 134–9.

[2] Servia and Bosnia, p. 40.

astery. If it were not for these involuntary recruits, the Servian monks would soon disappear.[1]

Let us now turn back to trace the political development of the principality since the final establishment of its essential freedom in 1815. The long reign of Milosch Obrenovitch, from 1815 to 1839, was a transition period. The rule of Prince Milosch, by birth and education an illiterate peasant, unable to write or read, and knowing nothing of any other kind of government than that of the Ottoman officials, was more like that of a Turkish Pasha than that of an enlightened and constitutional chief magistrate.[2] His great aim was to accumulate wealth and to establish his family in a hereditary satrapy, under the Porte, like that of the Pashas of Scutari and Uskup. He monopolized commerce, forced his own goods and produce upon the markets at his own price, filled the posts of government with his own creatures, and struck off heads with little regard to the forms of law.

One of the first to fall by his ruthless hand was his brave but injudicious and unfortunate predecessor, Kara George. After his flight from Servia, Kara George had taken refuge in Bessarabia, under the protection of Russia. In 1816, the Greek Hetæria enlisted him in their cause, and inspired him with the hope of placing himself once more at the head of the Servian people, and uniting them with the Greeks in their impending struggle for independence. He accordingly returned secretly to Smederevo, where, at the demand of the Pasha of Bel-

[1] London Quarterly Review, January, 1865, p. 100.

[2] Ranke, chap. xxi.; Paton, chap. xxx.; Forsyth, pp. 50–56.

grade, and by the orders of Milosch, he was treacherously stabbed while asleep.[1]

Milosch was recognized by the Porte as the virtual head of the Servian people, and in 1817 was chosen Grand Knez by the Servians themselves. He thus ruled by a two-fold authority, and his position, although precarious and equivocal, was maintained with consummate shrewdness and skill. Arbitrary, and in some respects tyrannical, as his government was, it was probably the best which could have been obtained under the circumstances, and under it, for a long time, the Servians prospered and were content.

Meantime the external relations of the principality were constantly improving. The Russian people sympathized strongly with their fellow Slavonians of the South, and the imperial government was always inclined to mediate in their behalf in a tone of commanding authority. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg was supported in these measures by England and France, and, in accordance with the demands of the three Powers, at the Conference of Akjerman[2] in 1826, the Porte consented to concede to Servia a position of semi-independence, with nearly the same measure of internal freedom and territorial extent, excepting the occupation of the fortresses, which had been enjoyed under Kara George. In 1830 a Hatti-sheriff was issued from Constantinople giving full effect to these provisions, and recognizing Milosch Obrenovitch as hereditary Prince or Grand Knez of Servia.[3]

[1] Ranke, p. 217. [2] Akyerman; Ranke, p. 235.
[3] Ranke, pp. 241–247.

But during this long interval of fifteen years, the political education of the Servians had been making rapid progress. A national party was slowly forming, embracing the great majority of the more intelligent and prosperous classes of the people, which was inclined to offer a strenuous opposition to the arbitrary proceedings of Milosch, and to insist upon a regular government in accordance with the forms of law. The demands of this powerful party at length became too loud and imperative to be resisted, and at the Skûpschina of 1835, Milosch promised to convene the Senate, to appoint a ministry, and to govern according to the laws. At this assembly a charter or code was drawn up, consisting of one hundred and twenty-two articles, which was solemnly adopted, and was thenceforth to be the law of the land.

Milosch did not keep his promise. After the adoption of this code his government was more arbitrary and oppressive than it had been before, until not the Servians alone, but the Porte and the Christian Powers became thoroughly dissatisfied with his course. As the result, Milosch was compelled to abdicate his throne, which he did in 1839,[1] in favor of his eldest son, Milan, retiring to Austria.

Milan was very sick at the time of his father's abdication, and soon after died. Michael, a younger son of Milosch, then received the crown, and arrived in Servia from Constantinople on the 12th of March, 1840. The government of Prince Michael proved no more acceptable to the Servians than that of his father, and in 1842 he too was forced to retire.

[1] Milosch was deposed June 13, 1839.—Forsyth, p. 56.

The Servians now, with one voice, demanded Alexander, the son of Kara George, for their Prince. He was accordingly chosen, by the Skûpschina in September, 1842, and by the people in a free and popular election on the 15th of June, 1843. The government of Alexander Kara Georgevitch proved mild, successful, and eminently beneficial to the country. Roads were opened, churches, plain and simple, but neat and commodious, were built everywhere in the country districts, schools were multiplied, and a great impetus given to the social and material advancement of the principality. When Mr. Paton visited Servia, in 1843–4, he found a people living in peace and quietness, enjoying comfort and abundance, with "not a trace of poverty, vice, or misery." [1] The Moslem population had almost entirely disappeared, except in the towns held as fortresses by the Porte, and these were rapidly dwindling away. The authority of the Pasha of Belgrade and the other Turkish officials was entirely limited to the garrisons and the people of their own faith. All the pecuniary demands of the Turks, including the rents of the Spahis, had been commuted for a small annual tribute, and the Servians felt themselves to be essentially and truly free.

Alexander Kara Georgevitch lived and ruled on the best of terms with the Turks, a fact to which was largely owing the peace and prosperity of his reign for many years. In the Crimean war he maintained a strict neutrality, for which he received from the Porte, at the close of the war, a full confirmation of the liberties of his principality. This complacency towards their old enemies

[1] Servia, p. 138.

and oppressors, however, became at length an offence in the eyes of his subjects, and wrought his overthrow in the end. His disposition to look to the Turks for the support of his own power and the punishment of his personal enemies,[1] provoked at last a violent opposition, before which he was obliged to retire. He was deposed from the government in December, 1857.

With that fidelity to their leaders which has always characterized their race, the Servians now turned to their old deliverer, Milosch, and with great enthusiasm brought him back to his throne. Milosch himself was now very old; but since he and his son had been in exile, the latter had made good use of his time. He had traveled much in Europe, and had qualified himself to fill ably and successfully the high position which he was destined a second time to hold. In 1860 Milosch died, and Michael Obrenovitch again became Prince of Servia.[2]

The second administration of Prince Michael was eminently vigorous and successful. He foresaw clearly that there must come sooner or later another and decisive struggle between the Slavonian Christians of European Turkey and their Ottoman masters, and for that struggle he set himself in earnest to prepare. He gave the government a more efficient organization, founded an arsenal, obtained a supply of arms, and enrolled the whole adult male population of the principality as a militia, with fifty thousand men ready for immediate service, and seventy thousand as a reserve.[3]

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 187.

[2] See "The Story of Serbia," Mackenzie and Irby, chaps. xii. and xiii.

[3] "All this was due to the energy of Prince Michael, whose policy was to place his country in such a position that she might have a voice in the

In 1862 occurred an event which led to a result for which the Servians had hardly dared to hope—the complete evacuation of the Servian fortresses by the Turks. In a panic occasioned by a tumult in the city, and an attack upon a Turkish guard-house, the Pasha of Belgrade bombarded the Christian quarter of the capital. This "untoward event" effectually reopened the "Eastern Question." The Great Powers interfered, and the Turks were compelled to withdraw their last soldier from the Servian territories. Since that time a simple green flag on the fortress of Belgrade has been the only sign of Turkish power in Servia.[1] The reign of Prince Michael was brought to a sudden and painful close by his assassination, in June, 1868. More painful still it is to record that Alexander Kara Georgevitch was convicted by the Austrian courts of complicity in this great crime, for which he and his posterity have been justly declared forever excluded from the Servian throne.

Prince Michael was succeeded by his nephew, Milan, then a boy only fourteen years of age, and who, until August, 1872, when he came of age,[2] remained under

councils of Europe when her own interests, or even existence, were at stake. A nation of a million and a half unarmed peasants might be disposed of with as little regard to their interests as if they were so many sheep; but a nation that could summon to its standard one hundred thousand armed men, . . . with two hundred rifled artillery, . . . would, as the Prince judged, be listened to. All these ambitious projects were realized, and Servia was placed, by the determination, self-sacrifice, and energy of Prince Michael, in a better position than she had ever been since the fatal field of Kossovo in 1389."—British Quarterly Review, in Littell, April 22, 1876, p. 201.

[1] Forsyth, p. 63.

[2] At eighteen.

the tutelage of a regency. When the late disastrous war with Turkey broke out, in the summer of 1876, Prince Milan was but twenty-one years of age. That an inexperienced youth should have proved himself unequal to the tremendous burden thus so suddenly thrown upon him need not excite our wonder. In the opinion of those best qualified to judge, the young Prince is beginning to show himself master of the extremely difficult position in which he is placed, and to give promise of the same ability and force of character which characterized his predecessor.[1]

Belgrade, now the unfettered capital of Servia, although beautifully located and strongly fortified, is but a small metropolis, containing a population of something less than thirty thousand souls. The peninsular fortress juts out into the river exactly against the point of land which divides the Danube from the Save. From the fortress runs back the street or esplanade, which, during the Turkish occupation, divided the Moslem half of the city from that occupied by the Christians. The Christian quarter sloped upwards to the Save; the Moslem quarter lay to the east upon the Danube. The city presents a very quaint and motley aspect. It is not well paved or lighted; and fine old mansions built by the Germans in the days of Prince Eugene and earlier, are intermingled with ricketty structures of Turkish architecture, the cheap and humble dwellings of the poor, and the ambitious but unfinished edifices and squares of the government and magnates of the present day. Here are

[1] Eastern Correspondence London Times, in "The Mail," April 26, 1876.

the palace of the Prince and the offices of government, and here the Servian Skûpschina holds its sessions.

The changes which have taken place in the constitution and character of the Skûpschina are an excellent index to the political progress of the principality. Formerly, the Servian Skûpschina was convened only at the pleasure of the Prince, who summoned individually such men as he pleased from the several districts. When in session, the functions of the assembly were wholly limited to accepting or rejecting such measures as the Prince laid before it. With such a diet, or parliament, the Servians soon became dissatisfied; and, as early as 1848, an organic law was enacted intended to make the Skûpschina a truly representative and legislative assembly. During the lifetime of Prince Michael, however, and under the regency, this law was little regarded, and things continued much as they had been before.

But the time at length came when the voice of the nation could be no longer unheeded, and in 1873 the proposed changes were carried into effect. The Skûpschina is now a true legislature, clothed with formidable powers. It is composed of one hundred and thirty-four members, of which one hundred and one are chosen at a popular election, one member for every two thousand voters, while the remaining thirty-three are still named by the government. All male citizens twenty-one years of age, paying taxes, and not servants or Gypsies, are allowed to vote.[1]

[1] Forsyth, p. 65. There are about 25,000 Gypsies in Servia, who are, in the main, industrious and useful citizens. They fought bravely in the war of the Revolution, are mostly settled, and employed as smiths, farriers, dealers in live stock, &c.

The Skûpschina thus constituted soon became fully conscious of its power, and began to wage a relentless warfare upon the army of placemen and employés, which, under the regency, had filled the country and exhausted the resources of the government. In the autumn of 1875, the Skûpschina is described as made up mostly of village Kmetes and landed proprietors, plainly dressed, most of them, in their native costume, fine looking and well meaning men, though inexperienced, and sometimes inclined to overstep the proper limits of their authority.[1] The Senate is now a kind of Council of State, consisting of one member summoned by the Prince from each *nahia*, or department. The population of the principality in 1872 was estimated at one million and one hundred thousand.

There are few great landholders in Servia. The peasants are the owners of the lands they till, and in no other country in the world, perhaps, is there a nearer approach to social equality. As the result of this democratic equality, the Servians are strongly conservative, slow to adopt even improvements and reforms. Capital has accumulated slowly, and the most needed public works have been sadly neglected. Railroads there are none, and highways and bridges are too often wanting. In devotion to popular education, however, the Servians have shown a commendable zeal. According to a statement taken apparently from official sources, in 1871 there were in Servia four hundred and eighty-four primary schools, with six hundred and five teachers and twenty-five thousand two hundred and seventy scholars. There

[1] "The Mail," Nov. 5, 1875.

are also ten schools of a higher order, and three dignified with the name of university. It is said also that since 1869 libraries have been established in connection with every primary school, and that at the end of two years the number of volumes in connection with these libraries was eighteen thousand. Among the schools there were forty-seven for girls, with sixty-four female teachers and nearly three thousand scholars.

The religious wants of the Servian people are now far better supplied than they were under the Turks, or in the early days of their freedom. Neat whitewashed churches adorn the villages, in which, on Sundays and feast days, the people assemble in reverent multitudes to participate in the ancient services of their Church. And although these services are in the old Slavonic, the language of Cyril and Methodius, this is not so far a dead language that it is not easily and fully understood by the people, who join in their grand old hymns with a power and fervor which fill the traveler from the West with delighted surprise.[1]

At the present time the Servian people are exciting a very deep interest among the older communities of the West. There is in them not alone the weakness, the inexperience, and the ignorance, but also the simplicity, the freshness, the exuberant vigor, and the brilliant promise of early youth. They stand, in the long course of their social development, where the English people stood four hundred years ago. They are a people whose career is yet to be run, whose work in the world is yet to be done; and as we reflect upon the many interesting and excel-

[1] Paton, p. 70.

lent qualities which they display, we cannot doubt that, in the not distant future, they have some great part to play in those magnificent regions, so long blighted by the barbarian tyranny of the Turk.

CHAPTER VII.

STARA SERVIA, HERZEGOVINA, AND BOSNIA—THE MORLAKS, THE USCOCS, AND THE MIRIDITES.

STARA SERVIA, or Old Servia, is a term used by the Servians to denote that part of the old Servian territory which formed the central seat of the Empire of Stephen Dushan, not including the ancient Zupania of Zenta. It lies on both sides of the Balkan ridge, though the name is usually applied in a more restricted sense to the district still under Turkish dominion south of the Balkans and east of old Zenta. In this sense, the sense in which we are now to consider it, the heart of Stara Servia is the splendid plain of the Metochia, in north-eastern Albania. In this beautiful plain were Prizren, the Servian czarigrad, or capital; Ipek, the seat of the Servian Patriarch; and, midway between these two cities, the famous church of Détchani, the most magnificent of all the Servian ecclesiastical edifices. In this plain, which was called the garden of Servia, most of the higher nobility had their residence. It thus contained a great part of whatever wealth, refinement, and magnificence the Servian Empire could boast.[1]

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, chap. xiii.

When this district surrendered to the Turks, it was upon terms which seemed very liberal. The nobles were to retain their position as vassals of the Sultan, and the people were to enjoy full religious freedom, upon payment of the stipulated tribute. But no sooner was the Turkish power firmly established, than this mild, paternal government was changed to the most terrible oppression. The noble families were exterminated, Christian children were carried off, the girls to Turkish harems and the boys to the janizaries, and the Christians as a class were crushed into unarmed and helpless rayahs.

But at length the tide of Turkish conquest turned; and the Austrians, having cleared their own territories of Moslem invaders, called upon the Servians to join with them in driving the Turks back to Constantinople. The Servians rallied at this call, and in 1689 the Austrian generals crossed the Save. But the campaign was a failure; the Austrians were driven back, and the unhappy Servians were left to feel the full terrors of Turkish vengeance. Arsenius Tzernoievitch, the Servian Patriarch at this time, a man of great energy and patriotism, had taken a prominent part in rousing his countrymen to arms. Too deeply compromised to remain under Turkish rule, and despairing of his native land, at the invitation of the Austrian government he migrated, in 1690, at the head of thirty-seven thousand Servian families, across the Austrian frontier. As already related, these emigrants were settled as a military colony to guard the frontiers of Christendom against the Turks—a duty which they have ever since performed, forming an invaluable nursery for the Austrian armies.

But these exiles have not forgotten their native land. The patriotic flame burns as brightly as ever in their bosoms, and their eyes are still turned in constant longing to the home of their fathers. Should the Turk be driven from Stara Servia, many of them, without doubt, would at once return thither. Significant of this strong attachment to their fatherland is the fact that they have consecrated the mountainous peninsula of the Frusca Gora, between the Danube and the Save, to these patriotic memories. Here the exiles built churches, named after those which they had left behind, and in one of them they deposited the remains of their last sovereign, the Tzar Lazar. "The day of the battle of Kossovo is observed as the Tzar's anniversary. On it, thousands of people make pilgrimages to his shrine, crowding around the open coffin wherein he lies, robed in the garments in which he fought and fell." [1]

This great migration left Stara Servia almost depopulated. The place of the departed Servians was gradually filled by truculent, mercenary Albanians, who mostly turned Mohammedans, and who, although they hate and defy the Turks, sadly tyrannize over their unarmed Servian neighbors. To make the matter worse, the Servians of this region, since the abolition of the Servian Patri-

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 249. "The mummy of the canonized Knez Lazar is to be seen to this day. I made a pilgrimage, some years ago, to Vrdnik, a retired monastery in the Frusca Gora, where his mummy is preserved with the most religious care, in the church, exposed to the atmosphere. It is, of course, shrunk, shriveled, and of a dark brown color, bedecked with an antique embroidered mantle, said to be the same worn at the battle of Kossovo. The fingers are covered with the most costly rings, no doubt since added."—Paton, p. 227.

archate, have had the tyranny of Greek bishops added to that of the Turks and Albanians. Still, their present is not devoid of consolation, nor their future of hope. The grand old churches of their fathers still exist among them, they still cherish the memories of their ancient glory, and know that the day cannot be far distant when the yoke of the Turk shall be broken from their necks. Over the border, but a few hours distant, their brethren of Servia and Montenegro are already free; and the Albanians themselves would, many of them, be ready to welcome a Servian force, and to make common cause with them in expelling the Turks.

BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA, since the Turkish conquest, have usually formed a single vilayet, or province, Herzegovina being simply a sandjak under the Vizier of Bosnia.[1] The population of the two districts is similar in race and character, and their political and social condition is, and under the Turks has always been, very

[1] In 1844, Sir Gardner Wilkinson found the Pasha of Mostar, as a reward for distinguished services, bearing the title of Vizier, and governing Herzegovina with a jurisdiction independent of the Vizier of Bosnia.—Dalmatia and Montenegro, ii. 72. Since the breaking out of the insurrection, this division of the province has been renewed. Ali Rizvan Begovitch, the host of Sir Gardner Wilkinson in 1844, was a Moslem of Servian blood, and one of the hereditary Kapetans, or Barons, who divided among them almost the whole of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Under the Vizier of Bosnia, Ali Rizvan held the impregnable fortress of Stolatz. In the great rebellion of 1828–32, Ali Rizvan stood firmly for the Porte. *Arming his rayahs*, who fought bravely under his banner, he successfully held his ground. As his reward, he was named Vizier of Herzegovina It was the arming of the Christians in this long and desperate struggle which prepared the way for the present insurrection.—See Ranke, pp. 345–48.

nearly the same. After some preliminary observations upon Herzegovina, therefore, the two may be most conveniently spoken of together as the Vilayet of Bosnia.

Herzegovina, divided from Bosnia proper by a low range of mountains, is the Turkish pashalik, lying northwest from Montenegro, and bordering on Austrian Dalmatia. Excepting the small corner district of Turkish Croatia, it is the westernmost region of the Ottoman dominions in Europe. The name is derived from the title of "Herzog," or Duke, given by Tuartko, King of Bosnia, to the governor of the province in 1358.[1] The pashalik consists of the extensive and fruitful valley of the Narenta, with the adjacent highlands and mountains. The Narenta is a large and navigable river; and in the ninth century the Servian tribes upon its upper waters, issuing from its mouth in their light vessels, proved themselves formidable pirates. The Narentines of those days were long the terror of the Adriatic, and were not afraid to match their strength with the naval forces of Venice.[2] Among the mountains of Herzegovina there are some districts which have never been effectually subdued by the Turks; but which, strong in their natural defences, and in the arms of a warlike population, have always preserved a condition of semi-freedom and independence, protected by the *berats* of successive Sultans.[3]

The religious history of Herzegovina and Bosnia is very interesting. In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, a large part, sometimes a controlling majority of the people of these regions, were the Protestants of

[1] Wilkinson ii. 96. [2] Id., ii. 11. [3] Ranke, p. 359.

the East. A branch of the great Paulician sect,[1] which in those times, under the names of Patereni, Cathari, Waldenses, and Albigenses, spread itself so widely in Europe, became very numerous among all the South Slavonic peoples. These Slavonian Paulicians were called Bogomili, from the two Slavonian words, *Bog*, God, and *milai*, have mercy.[2] Of the social and intellectual life of these Slavonian Protestants of the Middle Ages but little is known. They were rude and ignorant, and sometimes retaliated upon their adversaries the cruelties too often suffered at their hands. But in the earnestness and consistency of their protest against the corruptions which filled the churches of both the East and the West, they were hardly behind the reformers of a later day.[3] Pursued with anathemas and excommunication by the Popes, and often persecuted by the Hungarian and Bosnian Kings, the Bogomili still flourished, and were able to hold their ground until the Turkish conquest. After that great catastrophe they disappear from history, and are heard of no more.

The Christians of the western districts of the old Vilayet of Bosnia are now divided between the Greek and Papal Churches;[4] the Catholics being chiefly found in Turkish Croatia, and in Herzegovina upon the right or western bank of the Narenta. The Catholics of Herzegovina are under the rule of monks of the Order of St. Francis, and have kept aloof from the present insurrection.

[1] See above, Part I. chap. iv. [2] Wilkinson, ii. 98. [3] Id., ii. 104–5.

[4] Their numbers are estimated at 576,756 of the Greek faith, and 185,503 Catholics —Forsyth, p. 86.

Long before the Turkish conquest the Venetians had established themselves upon the Dalmatian coast, and Herzegovina was, for many generations, the scene of a petty but constant warfare between the Republic and its Moslem neighbors. Of these affairs full and minute accounts were sent home by the Venetian agents, which are still in existence, and some of which have been given to the world. The reader will find long extracts from these old documents in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's admirable work,[1] which he will peruse, probably, with as much surprise as instruction. They are not at all the dry, formal, heartless communications which we might expect from a secret agent of the Venetian Senate. On the contrary, they are full to overflowing of life and incident, and even of kind and generous feeling. They present, perhaps, the most vivid and graphic, and at the same time truthful portraiture of the life and character of the Turks as they appeared to their neighbors in the golden age of Ottoman power, which is now in existence. They show that in the Turks of those times, with a great deal of overbearing insolence, of lawlessness and violence, there was also much of manly dignity, of chivalrous honor, of conscientious morality, and of kindness and humanity. "I relate these circumstances," says one of these agents, "that your Excellencies may perceive on what terms we are with the Turks; and it may be truly affirmed that no nation are all evil alike; seeing how some of them are without conscience, laws, or honor, while others are true and loyal cavaliers; who if they pledge their faith, keep it as honestly as if they were of our own holy relig-

[1] Vol ii. chap. ix.

ion; an instance whereof your Excellency may have heard by the mouth of the Honorable Supercargo Malipiers, of the Chersonese galley, touching that good and upright Turk Belusso.

"It so happened that Alet, the son of the Dasdar, ran off to Clissa with a daughter of Gaspar Tonielli; . . . and grief brought the poor father well nigh to death's door; which, coming to the ears of Belusso, who had often had dealings with him in the way of business, he went to the Dasdar, and told him how his son had carried away the girl, which is a crime prohibited by the Koran and their Prophet Mahomet. Whereupon the old father, being a strict follower of their law, summoned his son, and insisted on his restoring the damsel forthwith; and accordingly she was given up to the charge of Belusso, with all tenderness and respect. Gaspar, weeping, flung his arms round Belusso, and swore that he looked on him as his brother, and should never cease to bear witness and proclaim, to the very ends of the world, where he might wander, even to those far lands first beholden by the Spaniards, the generous compassion shown by a Turkish noble heart to an enemy in affliction and disgrace. And he would have continued to bewail the dishonor of his family, had not Belusso stopped him, . . . promising that in six days he would bring back from Alet a declaration, written and subscribed in due form, that Maddelena had in nowise wronged her family, and might walk with an unsullied brow in the light of the sun. . . . He was as good as his word; and in the space of five days returned with the certificate, solemnly attested and signed, according to his promise." [1]

[1] Wilkinson, ii. 342.

The soil of Herzegovina is less rich than that of Bosnia and Servia, its scenery is less beautiful and picturesque. Yet it is a fine and fruitful country, full of minerals, and in its navigable river, and its proximity to the Adriatic, enjoying every opportunity for great prosperity and rapid development. But, like every other province of the Turkish Empire, it is remarkable only for the miserable wasting of the riches which nature has lavished upon it. Its resources are undeveloped, its mineral wealth is almost wholly neglected, its rich lowlands are undrained and filled with deadly malaria, its fertile hillsides are either half tilled or wholly uncultivated, and everywhere among its sparse and scanty population there is seen only poverty and wretchedness, where there ought to be wealth, comfort, and steadily advancing prosperity.

Bosnia proper, like Servia, only to a far greater extent, is largely a magnificent wilderness. Save in their splendid and ever-varying scenery, and their exuberant fruitfulness, these wild barbarian regions present little that is attractive to the Western eye. So far as the handiwork of unaided, unobstructed nature is concerned, they are indeed most beautiful. In the words of Prof. Ranke, "The richest vegetation is produced spontaneously by nature, and comes forth and fades away, year after year, unnoticed and unused. No eye enjoys its beauty, no botanist has described its flora. In many cases the richest pastures have no owners. The mountain heights are crowned with large trees, of which stately ships and tall masts might be made; for there is no want of rivers to float the timber down to the coast; but no one thinks of turning these natural advantages to account. It is left to

nature, in her own appointed periods, to consume what she has produced." [1]

When we turn from the realm of nature to that of man, we find a prospect altogether repugnant to the cultivated mind. Society is rude, barbarous, chaotic. The old mediæval order of things, changed but not destroyed by the Turkish conquest, has been overturned. The new order of things is yet in its incipient stage, and, to the casual observer, gives little promise of that which, without doubt, it is in due time destined to become. It is not until we look forward to the future, and consider the position which the people of these provinces, who are now gradually emancipating themselves from the terrible effects of long centuries of oppression, and slowly rising into a new social and political life, are destined to hold in that great Slavonic state which must one day form itself in the magnificent region lying between the Danube and the Kingdom of Greece, that we see the importance of the movements now going on in these regions, and learn to look at them with the interest which they deserve.

In considering these movements, we may now enlarge the limits of Bosnia, and regard it as co-extensive with the old vilayet of that name, including Turkish Croatia and Herzegovina, with its four or five subordinate pashaliks, its Vizier residing at Travnik, but looking upon the important city of Seraivo, or Bosna-Serai, as its provincial capital.

As has been already observed,[2] the Servian nobles were properly an aristocracy of officials, without great

[1] Servia and Bosnia, p. 313. [2] See above, chap. iii.

landed estates. But in these north-western regions, Hungarian and German influences had essentially modified the original structure of Servian society. The nobles became landed proprietors, with a position much more nearly resembling that of the barons of Western Europe. At the Turkish conquest, these Bosnian (or more properly, *Bosniac)* nobles, to save their estates and their power, turned Mohammedans, and became Turkish Begs or Aghas.[1] Under the Sultans, they thus formed a turbulent aristocracy, a confederacy or oligarchy of nobles almost independent of the Turks, and far more powerful than before. Their castles formed the centres of life and activity in their several districts, and under their local and hereditary rule, even their Christian subjects enjoyed some measure of protection and prosperity. Bosnia was one of the rudest and most backward districts of the Servian Empire. It had but few churches or monasteries; and this imperfect establishment of the Servian Church among them was probably one reason why the Bosnians proved so ready to abandon their religion.

In the good old times, these Bosnian nobles, or Kapetans, of whom there were forty-eight in the Vizierat,[2] lived in rude and warlike independence, much like the great barons of France and Germany in the twelfth century. They were all of Slavonic blood, still retained their Slavonic language, customs, and names, hated the Turks, and despised the officials of the Sultan. A Vizier, who was not a native of the vilayet, was appointed by the Porte, but was able to exercise little more than a rom-

[1] Ranke, p. 317. [2] Ranke, p. 318

inal authority. The nobles went on fighting with one another, or with him, very much as they pleased. They would not suffer the Vizier to live, nor to remain for more than one night, in Seraivo, their capital, but compelled him to hold his official residence at Travnik.

Thus things went on until, in the first quarter of the present century, Sultan Mahmoud entered upon his great project of "reform." Against the sweeping changes then undertaken, the Bosnian nobles of course arrayed themselves in deadly hostility. They had no idea of sinking into mere tools and helpless servants of the official slaves of the capital. Their neighbor, Mustapha Pasha of Scutari, expressed the feeling and determination of every one of them, when he declared that he would serve the Sultan with the same firelock and in the same manner as his fathers had before him, and no other.[1] The great struggle then begun, between the central government at Constantinople and the Bosnian nobles, has occasioned the great and radical change in the condition of the whole vilayet, which has taken place within the past fifty years, and of which, in the late insurrection, we see "the beginning of the end."

About the year 1815, Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon a great effort to subdue the refractory nobles of Bosnia.[2] The conflict then inaugurated continued until long after the death of Mahmoud, in 1839, and was only ended by the vigorous measures of the famous Omer Pasha in 1851.

The tedious history of this long struggle we have no occasion to follow. Sometimes an able and crafty Vizier

[1] Ranke, p. 337. [2] Ranke, p. 322.

would succeed in reducing the nobles to temporary submission; then they would rally, and, gathering a strong military force, drive the representative of the Sultan from the country. The fatal weakness of the Bosnian nobles, as of all the local magistrates of the Empire so ruthlessly crushed by Sultan Mahmoud, was in their divided interests, and their lack of unanimity and cohesion. By intrigue and bribery, the subtle Viziers, always perfect masters in the arts of duplicity and cunning, were able to break up their most powerful combinations, to defeat their best laid plans. In 1831, the famous Mustapha Pasha of Scutari[1] (Scodra Pasha, as the Turks called him), at the head of forty thousand men, and with the whole force of the Bosnian nobles at his back, started on what seemed sure to prove a triumphant and almost unresisted march upon Constantinople. It was universally believed that the city would fall, that Mahmoud would be dethroned. But Reschid Pasha, the able and crafty Grand Vizier, proved equal to the emergency. The Bosnians were bought off by large and specious promises; the officers of Mustapha were corrupted, and his whole army was filled with traitors to his cause. As the result, this mighty and threatening movement came to nothing. Reschid Pasha laid siege to Scutari, the city was taken and subjected to horrible cruelties, Mustapha Pasha himself was captured and exiled, and the ancient reign of the Bushatlia was brought to an end.[2]

But this long conflict, thus going on with ever-varying success, was steadily working out the emancipation of

[1] The Slavonian "Turk" who was defeated by Marco Bozzaris.

[2] Ranke, pp. 340–44.

the Rayahs. On the one hand, it was an essential feature of the new policy of "reform" to raise the Christians of the Empire more nearly to the level of their Moslem neighbors. The government thus appealed to them strongly to take its part in its struggle with their tyrannical lords. The nobles, on the other hand, appealed to them in self-defence, and armed them in their own service. Thus, through this intestine conflict of their enemies, the long oppressed Christians of these provinces were gradually taught to feel their power, and to stand up for the defence of their own rights.

At length, about the year 1845, the able and energetic Tahir Pasha was sent to Bosnia, commissioned entirely to crush out the old refractory spirit. The new Vizier entered upon his work with a display of justice and liberality rarely seen in a Turk, and with such vigor and wisdom that, in the course of a few years, he achieved a complete success.[1] The Rayahs learned to regard him as their guardian angel. He abolished every kind of forced labor, and reduced all their numberless exactions to a single tax, which was never to exceed a third of the crop, and which was to be fixed, not by the Moslem landlords, but by the elders of each village. On the other hand, he applied the bastinado without mercy to the haughty Spahis and other petty tyrants who resisted the Sultan's commands.

Things were in this condition when the revolutions of 1848 broke out, followed by the Hungarian war. These events acted upon the troubled elements of Bosnian society like fire upon a magazine of powder.[1] The whole

[1] Servia and Bosnia, p. 377. [1] Id., p. 378.

Bosnian race, Moslem and Christian alike, seemed all at once to remember its unity and its common blood. With high enthusiasm, and a vehement energy of purpose, the Slavonians of both religions in these regions determined to throw off the Turkish yoke and establish their independence. Tahir Pasha saw at once the hopelessness of endeavoring to resist a movement like this. At his suggestion the Porte consented to treat with the leaders of the insurrection, and, in 1849, a kind of Slavic congress was convened at Travnik. No sooner, however, was this congress assembled, than it appeared how impossible it was for Moslems and Christians to act together with common sympathies and a common purpose. To make the matter worse, the Bosnians found themselves without allies. Neither the Servians, nor their neighbors of Scutari, nor the Montenegrins, would make common cause with them. Seeing this state of things, the Porte ordered Tahir to dismiss the congress, and stand on the defensive. This, however, was more than he could do. The deputies dismissed the Vizier, and scattered to fan the flames of war in their several districts.

But the task to which Tahir thus found himself unequal was speedily and effectually accomplished by the rapid movements and energetic measures of Omer Pasha in 1850 and 1851.[1] Appearing suddenly in the heart of the country, and leaving strong bodies of insurgents unnoticed behind him, he proclaimed the absolute equality before the law of all classes of the people, broke by a few decisive blows both the power and the spirit of the rebellion, and hunted down the more

[1] Id., pp. 387–90.

stubborn and rebellious of the nobles in their mountain fastnesses like wild beasts. Travnik was abandoned as the residence of the Vizier; Omer Pasha, now Roumeli-Valesi, established himself triumphantly in Seraivo, and "order reigned" in Bosnia.

Thus, the new order of things, and one with which, for the time at least, the Rayahs had good reason to be satisfied, was firmly and finally established. The old nobles have never recovered their power or their social influence. Still the oppressive landlords of the Rayahs, they are almost as helpless and as poor. They are excluded from office, their castles are crumbling to ruin, their haughty spirit and fiery courage are gone, they are debased, ignorant, and corrupt.[1]

As soon as Omer Pasha had made himself master of the country, he convened all the Turkish officials at Travnik, and read in their hearing the new firmans by which Moslems and Christians alike were from that time to be subject to the same taxes and the same military conscription. At the same time he displayed all possible clemency, kept his soldiers under steady discipline, went about the country explaining and enforcing the new regulations. If there were any such thing as order, or efficiency, or consistent practical statesmanship about the Turkish government, these changes would have permanently benefited the Bosnian Christians. But no such result has followed. Here, as in Asia Minor, the destruction of the local nobility has only wrought the ruin

[1] Forsyth, p. 82. They are showing by their present conflict with the Austrians (September, 1878) that something of their old spirit and courage still remains.

of the country. Like all Turkish "reforms," the change in Bosnia left the state of society worse than before. A swarm of officials, constantly changed, drained the life-blood of the people, and the unhappy Rayahs soon found that, to them, the only result of the revolution had been to impose upon them two sets of profligate and rapacious tyrants, when before they had had but one. It long ago became clear that to these oppressed Slavonians there is but one door of escape from the terrible bondage under which they groan; and that this door is the one through which the Servians have already passed to freedom and prosperity.

In natural endowments, the Bosnians are a very superior race. In the days of Ottoman greatness and military supremacy, the Bosnian cavaliers, tall and athletic, full of vigor and martial fire, were the glory of the Turkish armies. In the midst of the poverty, the wretchedness, the complete demoralization of Bosnian society at the present time, these natural characteristics of the race are still preserved, the certain promise of better things to come.

The great obstacle to the speedy and complete emancipation of the Slavonians of these provinces is found in the fact that more than one-third of their number,[1] embracing all the Begs, Aghas, and Spahis, all the landlords and local aristocracy and gentry, of whatever name, are Mohammedans. For centuries the Bosnian Moslems have been exceedingly zealous, and even fanatical in

[1] The population of the old Vilayet of Bosnia is given at 1,216,856, divided as follows: Mohammedans, 442,050; Christians, 762,259; Jews, 3,000; Gypsies, 9,537.—Forsyth, p. 86.

their religion. Yet, for all this, their apostate faith has never struck deep root in the national mind, and is, without doubt, destined at no distant day to pass away. Their seeming devotion has had its chief support, not so much in any depth of conviction as in a feeling of aristocratic pride. "By this craft we have our wealth." The Bosnian "Turks" have always remained as true Slavonians as their Christian brethren; and, more than this, have all the while retained a secret reverence for the religion of their fathers—a secret feeling that that religion was again to become the common faith of their race. It is said that a Bosnian Beg has sometimes taken a Christian priest with him to the cemetery, in the darkness of the night, that he might bless the graves of his ancestors and pray for their souls.[1] With all its fanaticism the Mohammedanism of the Bosnians is but a superficial faith, which the progress of liberal ideas and of the Christian influences of the West will ere long banish from the land. The Bosnian nobles and landlords are bitterly hated by their own rayahs, whom they grievously oppress; but they in turn hate the Turks, while they are on very good terms with their Slavic kindred both north and south of the Austrian frontier.[2] If the Turkish yoke were once effectually broken, they would probably have little difficulty in accepting the new order of things.

It remains to give some brief account of two classes of Slavonians, whose names are frequently met with in the history of these regions for the past three hundred years—the Morlaks, or Morlacchi, and the Uscocs.

The Morlaks, at the present time, form a large propor-

[1] Ranke, p 317. [2] See Mackenzie and Irby, pp. 290-93.

tion of the peasant population of Austrian Dalmatia.[1] They were originally Slavonian shepherds upon the hills of Bosnia and Croatia; but steadily retiring as the Turks overran the country, they finally took refuge upon the seacoast in the territories of Venice. The hospitality thus shown them they royally repaid. They continued to serve the proud and selfish Republic with intrepid valor and loyal devotion, until, in 1797, amid their tears and bitter grief, the Lion of St. Mark was humbled at the feet of Napoleon. Although they are Roman Catholics in religion, and have now lived for more than three hundred years under powerful Italian influences, the Morlaks still retain the language, the customs, and the manner of life of their ancestors upon the Bosnian hills. In the service of Venice they learned to love the sea, and they now furnish most of the seamen for the Austrian navy. Their houses are mere comfortless cabins, and they are poor, ignorant, and rude; but, like all the South Slavonic peoples, they are hardy and athletic, simple-hearted, earnest, and loyal, well worthy of the better fortunes which await them in years to come.

The Uscocs,[2] for a hundred years the terror of the upper Adriatic, are now little more than the memory of wild exploits and evil times long since passed away. They were originally a body of Slavonian fugitives from Turkish oppression, who, about the year 1520, taking possession of Clissa, a strong fortress some ten miles inland from the Venetian town of Spalato, carried on a vigorous partisan war with the Turks. Clissa soon fell

[1] Wilkinson, ii. 152–80, 293–6.

[2] Wilkinson, 384, 430. The name Uscocs signifies *fugitives*.

into the hands of the Turks, when the Uscocs moved up the coast one hundred and twenty miles to the Austrian town of Segna, upon the intricate interior passages of the Gulf of Carnero. Secure in this retreat, partly from its inaccessible situation and partly from the apathy, the inefficiency, or the connivance of the German and Austrian authorities, they maintained themselves a nest of daring and terrible pirates and freebooters for almost a century. The most desperate spirits from every part of Europe were drawn to their ranks, and in a body of them who were taken and executed in 1618, there were nine Englishmen, five of whom were of the rank of gentlemen. At length the general outcry of Europe compelled the imperial government to interfere, and about the year 1625 the Uscocs were scattered and their piracies brought to an end. Most of them were removed to inland settlements in the neighborhood of Carlstadt. Some of them, it would seem, found refuge among the mountains of Montenegro, where their descendants have never ceased to carry on the old war with the Turks. We have lately read of bands of Uscocs from the borders of Montenegro among the insurgents in Herzegovina.

There is one other name which has frequently appeared during the past two years in the military reports from the neighborhood of Lake Scutari—the Miridites. The Miridites are a wild and lawless clan of Papal Christian Albanians, inhabiting the mountainous district, a vast natural fortress, lying south-east from Scutari, and inclosed by the great horseshoe bend of the Drina River. Their capital is the town or village of Oroschi. They number about twenty thousand souls, with six or seven

thousand fighting men. In the late war the Miridites and Montenegrins made common cause in fighting the Turks, although, owing to their difference of faith, they have not usually been on friendly terms. Bib Doda, the hereditary Prenk or Chief of the Miridites, had been detained for eight years at Constantinople, and did not show himself a man of much courage or ability.[1]

[1] For an account of the Miridites, with a map of their country, see London Mail (tri-weekly edition of the London Times), April 16 and 23, 1877.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MODERN BULGARIANS.

THE Bulgarians are the most numerous of all the Christian peoples at present within the limits of the Turkish Empire. Including the Mohammedans, who are perhaps a third of the whole, the Bulgarian nation numbers about four and a half millions of souls. Mingled with the Bulgarians are many Mohammedans of other races. Considerable Turkish colonies were settled in the principal towns; great numbers of Nogai Tartars have fixed themselves in the low-lying districts adjoining the Black Sea; and of late years the Turkish government has endeavored, though not very successfully, to form upon the Servian border a kind of military frontier of Circassian settlers.

There is a broad separation between the Turks in Bulgaria and the Mohammedan Bulgarians. The latter detest the former, and are mostly settled in the country, the majority of them, probably (excepting certain tribes of Moslem Bulgarians to be hereafter mentioned), as Spahis. They are called *Pomaks;* and this appellation, which seems to signify *allies*, indicates their origin. They are the descendants of Christian soldiers in the service of the Porte, who, to save themselves from being degraded into unarmed *rayahs*, abandoned their faith. Mr. Urquhart

speaks of two powerful tribes of Moslem Bulgarians; one the Tulemans of Macedonia, found in the mountains of Rhodope (Despoto Dagh) above Kavalla; the other, the Pomaks north of the Balkans. In the latter he seems to include the Spahis of Northern Bulgaria, already mentioned. These tribes seem to have served long in the Turkish armies as Christian allies, and finally to have gone over to Islam in a body. They are spoken of as being physically a very fine set of men, brave soldiers, excellent horsemen, and able to furnish from their own numbers an army of forty or fifty thousand men. But they retain their own language and industry, are very jealous of the Turks, have long been disinclined to engage in the Turkish military service, and will tolerate no armed force but their own within their territory.[1]

If by the term Bulgaria we mean the territory actually occupied by the Bulgarian people, we can by no means restrict the southern boundary to the chain of the Balkans. The districts to the south of these mountains are as truly Bulgarian as those to the north. Leaving out the Thracian peninsula, or the district east of a line drawn from Burgas on the Black Sea to the mouth of the Maritza, and a narrow strip of seacoast,[2] the Bulgarian districts embrace all the rest of Eastern Turkey in Europe, almost to the borders of Thessaly. Mackenzie and Irby observe that the old Roman Via Egnatia, running from Salonika to Achrida, may be roughly taken as the southern Bulgarian boundary.[3]

[1] Turkey and its Resources, 40–43. See also Mackenzie and Irby, p. 24.

[2] The district thus excluded may be called Greek, but is inhabited by a very mixed population.

[3] Slavonic Provinces, p. 19.

This extensive region is divided by the Balkans and the mountains of Rhodope into three distinct sections. The people of Bulgaria proper, the great province north of the Balkans, have preserved most perfectly their national character and manners. The inhabitants of the central district, the chief town of which is Philibeh, (Philippopolis),[1] are thoroughly Bulgarian in feeling; but their national character had been somewhat modified by Greek influences. This district also has felt, somewhat more than the others, the quickening and elevating influences of civilization. To this district, with the neighboring regions of Macedonia, the missionary operations of the American Board in behalf of the Bulgarians have been mainly confined. The district south of Rhodope has Seres for its capital. The Bulgarians of this province are subject to a powerful Greek influence, and have been less able to resist the tyranny of Greek ecclesiastics. They accordingly appear very dull and listless, and have been far more willing than their brethren further north to listen to the overtures of the Papists. Bulgaria proper, again, has a three-fold division—the country of the Nogai Tartars upon the Black Sea, with its capital at Varna; the valley of the Danube, of which Widdin is the capital; and upper or southern Bulgaria, of which Sophia is the most important place, as it is also the ancient sacred city of the whole Bulgarian race. The whole country of the Bulgarians is sometimes spoken

[1] Now formed into the Province of Eastern Roumelia. The Paulicians, who held Philippopolis eight hundred years ago, and for a long period later, seem now to have disappeared. A hundred years ago a feeble remnant of them were still in existence.

of as the Five Provinces, centering respectively at Widdin, Varna, Sophia, Philibeh, and Seres.[1]

As a people, the Bulgarians are no less interesting and no less promising than their Slavonian kindred of the tribes further west; yet in some respects they are strangely unlike them. To the traveler who knew the Bulgarian race only in the story of their warlike ancestors of a thousand years ago, their present condition and character would be an occasion of the profoundest surprise. The contrast between the primitive and the modern Bulgarians is indeed most remarkable. The former were among the fiercest and most terrible of all the tribes which successively devastated the Empire of Constantinople; the latter are by far the most peaceful, quiet, and almost immovably patient of all the subjects of the Turkish government. This is to be accounted for in part by the thoroughness of their subjugation; but it has in part, also, an ethnical explanation. In the course of ages the bold and warlike Bulgarians have become entirely merged and lost in the mass of their less spirited Slavonian subjects; the Bulgarians are now very much as their quiet, plodding Slavonian ancestors of the same regions were in the fourth and fifth centuries, before the Bulgarian invasion.

The chief characteristic of the Bulgarian is a patient, frugal, plodding industry, which nothing can weary or discourage. "Unlike the Serb, the Bulgarian does not keep his self-respect alive with memories of national glory,

[1] Servia and the Slave Provinces of Turkey, p. 457.

nor even with aspirations of glory to come; on the other hand, no amount of oppression can render him indifferent to his field, his horse, his flower-garden, nor to the scrupulous neatness of his dwelling;" he is "agricultural, stubborn, and slow-tongued, but honest, cleanly, and chaste."[1] The following account of the Bulgarians, their peculiarities, and their manner of life, from the pen of Cyprien Robert, may be received with entire confidence, as it is fully corroborated by the communications of our own missionaries.[2]

"In spite of its numerous mountains, and the snows that lie upon them in winter, Bulgaria is one of the most fertile countries in Europe. The mountains are clothed with humus up to their summits. Between their vertical and cloud-capped peaks lie meadows, the path to which lies through forests of cherry, plum, and walnut trees of majestic foliage, and filbert trees as large as oaks. . . . Struck only by the agricultural activity of the Bulgarian, and forgetting the extortions under which he groans, some English tourists have represented that part of the Empire as an earthly paradise, flowing with milk and honey. The reality is very different. Nothing is more like a group of savages' huts than a *celo*, or Bulgarian village. Always remote from the high road, or from the waste space to which that name is given, and consequently invisible to most travelers, the *celo* usually stands in a meadow along the border of a stream, which serves it for a ditch and natural defence.

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 23.

[2] See especially an able paper by Dr. H. G. O. Dwight, of Constantinople, in the Missionary Herald for October, 1858.

"These villages are very numerous, succeeding each other almost from league to league. Each consists of four or five courts, or groups of houses, separated from each other by grass-grown spaces. The courts, surrounded by a thick hedge, are like so many islands in a sea of verdure. The huts composing one of them are almost always ten or twelve in number, and are either formed of wattles, so as to resemble great baskets, or are sunk in the ground, and covered with a conical roof of thatch, or of branches of trees. Each species of creature has its own separate abode in this ark of the wilderness; there are huts for the poultry, for the sheep, for the pigs, for the oxen, and for the horses; and in the midst the proprietor occupies a cabin which serves him for cellar, granary, kitchen, and bedroom. Little more than the roof of these dark dwellings rises above the ground. You descend into them by a short flight of steps, and the doors are so low that you must stoop as you enter them. Nevertheless, these poor huts are as clean, and as neatly arranged inside, as they can be made by the indefatigable *baba* (Bulgarian housewife), to whom employment is so necessary that she plies her spindle even while cooking or carrying her goods to market. The melancholy stork usually perches upon these conical huts, as upon the chimney of the Polish peasant, standing on his long shanks and brooding over his big nest for whole days, without giving token of his existence by the least movement or the least cry.

"Formidable as were the Bulgarians in early mediæval times, when the ambitious Tartar race occupied the national throne, they are now, perhaps, the least lux-

urious and the most pacific people in Europe. All who know the Bulgarian are unanimous in praise of his peaceful virtues, his good-natured readiness to oblige, his assiduity in labor, and his extreme frugality. He never acts without deliberation, but, once his mind is made up, he displays in all his enterprises a prodigious perseverance, which, seconded by his athletic strength, makes him encounter the greatest dangers coolly and without boasting. Though he is the most oppressed of the five peoples of the peninsula, penury has not made him vile. Still, as of yore, his bearing is manly, his figure tall and commanding, his honor invincible. You may safely intrust to him any sum of money without witnesses; he will carry it safely to its destination. He is accused of trembling before the Turk; he does not tremble, but when all resistance is impossible, he submits in silence like any reasonable man.

"The Bulgarian women are gentle, compassionate, and laborious. The motherly and sisterly care they bestow on the stranger guest in their cabins is really affecting. Their demeanor towards him is marked by the perfect confidence of innocence; for their virtue has no need of the precautions which are elsewhere necessary.[1] . . . They are, next to the Greeks, the handsomest women in European Turkey, and are especially remarkable for the length and luxuriance of their hair, with which they could literally cover themselves as with a garment; it

[1] Their chastity "has from early times attracted respect towards the South Slavonic peoples. Their ancient laws visit social immorality with death, and at present, their opinion, inexorable towards women, does not, like our own, show clemency to men."—Mackenzie and Irby, p. 24.

often sweeps the ground below their feet. The young girls let their tresses flow loosely, and their only head-dress is a wreath of flowers or a single rose. Those whose charms are on the wane adorn themselves with necklaces and bracelets of glass beads, a girdle of copper gilt, or an ugly head-piece in the form of a helmet, festooned with strings of (coins).[1] . . .

"The Bulgarian retains many traits of his Tartar origin, such as the shaven head, with one thick tuft on the crown, which he divides into two tresses. Like the son of the steppes, he is inseparable from his horse. In the country parts every Bulgarian, the poorest not excepted, is mounted, and never goes even a few hundred yards from his cabin except on horseback. . . . His costume is the same as that of his ancestors on the cold plateaus of Northern Asia. His short capote, with or without sleeves, the thick bands with which he swathes his legs, his trowsers, his tunic, his broad belt, are all woolen.

"The frugality of this people is inconceivable, and they enjoy a singular vigor of temperament. A Bulgarian on a journey will live for three weeks on the stock of bread and the bottle of raki he has taken with him, and he will carry home the whole of his earnings without expending a single para. On his caravan expeditions he sometimes indulges the spirit of luxury so far as to add to his provisions some pieces of meat dried slowly in the

[1] These head-dresses of coins are a peculiar and almost universal feature of female attire in all Turkey, from Montenegro to the Persian frontier. They descend as heirlooms from mother to daughter, and are often of great value, containing coins, perhaps of silver or gold, as old or older than Constantinople itself.

sun. . . . At home, the usual diet of the Bulgarian as of the Greek, consists of dairy produce, pulse, olives, and maize bread. His ordinary drink is water, with which he cures all his diseases; wine he reserves for holidays. Such is his indifference to all the comforts of life, that he does not even think of protecting himself in winter from the intense cold, or in summer from the overpowering heat. Families are to be seen sleeping outside their cabins, exposed to the cold winds of the autumn mornings, on the carpets which served them for beds among the flowers of May.

"The simplicity of the Bulgarian's habits exempts him from many of the maladies to which the dominant caste are victims. The plague spares the Bulgarian Christians, who take precautions against it, while it carries off the Mussulman fatalists. Every great plague takes from Turkey nearly a million of inhabitants. That of 1838 was fatal in Bulgaria alone to eighty-six thousand persons, nearly all Turks. . . . The rural Bulgarians, like the Hebrews during the seven plagues of Egypt, enjoyed uninterrupted good health throughout that fatal period. . . . To mark the simplicity of these people, I will only mention one fact. During the first months of my sojourn among them, my answer to their constant question whence I came, was, 'From Frankistan (Europe).' 'You are happy, brother,' they exclaimed, 'there are none but Bulgarians in your country.' 'Bulgarians! I never saw a single one there.' 'What! no Bulgarians in the country of the Franks? And what are you; are you not a Bulgarian?' 'Not at all.' When I said this they hung their heads sadly, and ut-

tered not a word. It was not until after many repetitions of this dialogue I became aware that to their minds the name of Bulgarian is significant of all the Christian nations in contradistinction to those of Islam." [1]

In the lowest and least intelligent class of the Bulgarian peasantry, the national sobriety and patience sinks to an almost ox-like heaviness and stolidity. To this class belong most of the Bulgarian laborers, so numerous in the neighborhood of Constantinople, on both sides of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, employed as farm hands, gardeners, and shepherds. The Bulgarians have always shown a great disposition to emigrate, and colonies of them are found widely scattered in various parts of European Turkey. But wherever they are, they still preserve their language and national peculiarities, and refuse to mix or coalesce with their neighbors.

As already stated, Bulgaria, from its first conquest by the Turks, has remained in a state of complete subjugation. The country was parceled out into spahilics, and the Spahis, living like a local nobility upon their revenues, had their residences upon their estates, being bound in return to obey every summons of the Sultan to the field. The Bulgarians were thus helplessly at the mercy of their Turkish masters, and have been from the first subjected to great oppression and extortion. Their beautiful daughters were seized and carried off, their religious services were broken in upon, their churches were desecrated, and, amid all the exuberant fruitfulness of the soil, the endless exactions of the Spahis and government

[1] Servia and the Slave Provinces of Turkey, pp. 458–62.

officials left but a scanty pittance for the support of their families.

Of the disorders attending the reforming projects of Sultan Selim and the rebellion of the janizaries, Bulgaria proper had more than its full share. In 1792, Pasvan Oglu established himself at Widdin, the capital of the province, of which he was afterwards acknowledged Pasha and Vizier. The career of this great outlaw, rebel, free booter, and champion of the janizaries, has been already alluded to.[1] Bulgaria was at his feet, and was filled by his mercenary plundering soldiery with violence and blood. Sultan Selim was helpless before him, and but for his opportune death in 1800 might have been driven by him from his throne.[2] At the same time bands of Bulgarian heyducs swarmed through all the mountainous districts of the interior, and tyrannized over the whole region of central Bulgaria from Sophia to Adrianople. Between these two sets of plunderers the unhappy people were reduced to the greatest distress.[3] These heyducs, however, were not mere bandits. Like the Greek Klephts, they represented the national sentiment of resistance to Turkish oppression; and when the Greek Revolution broke out, they repaired in great numbers to the camps of the insurgents.

All these early troubles, however, moved this patient, much-enduring people only to some partial, ill-concerted, and fruitless movements. It was not until 1838 that the national spirit became so roused as to explode in a formidable insurrection. But even then the Bulgarians had

[1] See above, chap. v. [2] Upham, i. 308–13.
[3] Servia and the Slave Provinces, p. 488.

neither arms, nor skill, nor able leaders, nor trustworthy allies. The rebellion was easily suppressed and mercilessly punished. After this "order reigned" in Bulgaria until the great revolutionary movements of 1848. These movements, aided by Russian intrigue, excited the popular mind in this province hardly less than in Bosnia, and the Bulgarians once more rose. This insurrection was no more successful than the former had been. It had been crushed, and the vengeful Spahis and mercenaries (bashi bazouks) were already visiting the helpless villages with lust, rapine, and slaughter, when the terrible Omer Pasha, leaving his work of conquest and pacification in Bosnia but half accomplished, "fell among them like a thunderbolt, and all was silence. The Bulgarian ceased to flee, the Spahis to pursue; and what was more, the Russian army of Wallachia halted at the moment it was about to cross the Danube." [1]

Omer Pasha pursued the same policy in Bulgaria which he had already inaugurated in Bosnia. A general amnesty was proclaimed, the complaints of the Christians were listened to, and their most oppressive wrongs were redressed. After this pacification of the province, the condition of the Bulgarians was a little more tolerable; so little, however, that in any other land it would still have been considered unendurable. "Meanwhile a variety of evils pressed on Bulgaria—outbreaks of heyducs, some political outlaws, some highwaymen; influx of Mohammedan Tartars from the Crimea, for whom the Bulgarians were forced to build houses and provide food; emigration of Bulgarians to Russia, succeeded by their destitute

[1] Servia and the Slave Provinces, p. 385.

return; attempt of other Bulgarians to get off to Servia, frustrated by the Turkish authorities; finally, a shoal of bashi bazouks turned loose among the villagers, on pretext of guarding the frontier from the Serbs. In the summer of 1862 we were witnesses to this state of things."[1]

The one great purpose, which, since the quickening of their national life, has inspired the thoughts and the efforts of the Bulgarians, has been emancipation from their long bondage to Greek ecclesiastics. Before the Turkish conquest the Bulgarians had their own national church, at the head of which was a Patriarch, who, although receiving consecration from the Patriarch of Constantinople, was in other respects independent. The Turks permitted this order of things to exist until 1764. It was then brought to an end, and the Bulgarians were subjected to that helpless tool of the Porte, the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. The result was most disastrous. The national language was excluded from everything pertaining to the Church. The Bible and all religious books were printed, the Church service was performed, in Greek. All ecclesiastical posts, above the simple priesthood, were given to Greek extortioners, who, not knowing even the language of the people, and holding their places solely as a means of gain, thought only of squeezing the last *para* from their unhappy flocks.

The patient Bulgarians endured this tyranny as no other Christian people in Turkey would have borne it, yet to escape from it they were engaged for many years in a constant struggle. This long, weary, but at last successful struggle was of a singular and peculiarly Bul-

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 34.

garian character. There was no violence, no outburst of popular fury. It was the passive, but most stubborn display of the steadfast determination of the Bulgarian people that they would not longer submit to Greek ecclesiastics. "Churches were closed in order that the Greek liturgy might not be read therein. When the Greek bishops returned from their revenue gathering progresses, they found their palaces locked, and were conducted beyond the city walls. If they entered a church to officiate, no Bulgarian priest would take part in the service; when they departed, the floor was ostentatiously swept, as if to remove traces of impurity. In Sophia, when a new bishop was expected, men, women and children filled the palace and blocked it up, till, unarmed as they were, they had to be expelled by Turkish soldiers. The bishop then dwelt in isolation, until, on occasion of a burial, he got hold of a Bulgarian priest, and demanded why he did not come to see him. The priest answered that he must stand by his flock; that as it would not acknowledge the bishop, neither could he. Thereupon the priest's beard was shorn, the fez of the dead man was stuck on his head, and he was turned out into the streets as a warning and a sign. Again the unarmed citizens rose, shops were shut, houses evacuated, and thousands of people prepared to leave Sophia. Their elders waited on the Pasha and said, 'Either the Greek bishop must go, or *we*.' The Pasha advised the prelate to withdraw, and as the authorities in Constantinople would not permit the people to elect a new one, Sophia resolved to do without a bishop at all." [1]

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 33.

Unwilling to relinquish so potent an instrumentality of political power, the Turkish authorities long temporized and evaded, making many fair promises, but in reality conceding little or nothing. But the stubborn purpose of the Bulgarians, strongly supported by Russian influences, at last won the day. In 1870 a firman was issued decreeing the essential independence of the Bulgarian Church, under an Exarch of its own choice. In February, 1872, this great reform was carried into effect, and Anthimios, Metropolitan of Widdin, was chosen the first Bulgarian Exarch. In October of the same year, the entire Exarchate was excommunicated by the Greek Synod of Constantinople.

It is now a little more than twenty years since the Bulgarians began to attract the attention and excite the profoundest interest of our American churches. The nation was then just awakening from its long sleep, and beginning to cry earnestly for light and help. The people were everywhere establishing schools, and the Bible, as well as other books, both religious and secular, was eagerly received. The field seemed one of richest promise; and our brethren at Constantinople believed, not without reason, that if it could be at once and effectually occupied, results would be speedily achieved surpassing those which had followed their labors among the Armenians. These hopes and expectations, it is true, have not been fully realized. The old experience among the Greeks has, to some extent, been repeated among the Bulgarians. For, like the Greeks, the Bulgarians have an intense feeling of nationality; and, like them also, they see their only bond of national unity in a firm ad-

herence to their national church. For this reason, our brethren of the Bulgarian mission have had but little success in gathering the people into their congregations, and but few conversions, comparatively, have resulted from their labors. These labors, however, have not been in vain. Through the press, the circulation of the Scriptures, their efforts in the cause of education, and other similar agencies, our missionaries have been able to exert a powerful influence, which is slowly leavening the whole national mind.[1]

The most interesting and hopeful feature in the religious character of the simple-minded Bulgarians is their reverence and love for the Holy Scriptures. This may be owing in part to the powerful influence exerted upon them in early days by the Paulicians, who were settled in their neighborhood before their conversion to Christianity. The first efforts of our missionaries in their behalf was to send colporters among them with the New Testament, which was everywhere eagerly received. So rich and hopeful did the field appear, that the American Board determined at once to occupy it; yet so vast was it, and so urgent in its demands, that the Board felt wholly unable to provide for it throughout its whole extent. Deciding, therefore, to limit its own operations among the Bulgarians to the regions south of the Balkans, the Board sought aid from some other branch of the Church in evangelizing Bulgaria proper.

[1] This fact is gratefully recognized even by the Roman Catholic Bohemians, who feel a deep interest in the welfare of their Southern kindred. See Mackenzie and Irby, Introduction, p. 19. See also an interesting and able letter from Rev. Dr. Wood of Constantinople, in the Missionary Herald for October, 1872, p. 307.

In cordial and hearty response to their invitation, the Missionary Board of the American M. E. Church determined to occupy this field, and to this end in 1857 sent out two missionaries, Messrs. Long[1] and Prettyman, who were soon afterwards joined by a third. In the prosecution of its own part of the work, the American Board sent Mr. Morse to Adrianople, in 1858, and, the next year, Mr. Meriam to Philippopolis (Philibeh), and Mr. Byington to Eski Zagra. Since that time the missionary work among the Bulgarians has been prosecuted steadily, patiently, in the face of great opposition and many difficulties, but with an ever-widening influence, and with results which are becoming constantly richer and more satisfying.

In 1875 the American Board had three stations among the Southern Bulgarians, located at Samokove, Eski Zagra, and Monastir, in Western Macedonia. In connection with the station at Samokove, there was a theological

[1] Rev. A. L. Long, D.D., now professor in Robert College, Constantinople. After this chapter was written, by the kindness of the Secretaries of the M. E. Board of Missions, I received full information in regard to the state of their missionary work in Bulgaria proper. In 1876, the Methodist Mission in Bulgaria was in charge of Rev. F. W. Flocken, Superintendent, whose station was at Rustchuk on the Danube. Rev. D. W. C. Challis was stationed at Sistova on the Danube, and Rev. E. F. Lounsbury at Ternova in the interior. Native circuit preachers were stationed at Loftcha, Lom Palanka, Plevna, Orcharia, Widdin, and Tultcha. At all, or nearly all these stations, small churches and Sunday-schools had been gathered. Three colporters were employed, who, in 1875, disposed by sale of 425 Bibles and parts of the Bible, 1,116 religious books, and 3,702 tracts and pamphlets. There were three schools, and six young men in training for missionary work. Though here, as south of the Balkans, the direct results of missionary labor appeared small, the brethren of the mission seemed full of hope and courage, confident that indirectly their work was yielding abundant fruits.

school, with eleven students; an important female boarding school; three ordained missionaries, with their wives; two unmarried American ladies, employed as teachers; four out-stations; one native pastor, and five licensed preachers. Eski Zagra had three ordained missionaries, with their wives; two helpers; three out-stations, with two organized churches; two native pastors; two licensed preachers, and one teacher. At Monastir were two ordained missionaries, with their wives; one licensed preacher, and one helper. In addition to the work at these three stations, Rev. Elias Riggs, D.D., LL.D., and Rev. T. L. Byington, were engaged at Constantinople in literary labors connected with the mission.

The general aspects of the Bulgarian field, for the past twelve years, are well set forth in the following extracts from a letter to the author of this volume, by Dr. A. L. Long, while in this country ten years ago, superintending the electrotyping of the Bulgarian New Testament:—

"The progress of the Bulgarian people during the last ten years, in general intelligence and public spirit, with all their disadvantages, has been, in my opinion, greater than that of any other of the subjects of the Sultan. Schools have been multiplied, both male and female, until almost every village has its school. Books, newspapers, and periodicals have been published, and very many, who before were unwilling to be known as Bulgarians, now seem proud of their nationality.

"The platform of the Bulgarian party is 'Bulgaria for the Bulgarians;' and they are willing to bide their time for the consummation of their hopes. Their sympathies and affinities with Russia are stronger than with the

Greeks; but they look with distrust upon Russian plans, knowing that their distinct nationality would soon be absorbed by her in the event of her success. A Bulgarian will always, however, call a Russian 'brother,' much more cordially than he can apply that term to a Greek, who has been, perhaps, brought up in the same town with himself. Their controversy with the Greeks is not a Russian scheme, as some English diplomatists have supposed. Russia has never been willing to see the Bulgarians succeed in establishing an independent hierarchy, lest they should depart from orthodoxy, if left to themselves. The fear also of being reproached with heresy, by Russia and other Slavic peoples, has had a powerful influence in keeping the Bulgarians back from any radical reforms.

"Missionary labor among them, although not effecting what was expected, has not been fruitless. My own experience has been, I believe, pretty much that of the brethren with whom it has been my privilege so harmoniously to co-operate. There is an increasing respect paid to the missionaries, and to the word which they preach; and there is a greater readiness to receive evangelical literature. An influence is being acquired over the rising generation which cannot fail of good results. Even if the Bulgarian people should never become a fully Protestant people, I doubt not many will be led into a higher spiritual life, through the Scripture truth which has been circulated, and is being circulated among them."

The Moslem population of Bulgaria proper, as has been the case in every other part of European Turkey, has for a long time been rapidly diminishing. The decrease in

the ten years previous to 1864 was estimated by Lieutenant-Colonel Neale, English Consul in Bulgaria, at one hundred thousand.[1] Since 1864 it is probable that the rate of diminution has increased. The Moslems have been poorer than the Christians, but for this reason only the more inclined to insult and plunder them, in revenge for their own decaying fortunes. Never before, since the pacification of the country by Omer Pasha in 1848, did the Bulgarians suffer such fearful wrongs and outrages as during the year previous to the breaking out of the recent war.

The Bulgarians are as intensely democratic as the Servians or the Greeks, and this fact of itself is an insuperable barrier to any willing union between them and the Russians. On the other hand, they have a strong fellow-feeling towards the Servians, and have long been looking to them for help which, hitherto, they have not been able to afford. What course the Bulgarians would take, if left free to choose for themselves, was unmistakably indicated when, in the time of the Crimean war, they invited Michael Obrenovitch, afterwards Prince of Servia, to become their sovereign.

The Bulgarian and Servian languages are but dialects of the same Slavonic speech, so nearly similar that the people of the two provinces find little difficulty in understanding each other. The words and forms of the old Slavonian afford a medium through which the same books and papers can be circulated among both peoples. The Servian language is the purest Slavonian, the Bulgarian having more the character of a *patois*, with a harsh

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, p. 24, note.

and rude pronunciation, and a large admixture of foreign words. The present tendency is strongly to draw the two peoples together, in language as in political ideas and aspirations. The Bulgarians are as poetical and song-loving as the other Slavonic peoples. Their language is very rich in ballads and historic poems, which, contrary to what might have been expected, differ very little from those of the Servians.[1]

That a great crisis in the fortunes of the Bulgarians, as of all the Slavonic peoples of European Turkey, is now near at hand, is very clear. May He who rules supreme in earth as in heaven, give them guidance to a happy issue. Well certainly may we, American Christians, pray and hope that the result of this struggle may be to break the yoke of the Turk forever from the necks of those long oppressed followers of the Cross, and to unite these kindred peoples in one free, prosperous, powerful, and Christian state.

[1] Talvi, p. 383.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WALLACHIANS.[1]

THE DACO-ROUMANIAN PEOPLE—WALLACHIA—MOLDAVIA—ROUMANIA—THE ROUMANIAN JEWS.

THE Wallachian or Roumanian people are by no means confined to the territory now comprised in the Principality of Roumania. Five hundred years ago they were very numerous throughout the whole region extending from the Carpathian range north of Transylvania to the southern borders of Thessaly. The south-western districts of Thessaly were long known as Great Wallachia, and governed by a semi-independent Wallachian Prince; the so-called Third Bulgarian Kingdom,

[1] Gibbon's Decline and Fall.

The Greek Histories of Finlay and Tennent.

Travels of Macarius, Patriarch of Antioch, in the years 1654, 1658, and 1659.

Walsh's Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England. Philadelphia, 1828.

Roumania, the Border Land of the Christian and the Turk. By James O. Noyes, M.D. New York, 1857.

Boner's Transylvanie, Edinburgh Review for January, 1866.

Writings of Viscount Strangford. 2 vols. London, 1869.

War Correspondence of the London Daily News. 2 vols. London, 1878.

founded at the end of the twelfth century by the three brothers, Peter, Asan, and John, was more properly a Wallachian Kingdom; while the Wallachs formed then, as they do still, a large and important element of the population in the province of Transylvania and the whole region of the Carpathian Mountains.[1] After remaining for a long period too poor and depressed to attract attention, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Wallachs began to increase rapidly in numbers, in wealth, and in political importance. In the confusion attending the last years of the Greek Empire, and the rise of the Turkish power, they again so greatly declined[2] that for four hundred years, beyond the limits of the semi-independent principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, they were almost unknown to the world. In diminished numbers, however, they have always existed, and still exist, still speaking the same language, remaining essentially the same people, in many of the districts in which their fathers were so powerful in the days of the Crusades.

In Transylvania the Wallachs form a majority of the entire population, numbering 1,227,000, against 536,000 Hungarians, 192,000 Germans, 78,000 Gypsies, and 15,000 Jews.[3] The Hungarians (Magyars and Szeklers) are the landholding gentry; the Germans, whose fathers (invited into the country by the Magyar Kings in the twelfth century) grew rich and powerful in the days of the old overland trade with the East, are yeomen in the

[1] For the early History of the Wallachians, see Finlay's Byzantine Empire, ii. 276–282.

[2] Id., ii., 600. [3] Boner, Edinburgh Review, January, 1866, p. 68.

country and burghers of "the seven cities;" the Wallachs, everywhere rude and very poor, are shepherds among the mountains, a depressed peasantry upon the plains. The old Roumanian population of Great Wallachia has still its numerous representatives in the mountains of Pindus. Colonel Leake found about five hundred Wallach villages in the mountains of Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia, some of them small, others large and prosperous. The people of these villages were diligent and thrifty, a valuable and important element of the population. Many of the men were mechanics and traders employed away from home, some of them being wealthy merchants in Italy, Spain, Austria, and Russia; but all were sure to come back in old age to spend the evening of their days upon their native soil. The two largest and most important of these villages were Metzovo and Kalarytes, in Pindus.[1] There are many Wallachs also, called Tzintzars by their Slavonian neighbors, in the districts further north. They inhabit some villages in Eastern Servia, form a prosperous trading class in the larger towns, and are numerous as wild and savage shepherds among the mountains. Of these Tzintzars, Mackenzie and Irby saw much. They speak of them as shrewd and industrious, but sly, grinding, and servile. At the grand old monastery of Rilo they met some specimens of the shepherd Wallachs, which are thus described: "Strange worshipers were in the temple — shepherds from the Balkan, talking a barbarous dialect of Latin, and calling themselves 'Romans,' while they live as savages. These people herd flocks, and, when the men are absent,

[1] Northern Greece, i. 274–283.

the women defend the huts, and like the female Albanians are noted for their accurate shooting." "But for such monasteries as that of Rilo, these shepherds would be shut out from any form of worship; but here they assemble at certain times to confess and take the sacrament. How far these people are edified by services in a language which they understand not is an open question; but we were witnesses of the instruction which in such instances may be conveyed by sacred pictures. A fresco of the birth of Christ is painted on the wall of the church. One of the shepherd pilgrims caught sight of it, and shouted out in rapture, 'See, there is the birth of the Christ.' The women crowded round him, and he pointed out to them the Babe, the mother, and the star; the shepherds, the ox, the ass—explaining as he went on."[1] The number of people now living who speak the Wallachian language is estimated at eight millions.

Wallachian, Wallach, or Vlach is a name of doubtful origin and meaning,[2] which the Roumanian people themselves reject, acknowledging no other appellation than Roumani, or Romans. This fact and the kindred fact that the language everywhere spoken by them, and everywhere the same, is nothing else than a barbarized Latin, point unmistakably to their origin. They are the descendants of the mixed population which, under the Roman Emperors, occupied the provinces of Macedonia, Thrace, Moesia, and Dacia—a vast region, stretching

[1] Mackenzie and Irby, pp. 73 and 128.

[2] Colonel Leake observes that the Slavonians called their Latin-speaking neighbors *Vlachs*, or shepherds, from their usual occupation. But this origin of the term other authorities are inclined to question.

from the frontiers of Greece to about the forty-eighth parallel of north latitude. By the overmastering energy of Roman civilization and the Roman administration, the whole of this immense population, in the course of a few generations, was effectually fused and blended into one thoroughly Romanized and Latin-speaking people. By the year 500 this social transformation was complete; and the language spoken by the common people of Thrace and Moesia was very nearly the same with the Wallachian of the present day.[1]

For a period of perhaps two hundred years the people of these provinces lived in prosperity and peace. Foreign wars there were none, the fiscal exactions of the imperial government were not excessive, its civil administration was vigorous and steady, its laws were comparatively equal and mild. But long before the Romanizing process was complete among them, the days of their prosperity had passed away to return no more. The Roman legions had learned the terrible secret of their own power, and had begun to make and unmake Emperors at their will. Rival Emperors filled the Empire with strife, the provinces were wasted and ruined by civil wars. The necessities of the Emperors were increased by the confusion of the times, and, while the wealth of society was diminishing, they were obliged to multiply taxes and exactions of every kind. And then, to complete the ruin of the unhappy Empire, came the successive waves of barbarian invasion from the North. By the fiscal tyranny of the imperial government, and the destroying inroads of the northern tribes, which be-

[1] Finlay's Byzantine Empire, ii. 281; Gibbon, i. 44.

gan with the great invasion of the Goths in the year 250, the Romanized, Latin-speaking people of these provinces were gradually wasted and consumed; until, in the course of three or four hundred years, they entirely disappeared. But they had not perished. They had retired to the mountains adjacent to their several districts, and in these secure retreats, almost forgotten and unknown by the world at large, they still existed as a race of rude and hardy shepherds, until, as we have seen, the time came for them to reappear and once more play an important part in the great drama of human affairs.

The Principality of Roumania, with the small disputed province of Bessarabia, between Roumania and Russia, forms about the south-eastern half of the Roman province of Dacia. The other half of Dacia is now part of the Empire of Austria. It extended on the west nearly or quite to the River Theiss; on the north to the Carpathian Mountains and the River Dniester. When, in the year 98, Trajan assumed the imperial purple, the Danube, throughout its entire length, had long been the northern boundary of the Empire of Rome. Dacia was then a powerful state, governed by King Decebalus, one of the ablest and most formidable enemies ever encountered by the Roman arms.

The Dacians were a Sarmatian people, belonging to the great Slavonian family, and had made considerable progress in civilization. Decebalus had inflicted a disastrous defeat upon the Emperor Domitian, and compelled him to purchase an ignominious peace. The tribute promised by Domitian Trajan indignantly refused to pay, and prepared to vindicate the insulted majesty of

Rome. The war which followed was long and desperate. The Dacians, neither giving nor receiving quarter, doing all in their power to exasperate and infuriate the Romans, fought with the ferocious courage of despair. To such a war there could then be but one issue. The Dacian armies were defeated and scattered; their cities were one after another taken and destroyed; Decebalus died by his own hand, and, after five years of hard and bloody fighting, Trajan returned to Rome boasting that he had exterminated the Dacian race.[1] This boast was, of course, a great exaggeration of the truth. The armies and cities of the conquered country had been destroyed, but a large part of the Dacian people must have still been in existence, to become merged in the new population. The fruitful and magnificent region thus subdued, Trajan determined to organize into a Roman province, and make it the defence and granary of his Empire. This last extension of the Roman boundaries was effected in the year 105. Settlers were invited from all quarters, and soon thirty thousand colonists had occupied and effectually Romanized the new province. For a hundred and sixty-five years Roman civilization went on, doing unimpeded its proper work upon the Dacian territory, until the whole population of the province had become insensibly melted into the great Latin-speaking people of the Empire.

In the year 270 the Emperor Aurelian ended a long and terrible struggle with a vast invading host of Goths and Vandals, by a treaty of peace in which he tacitly relinquished to them the province of Dacia, which the weakened Empire could no longer defend, and with-

[1] Gibbon, i. 6.

drew the Roman armies to the south of the Danube. A large body of the people of the abandoned province were removed across the Danube, and received a new settlement in the wasted districts of Moesia; but the great majority of the provincials remained in their homes to teach the arts of industry and civilization to the Goths. This new arrangement proved highly advantageous to all concerned. The Goths, here as afterwards in Italy and Spain, proved themselves apt and ready pupils of their better instructed subjects, adopted gradually their manners and their language, and became fused with them to some extent into one people.[1]

The new and independent kingdom thus formed remained for about fifty years in firm alliance with the Empire, and proved often its surest safeguard against the barbarians of the North. How far, during these fifty years, the old Latin-speaking population of Dacia was increased by accessions from the Goths, it is impossible to say. It is clear, however, that at the end of this period this people had reached the utmost limit of its prosperity and its numbers. After this, the Goths of Dacia seem to have been lost in the ever-shifting hordes of the Ostrogoths (or Eastern Goths, in distinction from the Visigoths, or Western Goths), who, advancing towards the south-east from Scandinavia and Germany, had occupied the country as far to the east as the River Dnieper and the Sea of Azov.[2] From this time[3] on, the old Romanized inhabitants of Dacia, driven step by step from the cities and open country, would seem to have been gradually concentrated among the highlands of the

[1] Gibbon, i. 342. [2] Id., i. 289; ii. 169, 582. [3] About A.D. 325.

Carpathian Mountains, where for many centuries they remained forgotten by the world.

About the year 375 came the great invasion of the Huns—the first of those destroying deluges in which, for a thousand years, the Tartar nations of Central Asia continued to dash themselves upon Eastern Europe. In a few years the terrible Attila had fixed the camp or capital of the Huns upon the plains of Upper Hungary, from which he swayed the nations of Europe from the Tiber to the Baltic and from the Volga to the Rhine.[1] A hundred and fifty years later, the Bulgarians, a kindred tribe who had entered Europe in the wake of the Huns, crossed the Danube with their Slavonian subjects, to devastate the provinces of Moesia and Macedonia, which they afterwards occupied in permanent possession.[2] After the Bulgarians came the Avars, another tribe of the same great Tartar race, who, in the latter part of the sixth century, established a kingdom embracing the same territories which had belonged to the old province of Dacia, and which endured for two hundred and thirty years.[3] Towards the close of the ninth century, another Hungarian invasion established the Magyars in Hungary and Transylvania, where they have ever since remained the dominant race,[4] while the Szeklers are supposed to represent the older Huns, and perhaps the Avars.[5] In the ten years following 1235 came by far the most terrible of all these successive waves of Tartar invasion. At the head of five hundred thousand horsemen, Batou, the

[1] Gibbon, iii. 391, 409.
[2] Id., iv. 198, v. 405.
[3] Id., iv. 205, 392.
[4] Id., v. 410–421.
[5] Boner, Edinburgh Review, January, 1866, p. 68.

grandson of Ghengis Khan, swept over Russia, Poland, Hungary, Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria, leaving his track everywhere a desert of ashes and blood. Upon the death of Octai Khan, in 1245, Batou returned to build upon a branch of the lower Volga the new city and palace of Serai, where for two hundred years he and his successors, the Khans of the Golden Horde, continued to reign over Russia and the pastoral tribes of Kipzak in Western Asia.[1] For a long time after the founding of Serai, the Tartars wandered in sole and undisputed possession over the Crimea, the steppes of Southern Russia, and the lowlands of Moldavia and Wallachia, to the base of the Carpathian Mountains. The Crimea was occupied by them, as nominal tributaries to the Ottoman Sultans, until 1783. During all this time the Crimea was the seat of a great and terrible trade in slaves, most of whom, at least in earlier times, were captives, taken by the Moslem Tartars from their Christian neighbors.[2]

Through all these troubled and bloody ages, the old Latin-speaking people, who had been expelled from the plains of Dacia in the fourth century, and who now become known to us under their new name as Vlachs, or Wallachs, had been living, in more or less of security and prosperity, the life of hardy and rugged shepherds among the Carpathian Mountains. In the latter part of the thirteenth century we find them a numerous and widely extended people, living under a Count or Voivode of their own, tributary to the King of Hungary.[3] Paul of Aleppo spent three years, in 1654–5 and 1657–9, in

[1] Gibbon, vi. 219; Wallace's Russia, chap. xxii.
[2] Wallace, p. 353.
[3] Macarius, ii. 329.

PASSAGE OF THE INGOUR

Turkey

Moldavia and Wallachia. In his simple and gossippy, but full and trustworthy narrative, he has thrown a flood of light upon the condition of the Principalities at that time, and no little also upon their earlier history. In the passage just referred to, he tells us that the territories of Wallachia and Moldavia were formally occupied by the Tartars of Southern Russia, but wholly destitute of fixed inhabitants; and that the Count of the Wallachians, coming down from the Carpathians to pasture his horses in these lands, obtained leave from the King of Hungary to occupy them in permanent possession. Having obtained this permission, he was able to expel the Tartars, and became lord of all Wallachia. This first Voivode of Wallachia was Rudolph the Black, who, at the head of his boyars or nobles, established himself in the Principality in 1290.

In 1359 Bogden Dragosch crossed the Carpathians at the head of another Wallachian colony, and became the first Voivode of Moldavia.[1] Until they submitted to the Turks, these princes claimed to be independent; but between the Hungarians on the west, the Poles on the north, and the Cossacks and Tartars on the east, they were harassed by constant and bloody wars.

In 1391 Bajazet crossed the Danube, and made the Principalities tributary provinces of his Empire. In 1460 Mohammed II. granted a capitulation or constitution to Wallachia, which, in substance, remained in effect almost

[1] Noyes, p. 156. It would seem that the Wallachian boyars may have belonged originally to some one of the barbarian tribes, perhaps the Goths, who established themselves as a dominant race upon the Dacian territory after the withdrawal of the Roman armies.

to the present day. By the terms of this charter, the Voivodes were to be freely elected by the prelates and boyars, subject to the approval of the Porte; were to acknowledge themselves the subjects of the Sultan, and pay an annual tribute of ten thousand piastres, in return for which they were to be entitled to military protection. The Principality was to be governed by its own laws, was to have the right to make war and peace, and no Turk was to settle in it unless for some sufficient reason. Apostates from Christianity, abjuring Islam, were to be safe in Wallachia. No mosque should ever be built in the Principality; no Wallachian should be enslaved by a Turk, or subjected to the capitation tax in Turkey; and the Sultan was never to interfere by firmans in the internal affairs of the province. After the battle of Mohacs, in 1529, Solyman I. granted a similar constitution to Moldavia.[1]

These charters were by no means a dead letter. They remained the basis of government in the two Principalities until their union in 1861. And yet it is more than doubtful whether this semi-independence of the Roumanian people has not been an evil to them rather than a good; whether it would not have been far better for them if the Turkish conquest of their country had been as complete and permanent as it was in the provinces the other side of the Danube. The judgment of Dr. Noyes, recorded soon after the Crimean war,[2] that the Wallachians were the worst governed people in the world, is but the embodied verdict of all intelligent witnesses for the past two hundred years. The Voivodes, or Hospodars

[1] Walsh, p. 155; Tennent, ii. 20, 21. [2] Roumania, p. 113.

(their more common appellation), holding their power by a very uncertain tenure, have usually been little else than rapacious tyrants, making it their great aim to scrape together the largest possible amount of treasure while the power remained in their hands. The boyars, a set of feudal landlords, without refinement or character, their houses filled with slaves, and their veins often with servile blood—cringing, fawning sycophants in the presence of the Hospodars—were worse tyrants than they upon their own estates. The peasants, mere serfs and slaves of the boyars, without any rights or any hope of better days, burrowing in filthy underground huts, were sunk in an utter squalidness of wretchedness, poverty, and want, to be found nowhere else in the civilized world.[1]

It is probable that no other country in Europe has had a history so bloody and troubled as that of Wallachia and Moldavia throughout almost the whole period of their political existence. There is nothing to indicate that the three years spent by the Patriarch Macarius and his son in the Principalities were unusually filled with misfortunes and disasters to the Roumanian people, yet the story of two of these three years, as told by Paul of Aleppo, is simply appalling. On the arrival of our travelers at Yassi, the capital of Moldavia, in the summer of 1654, they were received with great kindness and courtesy by the Voivode, Vasili Beg, a prince of unusual attainments, ability, and energy, who had filled the throne for twenty-three years.[2] But Vasili Beg was a Greek; and under

[1] Tennent, ii. p. 33–45; Noyes, p. 208.

[2] Our author was filled with wonder at "the venerable dignity of the Beg, his knowledge and acquirements, the excellence of his good sense, his

his government all offices were filled with Greeks, while the Wallachian boyars were treated with cruel oppression and scorn.

Of the Moldavian people, the Archdeacon formed a very unfavorable opinion. "God Almighty has not created upon the face of the earth a more vicious people than the Moldavians; for the men are all of them murderers and robbers. . . . As to their wives and daughters, they are utterly destitute of modesty and character; and though the Beg cuts off their noses, and puts them in the pillory, and drowns many of them, so as to have caused some thousands of them to perish, yet he proves too weak to correct their manners. . . . The fast of Lent is strictly observed by the Court and the higher classes of the people. But the lower orders keep no fast, nor perform any prayer, nor appear to have any religion at all. They are Christians only in name; and their priests set them the example of passing whole nights in debauchery and intoxication. Such are the scenes we witnessed in this country. But in Wallachia, which God preserve! it is very different; and the religiousness of its

profound acquaintance with the writings of the Ancients and the Moderns, as well Pagans and Christians as Turks," and adds: "He has printed a great deal in his time—Church books, Practices of Devotion, and Commentaries—and for his own people in Moldavia, works in the Wallachian language. Formerly the people read their prayers only in the Servian tongue, which is akin to the Russian; for, from Bulgaria and Servia to Wallachia and Moldavia, thence to the country of the Cossacks and to Moscow, they all read in the Servian, in which all their books are written. But the language of the Wallachians and Moldavians is Wallachian, and they do not understand what they read in Servian. For this reason, he has built for them, near his monastery, a large college of stone, and has printed for them books in their own language."—Travels, &c., i. 58.

inhabitants, their moderation and good conduct, are pre-eminent." The justice of Vasili Beg had been terrible, and a woman could travel in safety with gold upon her person. "It is calculated that since the time that Vasili became Beg, he has put to death more than fourteen thousand robbers, by register of judgment. And yet he condemned not to death for the first crime, but used to flog and torture and pillory the criminals." [1]

Our travelers had hardly settled themselves pleasantly at Yassi, when their quiet and comfort were rudely disturbed. The unfairness and severity of Vasili's government had prepared the way for his sudden and violent overthrow. The Great Logothete, or High Chancellor, stole away to Bucharest, and presently returning with a force of Wallachians and Hungarians, proclaimed the deposition of Vasili and his own accession to the throne. In this emergency Vasili sent for help to his son-in-law, Timotheus, the son of Akhmil, the Hetman of the Cossacks. The Cossacks soon appeared, chased the invading army out of the Principality, and restored Vasili to his capital, pursuing meantime the adherents of the new Beg, and the unfortunate Jews and Turks of the capital, with every form of cruelty and extortion. Presently, however, the Cossacks were themselves defeated, and the

[1] Travels of Macarius, i. 62–63. The judgment of the good Archdeacon respecting the character of the Moldavians and Wallachians must evidently be taken with some grains of allowance. He saw the Moldavians through the eyes of Vasili Beg and his Greek underlings, whose iron but hated rule had filled the country with enemies and outlaws. On the other hand, the abject superstition of the Wallachians, which caused them to bow in humble reverence before "our Lord the Patriarch," seemed to our author the very perfection of piety.

invading army returned to wreak a more terrible vengeance upon the Greeks and the adherents of Vasili. In the course of these movements Timotheus himself fell, when Akhmil sent to the assistance of Vasili a fresh army of forty thousand Cossacks and twenty-eight thousand Tartars. The terror of the Tartar name was the last drop in the cup of the unhappy Principality. The whole people forsook their homes and fled to the deserts and the mountains. In Yassi not an inhabitant remained; even the convents were deserted.[1] During these days of confusion and violence the breast of our gentle historian was filled with fears and alarms which no language could describe. "We were confined as prisoners all this time in Moldavia, confused in mind and straitened in spirit. These terrors, these dreads and horrors which rushed upon us were such as might turn the hair of children gray. . . . We had no power to move on our travels, neither forward to the country of the Cossacks, nor yet backwards; for the people of the provinces were all turned robbers and assassins, and murdered every person on the road whom they caught in his flight."[2] Akhmil's Cossacks and Tartars advanced as far as the River Pruth, when, hearing that Vasili's treasures had

[1] The convents, or monasteries, which were very numerous, were very strongly built, and were the fortresses of the country.

[2] Id., i. 93. The terror inspired among the Moldavians by the coming of the Tartars was not without good reason. Our author closes his account of Moldavia in these words: "Its population is innumerable, although the Tartars are continually making incursions into it, and carrying off its inhabitants. In the time of Vasili, but some five years before he assumed the government, they came on a sudden, and carried away about seventy-five thousand souls."—Id., i. 100. The prisoners thus taken went to stock the slave markets of the Crimea. See above, p. 472.

been taken, they halted and returned home. After this, Stephani Beg, the rebel Chancellor, received his investiture as Hospodar of Moldavia.

Early in the spring of 1655, Macarius and his son left Moldavia and proceeded to Torghist, the winter capital of Wallachia. Here they were kindly received by Matthi Beg, the Voivode, who soon after died. Matthi Beg had lived on good terms with the Turks and Tartars, and had reigned prosperously for twenty-three years. He had accumulated a large treasure, which he left behind him, although he had expended great sums in building churches and monasteries in every part of the Principality. To the circumstance of Matthi Beg's death at this time we are indebted for the full and important account given us by Paul of Aleppo, of the election and investiture of his successor. "All the Grandees assembled in the first place and held a council; then they elected without delay an archon, who was called Constantine Efendi-Kopulo. . . . Then they went forth from the church to the outside of the palace, and the Metropolitan ascended to a high place and said to the people, 'Your Efendi (judge) is deceased; whom therefore do you wish that we should raise in his place to be Governor over you?' The cry of the Grandees, the army, and the whole people, with one voice, was, 'We will have none but Constantine, son of Shrâbân, for Voivoda.'" Constantine was then led to the cathedral, where he was solemnly consecrated, clothed in sacerdotal and royal robes, and seated upon the throne, after which the oath of allegiance was administered to the boyars and officials. At this time the two Principalities were under the supervision of the Pasha of

Silistria, through whom alone the Voivodes could hold communication with the Sublime Porte. Having been duly elected and enthroned by his own people, Constantine's next step was to send to Constantinople, through the Pasha of Silistria, for the throne and banner with which the Sultans were accustomed to grant investiture to the newly elected Hospodars. By liberal payments all round, amounting in the aggregate to one million piastres, or about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, these insignia of office were readily obtained.[1] Our travelers were impressed very favorably by the religious and moral character, and the quiet, orderly conduct of the Wallachian people, especially by the modesty and virtue of the women. They were greatly surprised at the multitude—"tribes and tribes"—of soldiers. But although wine, beer, and spirits were sold everywhere, and the soldiers drank as freely as they pleased, they saw among them no intoxication or disorders of any kind.[2] Immediately after the accession of Constantine, the Patriarch and his son departed for Russia, where they remained for two years and three months.

Late in the autumn of 1657 they returned to Wallachia, where they spent a year very agreeably in visiting the multitude of rich and strongly fortified monasteries with which the Principality was filled. But just at the beginning of the winter of 1658–9 events suddenly occurred by which everything was changed. "News arrived from Constantinople," the Archdeacon writes, "that the Beg was deposed. . . . This became the occasion of the ruin of Wallachia, of the abduction of

[1] Id., i. 144–153. [2] Id., i. 121, 131, 133.

its inhabitants into captivity and slavery, and of its utter desolation. To us it became the source of innumerable and indescribable frights and horrors."[1] The year previous, the Grand Vizier had demanded of the King of Hungary, and the Voivodes of the two Principalities, a heavy and illegal war contribution, which they refused to pay. Enraged at this affront, he now obtained an imperial firman deposing the three princes and elevating to the throne of Wallachia a man named Michael, the son of a former Voivode of Wallachia, but for twenty-five years a member of the Sultan's household at Constantinople. This seems to have been the first case in which the Sultan had ever appointed a Voivode for either Principality—an exception which sixty years later was to become the rule.

The deposed King of Hungary gathered an army to defend his rights, when a ruinous war began. In the beginning of winter the Turks crossed the Danube, and, with a strong confederate force of Tartars from the Crimea, entered the Principalities. All was terror and confusion. The cold was intense, and the snow lay deep upon the ground, but the people of almost the whole of Wallachia abandoned their homes and fled to the mountains. "The circumstances of the miserable Wallachians were such," observes our author with good reason, "as to draw tears and wailings from the beholder." The retreating Constantine, out of a vengeful spite against his rival and successor, ordered Bucharest to be burned to the ground. The command was obeyed, and of the great city, the ancient capital of the Voivodes, nothing

[1] Id., ii. 382.

was left but the vaulted and fire-proof churches. In revenge for this outrage the Turkish Pasha ordered Torghist to be burned, of which the destruction was so complete that not one building remained above ground. The Tartars pursued the flying people to their retreats and filled the mountains with rapine and blood, until, having set Michael upon the throne of the ruined Principality, they retired, driving before them a miserable crowd of captives, variously estimated at from seventy-five thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand souls.

The next spring the Turks gathered their forces for the invasion of Hungary, when the Wallachians, expecting that the Tartars would return, again fled from their homes. Bucharest was emptied of inhabitants, and the Patriarch and his son were reduced to great distress. Their chief desire now was to escape from the country. With much difficulty the Archdeacon succeeded in obtaining two wagons, in which, in company with other fugitives, he conveyed the baggage of the party to Galatz. He then returned in safety to Bucharest, a distance of about a hundred and twenty-five miles, through the awful solitude of an absolute desert. "Our greatest timidity," he writes, "was occasioned by the total emigration of the whole people of the country, on our track of march; for we found not a single person, nor even a dog, or any other animal, from Galatz to Bokaresht. We stumbled on some dead bodies in our path, and the whole world was a blot. Except Almighty God, we had no companion of our journey, during which our eyes were continually going the round of the horizon; and at night we could sleep only in open fields, removed from the road,

for fear our steps should be traced and we should be overtaken and swept away. We reached Bokaresht on the Saturday preceding the Lent of Our Lady, in forty days in all, with our hearts rent by continual fears and the loss of our horses, which we killed with the fatigue of almost constant running both day and night." Soon after this comparative quiet was restored for a short time, and, in September, 1659, our travelers reached Galatz on their homeward journey, where they embarked for Sinope, on the coast of Asia Minor.[1]

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, Panayotaki, a Greek of the Island of Scio, and a man as eminent for virtue and patriotism as for his learning and ability,[2] was elevated to the office of Dragoman of the Council. In this office he really held the high position of Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Sublime Porte. This was the beginning of their great and long-enduring power to the Greeks of the Phanar. Early in the eighteenth century the Sultan determined to bestow the Hospodariats of Wallachia and Moldavia upon the most faithful and eminent of his Greek servants at Constantinople. In pursuance of this plan, Nicholas Mavrocordato, a son of Alexander Mavrocordato, was made Hospodar of Moldavia in 1715. In 1716, Nicholas was transferred to Bucharest, and made the first Phanariot Hospodar of Wallachia.[3] This reign of the Phanariot Hospodars in the Principalities continued until 1823, when, at the demand of Russia, the old constitution was restored. This change

[1] Travels of Macarius, ii. 382, 417. [2] See above, p. 196.

[3] Finlay's Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination, p. 296: see also above, pp. 196–9.

in the government of the Principalities was a change from bad to worse. Many of the Phanariot Hospodars were men of learning and ability; a few of them were virtuous and just. They did much for the cause of learning at their capitals, a little towards developing the material interests of their principalities. As a rule, however, they were a set of rapacious, insatiable tyrants, as pompous and luxurious as they were unscrupulous and corrupt. Having obtained their appointments, they set forth in royal magnificence and started for their capitals, where the boyars gathered around them in obsequious homage, and where they found themselves the absolute masters of their principalities. In their palaces, amid a crowd of pompous officials with high-sounding titles, they endeavored to copy the frivolous etiquette and cumbrous ceremonial of the Court of the later Greek Emperors at Constantinople.[1] In the wake of the Hospodars followed a swarm of hungry, unscrupulous Greek adventurers, ready to seize upon every office and lucrative position, who spread themselves like cormorants throughout the Principalities.[2] If this monstrous system of sponging and extortion deserved the name of government, it was certainly as bad a government as anything by which that venerable name has ever been disgraced. "No other Christian race in the Othoman dominions was exposed to so long a period of unmitigated extortion and cruelty as the Roumanian population in these unfortunate provinces. It

[1] See a curious account of the Wallachian Court in one of the later chapters of Curzon's Armenia.

[2] These Phanariot officials of the Principalities were the true original carpet-baggers, whose example would seem to have been well studied by their worthy successors in South Carolina and Louisiana.

is the sad duty of history to record that the Othoman Turks were better masters to the various races they conquered than the Phanariot Greeks to the fellow Christians committed to their care and protection." [1]

This state of things continued until 1802, when Alexander of Russia interfered, claiming and securing the right of supervision over the affairs of the Principalities. In 1823 Alexander demanded and obtained the restoration of the old constitution, the perpetual exclusion of the Phanariots from the government of the Principalities, and the free election of the Hospodars for a term of seven years. Under this new arrangement Nicolas Ghika was chosen Hospodar of Wallachia, and Jonan Stourdza Hospodar of Moldavia.[2] In 1829 another change was made, in accordance with which the Hospodars were to be chosen for life, the Divan having no power to depose them. By this change the Roumanian people were effectually relieved from the rapacious tyranny of Greek and Turkish officials, but beyond this it brought little improvement to their condition. It was the Crimean war which fixed the attention of Europe upon the Principalities, and led to such radical changes in their institutions and government as brought their long oppressed people a great emancipation and the beginning of better days.

In 1859 Alexander John Couza was elected Hospodar by the people of both provinces. This double election, looking manifestly towards union, was a surprise to the

[1] Finlay's Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination, p. 297; see also Tennent, ii. 30–45.

[2] Tennent, ii. 30.

Cabinets of Europe. The movement encountered some hostility at first, but it was clearly for the best interests of the people of the two provinces; there was a strong public sentiment in favor of healing old divisions and bringing broken, divided peoples together; France interposed her good offices, and all opposition was overcome. In December, 1861, the Union was proclaimed, and the ancient Hospodariarts of Wallachia and Moldavia were merged in the Principality of Roumania. Couza was not successful in his administration, and in February, 1866, he was compelled to abdicate. The Roumanian people now, as the Greeks had done after the abdication of Otho, turned their eyes to the West. They desired a Protestant Prince, connected with one of the reigning families of Europe; a Prince who should be well trained and qualified for his difficult position; who should be free from the dictation of Russia, and from all associations in the Principality itself; who should come to the throne supported by the prestige and influence of some leading European power, and should thus be able, under a wise and liberal constitution, to give to the Principality a just and efficient government of law. To this end their choice seems to have been wisely and happily directed. It fell upon Prince Charles of the royal Prussian family of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Charles I., Prince of Roumania, was elected on the 14th of April, 1866, and took the oath of office the following July. The twelve years of his reign thus far are years long to be remembered by the Roumanian people. The reign of Prince Charles has brought them a great deliverance in the present and the promise of better things to come.

Roumania is one of the richest and most fruitful, as it is also, in its upland districts, one of the most beautiful and delightful countries in Europe. The belt of country stretching back for fifty or sixty miles from the Danube, from the Iron Gates to the sea, is prairie-like in its character, low and level, exuberantly fertile, and mostly destitute of wood. Along the Danube, in some localities, are extensive marshes, with islands and lagoons. In Wallachia, this low country stretches away in immense and monotonous plains, upon which one may travel for a day together without seeing a stone or a tree.[1] The lowlands of Moldavia are very different, and wholly unique in their character. Forming an undulating steppe, covered with immense growths of grass and cultivated crops, they are interspersed with innumerable lakes and ponds, many of which are artificial, formed by dams upon the numerous streams. In ancient times these lowlands were inhabited by the Venedi, whom Dr. Neale calls the beavers of the human race. Their habit was to throw dams across their streams, so as to flow the marshy country above and form large ponds. About these ponds they fixed their dwellings, feeding apparently upon the fish and wild fowl with which the ponds were filled. This manner of life has been continued to the present time by the Moldavian peasantry, whose simple dwellings are found clustered about the ponds.

The low country is malarious, and often unhealthy to strangers; but having crossed it, we come to the highland district, which, through the whole length of the Principality, reaches back, northwards and westwards, to

[1] Walsh, p. 135.

the Carpathian Mountains. This highland region is one of the most delightful districts in Europe. It is high and salubrious, a land of forest and mountain, of verdant slopes and crystal streams, as rich in the beauty of its scenery as in the fruitfulness of its soil.

The productions of Roumania are very much like those of the valley of the Upper Mississippi. Almost every kind of grain and of fruit common to the warmer districts of the Temperate Zone grows here in great luxuriance and perfection. Roumania might well be the granary of the Levant; and, since foreign capital has given the country a system of railways as an outlet for its productions, immense quantities of wheat, maize, and other grains are shipped annually upon the Danube for the various ports of Southern Europe. Lying, as it does, in the latitude of Lower Canada, between the Black Sea on the east, the Balkans on the south, and the Carpathians on the north and west, the Principality has a climate which is very variable, and subject to great extremes. The winters are long and cold, snow lies deep upon the ground, and the Danube is often frozen to a great thickness. Long and destructive droughts are not uncommon in the summer, and immense swarms of locusts sometimes appear, which strip whole districts of every green thing.

The face of an old acquaintance, met with in a foreign land, is always interesting, whether the acquaintance is pleasant or the contrary. One such acquaintance we encounter, in company with our friend Paul of Aleppo, in a delightful retreat among the mountains of Wallachia. "The liver," he says, "is most particularly

revived by the sight of these mountains, by the surrounding verdure, and by the delicate eating of those beautiful fish called Bastrovus, which exist only in situations like this, and live only in waters rushing down from the hills, feeding amidst the rocks, and averse to mud and stagnant depths. It resembles the fish Soltan Ibrahim at Terapolis, and is prettily marked with red spots. Its taste is fine, and superior in flavor to that of roast fowl; nothing indeed can surpass it as a delicate morsel."[1] Surely the gentle Izaak himself could not have angled with a more glowing enthusiasm for the trout of those mountain streams. At Yassi, soon after his first entrance into Moldavia, the good Archdeacon fell in with another acquaintance of ours, from whose unwelcome company he found it very hard to escape, and of which he speaks in language to which many an American reader of these pages can groan a dismal response. "These terrors, these dreads and horrors which rushed upon us, . . . caused us grevious sickness and agues, with hot and cold fits, which I, the poor historian, labored under from the end of July till the following Whitsuntide; and suffered therefrom intense pains, during the severity of the winter cold and frosts." "The hot and cold fever . . . used to come on us every two days twice or thrice; and we were helpless of any remedy, particularly in the season of the cold and ice, and during the nights. . . . Our eating was cut off altogether; one draught of water we were compelled to allow ourselves on the mornings after our fits, by the burnings of our insides. We would have given our souls for a pomegranate; and at last we

[1] Macarius, ii. 341.

saw some brought from Romelia at a quarter of a dollar the couple."[1] During the winter one of the Patriarch's company died of the chills and fever taken at Yassi.

In extent and population the Principality of Roumania is almost exactly equal to the State of New York; having an area of 46,808 square miles and an estimated population of four and a half millions. Besides the Wallachians, who constitute about four-fifths of the population, there are 300,000 Gypsies, 274,000 Jews, 45,000 Roman Catholics, 29,000 Protestants, 8,000 Armenians, and 1,300 Mohammedans. Bucharest, the capital, has a population of 122,000, and Yassi, the capital of Moldavia, about 90,000. Galatz, an important shipping port at the head of the deep waters of the Danube, and the chief commercial town of the Principality, is a busy place, filled, during certain seasons of the year, with traders from abroad, and seeming to be a much more populous city than it really is. Its permanent inhabitants may number perhaps 20,000. Giurgevo, opposite Rustchuk, as a railroad centre and military post, has been a place of great importance during the late war. A railway from Giurgevo to Bucharest was completed in 1869. Other lines now run from the capital westwards to Krajova, Turn, and Austria, and eastward to Moldavia and Russia.

After the Crimean war, and before the union of Wallachia and Moldavia, when the attention of Europe first began to be strongly fixed upon the affairs of the two Principalities, it very soon appeared that their social and political condition was depressed and wretched beyond all parallel or comparison. In the strong language of Dr.

[1] Id., i. 93, 154.

Noyes, already cited, the Wallachians were the worst governed people in the civilized world. Scattered sparsely over one of the richest and most fruitful countries in the world, the Wallachian peasantry were living, many of them, in underground huts or dens, in an utter squalidness of penury and wretchedness beyond anything to be found in the foulest quarters of New York or London.[1] The selfish, worthless boyars were, in effect, not the absolute masters alone, but the *owners* of their estates and everything on them. Of the 300,000 Gypsies in the two Principalities, 250,000 had been until 1844 chattel slaves—one-half belonging to the government and the monasteries, the other half to the boyars as house and field servants. In 1844 a law was passed in Wallachia giving freedom to the slaves under the control of the government. This law had been but very partially carried into effect, while no steps had been taken towards emancipating the Gypsy slaves of the boyars. This slavery was worse than anything ever known in our own Southern States. The slave, in property, person, and life, was absolutely at his master's mercy. The boyars would allow no census of their slaves, would tolerate no interference with their human cattle. The slaves were of the same color as their masters, and many of them beautiful and finely formed—a fact which led to all sorts of illlcit connections, and filled the boyar families with Gypsy and servile blood.[2]

Except in the relations of domestic life, the Wallachian peasants enjoyed hardly more of freedom than the Gypsy slaves. Formerly, in law as in fact, they had been the

[1] Noyes, 202; Tennent, ii. 33–45. [2] Noyes, 129–38.

serfs and slaves of the boyars. A law of Constantine, the second Phanariot Hospodar of Wallachia, had nominally enfranchised the Wallachian serfs; but this law had remained a dead letter, the peasant still remained in helpless slavery to the boyars.[1] Bound thus hand and foot, with no rights, no comforts, no ambition, and no hope, it is not strange that they remained, generation after generation, in the same condition of moral and social degradation. The women were very industrious and diligent, but the men were accounted the laziest mortals on the face of the earth. Their houses, mere cellars usually, walled round with clay and roofed with thatch, had but one living room, its floor the well-trodden earth, a raised divan of earth around the sides its only provision for seats and beds, in which, crowded together, the whole family lived, ate, and slept. The whole population was steeped in ignorance and superstition, while, as needs must be in such a state of things, there was too much of profligacy and vice. In this respect, however, there was a marked difference between the people of the plains and those of the hills. No sooner had Dr. Walsh risen from the plains to the wooded, breezy, and healthful uplands, than he found the people, though still living in the same subterranean huts, more comfortable, more cheerful, and more free spirited.[2]

Bucharest was a city of wonderful and painful contrasts. It spread over a great extent of country, and the better class of houses, built of brick and stuccoed, were surrounded by pleasant gardens. From the days of the old Phanariot Hospodars of the last century, it

[1] Tennent, ii. 40–1. [2] Narrative, &c., p. 139.

had possessed very fair schools, which had given society something of culture and refinement. There was a great taste for French literature, French manners, and French cookery. But the streets, mere filthy cesspools bridged over loosely with timber pavements, were much of the time in a horrible condition;[1] and side by side with the shabby gentility, the tattered, flaunting pomp of the boyars, were the wretched huts of the Gypsies and peasants. the abodes of such poverty, and filth, and misery as could be found in no other capital in Europe. In no class of the Roumanian people, whether high or low, was there anything of intelligence, or patriotism, or public spirit, or large-hearted philanthopy, or elevation of character. This miserable social and political condition of the Roumanian people was the result, not of any lack of natural endowments, or of native fitness for better things, but of their unfortunate circumstances, and the grinding tyranny to which for ages they had been exposed. Naturally they are a fine and capable race, vigorous and well formed, vivacious and cheerful, full of poetry and song.[2] It was long ago evident that they needed but a fair measure of freedom, justice, and good government to enable them to rise gradually from their depressed and miserable condition, and take their places side by side and on equal terms with the most favored peoples of Eastern Europe.

In a good degree this great want has been met by the

[1] Walsh, p. 136.

[2] The Wallachs are strikingly unlike their Slavonian neighbors. The war correspondents speak of them as a gentle and delicate race, almost feminine in their physical aspects and cast of countenance. All agree, however, that they are well developed, vigorous, and finely formed.

government of Prince Charles. During these twelve years the Roumanian people, for the first time in all their history, have known something of the blessings of freedom and good government. Prince Charles is a Prussian soldier, well prepared by his early training for the position he holds. A man of unquestioned energy and ability, he seems also to be liberal in his views, honest and upright. He appears to have given himself to the duties of his most difficult and responsible position with a heart thoroughly in his work, earnestly devoted to the welfare of his adopted country. His government is a government of law. The constitution of the consolidated Principality appears to be liberal and wise. It provides for a Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and gives the right of suffrage to every taxpayer. The voters, however, are arranged in four classes. The lowest of the four classes, which includes the Gypsy voters, does not vote directly for members of the national legislature, but exercises its franchise indirectly through electors. Liberty of conscience, of the press, and of public meetings is assured, and public instruction is made obligatory.

Of the working of this constitution for the past twelve years, and the present condition of society in the Principality, the information before the public is far less full and satisfactory than we could desire. The essential character of a people cannot be wholly transformed, evils and abuses under which they have groaned for ages cannot be entirely outgrown and thrown off, in the short space of twelve years. But we know enough of what has been transpiring in Roumania to see clearly that even in this brief period the change in the condition of the

Wallachians has been rapid and very great. They have begun to breathe the air of freedom, to tread with the firm step and manly bearing of free men. The law enforcing public education has not been a dead letter. A multitude of schools have been established, and the same intense eagerness for learning which has been manifest among the Greeks, the Servians, and the Bulgarians, is steadily pervading the whole body of the population.

Of the state of religion and the Church in Roumania there is little of an encouraging character to be said. The Wallachians are all of the Greek communion, and in neither intellectual nor moral character do their clergy differ essentially from their brethren south of the Danube. The progress of society is rather in spite of the Church than by its aid and under its leadership.

In nothing else, perhaps, is the improved condition of the Roumanian people so strikingly apparent as in their military spirit and their strong and growing feeling of patriotic devotion to their country. Prince Charles found his people a spiritless and servile race, who, ten years before, had been as destitute of all soldierly qualities as of moral elevation and true patriotism. In the great struggle of 1877 he led to the field an army of sixty thousand soldiers, thoroughly disciplined and prepared, who in manly bearing, courage, endurance, and all martial qualities, did not suffer in comparison with any other class of the combatants in that memorable war. In that terrible assault which carried, and in the desperate valor which held, the Gravitza redoubt at Plevna, on the 11th of September, 1877, the stain of cowardice was forever wiped away from the Wallachian name. Prince Charles

is pre-eminently a soldier; and during all the eleven years of his administration his energies had been steadily directed to prepare his principality for the great struggle which he saw was sure to come. For he and his people believed, as they had the right to believe, that the time was near at hand when they and their fellow Christians south of the Danube should be forever freed from bondage to the Turk. With kindling patriotism, therefore, the Prince's subjects seconded his endeavors; and when the war came it found him with a regular army of 56,000 men, thoroughly disciplined and fully armed and equipped, and with a militia force of 100,000 men also ready for the field.[1] And we are told by those well qualified to judge, that in courage and endurance the militia were fully equal to their brethren of the regular army. This patriotic devotion of the Prince and his people has had its reward. By the Treaty of Berlin the full independence of the Principality has been acknowledged, and henceforth Roumania is free.

The circumstance which has attracted public attention most painfully to affairs in the Principality during the past few years has been the great oppression to which the Roumanian Jews have been subjected, partly by the Roumanian authorities, and partly by fanatical outbursts among the people. Almost precisely the same state of things exists in Servia; and the statements about to be made respecting the Roumanian Jews would apply with

[1] War Correspondence London Daily News, i. 73–87, 484; ii. 206.—London Mail, September 17, 1877. The numbers in the text are those given by the War Correspondence of the News. The correspondent of the London Times puts them considerably lower.

nearly equal force to the sister Principality.[1] The Roumanian Jews number about 275,000 souls. They are not citizens, live in the country as aliens and sojourners, and are accused by the Wallachians of "incivism," that is, of having no interest in the welfare of the state. Yet their position in society is a very important one. They constitute almost the only middle class. "All the butchers of Yassi are Jews,"[2] and everywhere they are the traders, hucksters, and usurers of society. They are keen, shrewd, and well instructed—many of them speaking four or five different languages—patient, frugal, and industrious.[3] They add nothing to the burdens of society, take part in no disorders or disturbances, and are every way useful members of society. The only trouble with them has been that they were too shrewd and too prosperous. Craftsmen of other races could not compete with them, and they had become a creditor class. This has produced a great outcry against them, and drawn down upon them much legal oppression and much popular violence. But, as Lord Strangford points out, this is an evil which is rapidly passing away with all the abuses of an evil past. With the progress of intelligence and the formation of a true middle class, the Jews are ceasing to hold their peculiar position, and the popular sentiment against them is steadily dying out. The time is not far distant when, in Roumania as in our own country, the Jews will be endowed with the common rights, and lost in the common mass, of prosperous and well ordered citizens.

As I close this chapter,[4] I read the words addressed by

[1] Viscount Strangford, i. 246–50.
[2] Id., i. 258–64.
[3] Noyes, p. 124.
[4] July 19, 1878.

Prince Charles to the assembled representatives of his people, in view of the great events of the past few weeks: "We will so conduct ourselves as to show that we deserved better of the Congress of Berlin."[1] Significant words, expressing the manly trust of a brave and true-hearted Prince in a brave and loyal people. Let us hope that these words may prove prophetic of the prosperity and well-being of the Roumanian people; of their steady and long-continued advancement in that career of progress and improvement upon which they have so auspiciously entered.

[1] Referring to the enforced retrocession of Bessarabia to Russia.

CHAPTER X.

THE GYPSIES.[1]

Of the seven or eight hundred thousand Gypsies supposed to be living at the present time in Europe, more than half, probably, are found in the valley of the Danube. And, while in most of the other European countries they are mere outcasts and wandering vagabonds, too few in number and too entirely disconnected from the settled population to be of much importance, in the Danubian provinces they are so numerous, so firmly fixed upon the soil, have made their influence so strongly felt in society, that they cannot be passed without notice in our survey of the races of European Turkey. The valley of the Danube seems to have been the starting point of the Gypsies in their European wanderings; and here, so far as numbers are concerned, they have been for four hundred years an important element of the population. Dr. Noyes reckons the Gypsies of Roumania at 300,000; in Transylvania, according to Mr. Boner, they number 78,000; Dr. Forsyth puts the Gypsies of Servia at 24,607, and those of Bosnia and Herzegovina at 9,537; while of

[1] Noyes' Roumania, pp. 129–38; Brace's Races of the Old World, pp. 401–4; "The History and Language of the Gypsies," by Professor Paspati of Constantinople, Journal of the American Oriental Society, vol. vii.; "Origin and Wanderings of the Gypsies," Edinburgh Review, July, 1878.

the large Gypsy population of Bulgaria I have seen no estimate. According to these figures, the Gypsies of the whole valley of the Danube, from Vienna to the sea, cannot amount to less than half a million of souls. It has been supposed that there may be five millions of Gypsies in the world.

The indications are that the Gypsies entered Europe through Southern Russia and Moldavia, in some loose connection with the Tartars of the Golden Horde, and under the shadow of the Khans of Serai. Before the year 1350 their roving bands seem to have scattered themselves through Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria, where many of them were seized and reduced to a most miserable slavery by the cruel Wallach and Bulgarian nobles. In the year 1417 a horde of Gypsies made their appearance in north-western Germany, claiming to be Christian pilgrims from "Little Egypt." Their thievish, vagabond character was soon manifest, and they were driven away to begin their perpetual wanderings through every European country.

The claim to an Egyptian origin, set up for their own advantage by these strange wanderers, was so consonant with their whole appearance and manner of life that for a long time it was popularly accepted. This appears in their name, which is evidently but a vulgarized form of Egyptians. No sooner, however, had some knowledge of their language been acquired, than this position was found to be wholly untenable. The discovery of this fact only added to the curiosity of scholars as to the origin and ethnical relations of this remarkable race. Much learning was expended upon the question, careful investigations were

made in different countries, notably by M. de Gobineau in Persia, and various theories were proposed. The final solution of the problem, however, was reserved for the science of philology in our own times. Among the many curious and important revelations for which we are indebted to this youngest of the sciences—the comparative study of the languages of mankind—has been the unexpected discovery that the Gypsies are really an offshoot from the Hindû race, being nothing else than a wandering tribe from the valley of the Indus. This fact is proved by their language, which is a branch of the ancient Sanscrit, akin to the modern dialects of Northern India. Sir Henry Sleeman, in his exceedingly valuable and instructive work on India, observes that the Gypsies are probably the descendants of the multitudes of Hindûs driven from their homes by the various Tartar invaders; and that the Gypsy language so closely resembles the dialects of Northern India that a modern Hindû could probably make himself understood by any tribe of Gypsies in Europe.[1] Other writers suggest that they may have been a nomadic, plundering tribe before these invasions drove them from India. The probabilities are that the Gypsies were driven from India by Mahmoud the Gaznevide, whose reign is reckoned from 997 to 1028.[2]

All things considered, we must regard the Gypsies as the most singular and remarkable people to be found on the globe. Without history, or traditions, or religion, or

[1] "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official," ii. 298. The Gypsies seem to be directly connected with the Jats, a Hindû tribe still numerous in the regions of the Lower Indus.—Edinburgh Review, July, 1878, p. 69.

[2] "The Arabs and the Turks," p. 70.

literature, or written language; with nothing to bind them together but the indelible, unchangeable strain of their savage blood, they display a pertinacity of race surpassing that of the Jews. Everywhere present, from Persia to Ireland, and from Siberia to Central Africa, and everywhere oppressed, outcast, and despised, they have always kept their race separate and distinct with a rigid exclusiveness to which probably no parallel can be found. From the Arctic Circle to the Equator, with some rare and partial exceptions, in language, in physical peculiarities, in their social and moral character, in their pursuits and habits of life, they are everywhere essentially the same. With difference in climate there appears little difference in their color and complexion; change in food and outward circumstances works little variation in their physical type and peculiarities; they remain uninfluenced by the civilization or barbarism of the people among whom they sojourn. Until recently, no form of civil polity, of civilization, or of religion has ever been able to obtain any effective and permanent hold upon them, or to redeem them from their degraded and savage condition.

The only mechanical pursuit for which they show any aptitude is that of the smith. In this they sometimes excel; and in Persia there have been Gypsies who were eminent for their skill as workers in gold and silver. Usually they are farriers and horse-jockeys; sometimes, under favorable circumstances, they do a larger business as dealers in live stock. A few Gypsies, chiefly in Russia, have accumulated wealth; but most of them, in all lands, have been the same worthless, poverty-stricken

vagabonds which they usually appear. The men are horse-jockeys and pilferers, the old women tell fortunes, and the young women sing love-songs, decent and indecent, in the public streets. They have no principles, no religion, serve no God but the God of gain and fraud. They have no word in their language for God, or for immortality. Outwardly, however, and for their own advantage, they are ready to adopt any religion as circumstances may require. They make a trade of exciting and pandering to the licentious passions of others, yet are themselves, in some countries at least, rigidly chaste. It is said that a merciless death hangs over the Gypsy woman who forms an unlawful connection with any man, whether Gypsy or stranger. They have a wild weird music of their own, in which, in some countries (particularly in Hungary), they are very proficient, and which is not destitute of beauty and power.[1] Their language has no alphabet and no literature, except a few miserable songs which are passed from mouth to mouth. They cling with a passionate and invincible attachment to their wild and lawless life, and guard with jealous exclusiveness the language and secret legends of their race. They always converse with strangers in the vernacular of the people among whom they dwell; and it has been with the greatest difficulty that scholars have succeeded in discovering the true character of their native tongue. There is not wanting among them a kind of wild and savage dignity and independence of character; and a female leader or Gypsy queen will sometimes be met

[1] Some of the greatest masters of the violin ever known are found among the Gypsies of Hungary and Bohemia.

with in their encampments, who displays a majesty of demeanor worthy of a Gypsy throne.

The condition of the Gypsies in the valley of the Danube is in some respects peculiar, and very different in the several countries. In Servia, the leveling power of Turkish rule, exerted for successive ages, had the effect of elevating the Gypsies somewhat towards the social status of the other rayahs. Here, therefore, although they are still an inferior caste, and not allowed to exercise the rights and powers of citizenship, the Gypsies are perhaps less widely separated from the peasantry around them than anywhere else in Europe. They fought bravely with their Servian neighbors against the Turks, and as smiths, farriers, and dealers in live stock, have many of them earned a comfortable livelihood, and proved themselves respectable members of society.

The circumstances of the hundred thousand Gypsies in Transylvania and the Banat are also somewhat peculiar. In 1768, the Empress Queen Maria Theresa, moved by the miserable condition and lawless character of so large a class of her people, promulgated a law that the Gypsies of Hungary and Transylvania should cease from their wandering life, should become settled in permanent habitations, and earn their livelihood by some industrial occupation. This law remained inoperative until 1782, when the Emperor Joseph II. adopted more strenuous measures to carry it into effect. The Gypsies were to be settled as New Peasants, in the enjoyment of a modified form of citizenship, and under a Voivide of their own. These measures resulted in a partial, though but very partial, success. It is to be hoped, however

that what has been already achieved in this direction may prove the beginning of a movement which will lead to more satisfactory results in the future.

The equalizing effects of Turkish despotism in Servia and the philanthropic measures of the Austro-Hungarian government in Hungary and Transylvania have made the condition of the Gypsies somewhat more favorable and hopeful in these countries than in the other states of Europe. On the other hand, it is probable that, until the accession of Prince Charles, the Roumanian Gypsies were more terribly oppressed, sunk to a lower depth of poverty, wretchedness, and degradation, than any other part of their race, in any other region of the world. The great majority of the Roumanian Gypsies were slaves, held in a rigor of bondage which has never been surpassed; slaves with no rights, no protection, and no hope; mere human cattle of whom their cruel, selfish owners would suffer no census to be taken. So long and relentless had this servitude been, that many of the Gypsy slaves had forgotten their own language, and been effectually separated from their race. This fact may perhaps prove some compensation to their children for the ages of oppression under which they have groaned. The social condition of the free Gypsies of Wallachia and Moldavia was hardly to be preferred to that of the Gypsy slaves. They were living, many of them, in an utter squalidness of wretchedness and poverty, of nakedness and filth, deeper and lower than that of the lowest and most wretched Wallachian peasants. With the happiest results, however, the Wallachian Gypsies have been emancipated, and all taxpayers among them are allowed to vote.

What hope or promise there is in the future for such a race as this it is difficult to say. It may be that in the uniformity and completeness of the degrading oppression to which all the lower classes in Roumania have been subjected, there is hope for the Gypsies, and hope for all. It may be that, rising from their low estate, under the genial influence of freedom and good government, Gypsies and Wallachs may rise together to the enjoyment of a common citizenship in a free and prosperous country. It may be that this is the beginning of a movement which will gradually extend into other lands, until the great body of the Gypsies throughout the civilized world, subsiding gradually into a quiet and settled life, will at length become merged and lost in the mass of the common people. **Let us hope at least that so it may be.**

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN.

WHILE the previous chapters of this volume have been going through the press, events have occurred by which the present condition and the prospects for the future of the races of European Turkey have been suddenly and wonderfully changed. As the Congress of Berlin, in whatever aspect we view it, must be considered as one of the great events of the present age, so the Treaty formed by that Congress, and now ratified and established by the Ottoman government, and by all the leading Powers of Europe, marks the greatest era in the history of European Turkey since the taking of Constantinople by Mohammed II. in 1453. That treaty has gone far towards lifting the yoke of the Turks forever from the necks of their Christian subjects in Europe. At the same time comes to us the announcement of another Treaty, hardly less important, by which England assumes possession of the Island of Cyprus, and a protectorate, with efficient governmental control, over the Turkish dominions in Asia.

In view of these facts, a brief survey of the events which led to the assembling of the Congress of Berlin, and of the great changes which the action of that Congress has

effected in the several provinces of European Turkey, will form an appropriate close to the present volume.

These movements began with the insurrection in Herzegovina and Bosnia, in the spring and summer of 1875. This insurrection was simply the turning to bay of the Christian peasantry, driven desperate by the unmeasured tyranny and extortion, first, of their own Greek bishops;[1] second, of their Mussulman landlords; and thirdly, and at that time more particularly, of the farmers of the taxes, who came in to take the little that the others had left.[2] The Christians, although forming the large majority of the population,[3] were unarmed and accustomed to submit. The Mohammedans, all of them, like the Christians, of Slavonian blood, were poor, ignorant, fanatical, and lawless, fully armed, regarding the *rayahs* with contempt, and ready for any excess. The Turkish officials were not so much unjust as indifferent and powerless Having no regular force at their command, they could only accept the services of an irregular bandit soldiery, the terrible bashi bazouks, and leave the Christian insurgents to their tender mercies. Very soon, however, the tables were turned. The Montenegrins came to the help of the insurgent Christians, with arms, leaders, and a strong force of their own heroic mountaineers; and gathering courage

[1] A set of Phanariot harpies from Constantinople, who did not know the language of their Slavonian flocks, and whose only aim was to wring from them the largest possible amount of money.—See Edinburgh Review for October, 1876, p. 281.

[2] See an able Consular Report, giving a history of the insurrection to the end of 1875, in the London Mail for December 15, 1875.

[3] The Christians of the two provinces were reckoned at 762,259; the Mohammedans at 442,050.—Forsyth, p. 86.

from experience and success, the *rayahs* were very soon masters of the situation. In the course of the summer the movement spread throughout the two provinces, and at the end of 1875 there were twelve thousand Christians in arms, a force which, in the face of the aroused public sentiment of Europe, could not be suppressed.

In May, 1876, came the rising in Bulgaria, a movement of a very different character. The Bulgarians, a frugal, industrious, patient, and peaceable race, never, under any circumstances, inclined to armed resistance, at this time had been freed from the tyranny of Greek ecclesiastics,[1] and, excepting the burdens of increased taxation, were living in comparative comfort and prosperity. The rising of May, 1876, did not spring up upon the soil; it was the work of a Committee, with its headquarters at Bucharest. It seems clear from the reports of Mr. Baring and Eugene Schuyler[2] that the terrible scenes which followed were the result, in great measure, of panic terror on both sides. The Bucharest Committee, having persuaded the poor Bulgarian peasants that they were about to be massacred by the Turks, and that it was necessary that they should rise for their own preservation, laid down their programme of slaughter and burning, and induced the peasants of two or three insignificant villages to take arms and to destroy such Mussulmans as were within their reach. This movement, weak and foolish as it was, filled the Turks with wrath and fear. A regular force of a thousand men, sent promptly to the scene of the disturbance, would at once have restored order. With

[1] See above, p. 456.

[2] See Edinburgh and London Quarterly Reviews for October, 1876.

wicked indifference the Grand Vizier refused to send this force; the bashi bazouks were let loose, and then followed those awful atrocities which curdled the blood of the civilized world, which effectually cut off from the Turks all sympathy and help, and left them to meet, single-handed and alone, the mortal struggle which evidently was just before them.

At the beginning of July, 1876, the Servians declared war upon the Turks, and began that ill-starred and disastrous campaign which, but for the interference of the European Powers, would have ended in their complete subjugation. This war, it is now clear, was not so much a national movement under Servian leaders as the work of outside agitators, like the insurrection in Bulgaria. It was led and controlled by a crowd of Russian adventurers,[1] who despised and abused the Servians, and between whom and the Servian soldiers there was from the beginning a deep antipathy, which grew as the war went on, into a bitter, too often a deadly, hatred. We are told that "a Servian regiment went into battle at Alexinatz with twenty-two Russian officers, of whom only four came out alive, and all those who were found on the field were shot in the back," that is, by Servian bullets.[2] These facts, with the youth and inefficiency of Prince Milan, are quite enough to explain the complete failure of the Servian campaign.

In the latter part of the autumn of 1876, the state of

[1] In the autumn of 1876, there were from fifteen to twenty thousand Russians in the Servian army. General Tchernaieff, the Commander-in chief, was a Russian.

[2] London Quarterly Review for October, 1876, p. 302.

things in European Turkey was such as to engage the most serious attention of every government of Europe. There was no hope that the Turkish authorities could ever remedy the anarchy and terrorism which filled the northern provinces; the sympathy of the Russian people in behalf of their Slavonian kindred had been roused to the highest pitch of intensity, and the government of St. Petersburg found it almost impossible to resist the popular demand for an instant declaration of war. The time had evidently come when it was necessary that the Powers should intervene, not simply to restore order in European Turkey, but to preserve the peace of Europe.

Under these circumstances, it was proposed that a Conference of the Great Powers should be held at Constantinople, for the purpose of giving to the disturbed provinces a permanent and efficient government, under the guarantee and subject to the supervision of the Powers. To this proposition, with an ill grace and very reluctantly, the Turks gave their consent, and the Conference met on the 10th of December. It very soon appeared, however, that the heads of the Turks had been turned by their successes in Servia, and that they would make no important concessions. One proposal of the Conference after another was rejected, until, on the 15th of January, 1877, it presented its ultimatum to the Porte,[1] with the distinct announcement, that if this proposition should not be accepted, the members of the Conference

[1] This final demand was, that the governors of the disturbed provinces should be appointed for five years with the consent of the Powers; and that mixed commissions of Christians and Turks should be established to regulate the affairs of those provinces.

would at once take their departure, and that thereafter the Sultan could hope for no further sympathy or support from the Powers. On the 17th of January this ultimatum was peremptorily rejected, and the Conference dispersed. The result of this immense folly on the part of the Turkish authorities was to remove all obstacles to the advance of the Russians, and to make it certain that with the Russians they must now, single-handed, fight out the controversy to the bitter end.

In the course of the next three months some futile efforts were made for the preservation of peace, but on the 12th of April (O. S.), 1877, the Czar declared war, and on the 22d of June his armies crossed the Danube. The Roumanians made common cause with the Russians, and declared their complete independence of the Sultan. In the course of the summer a Roumanian army of forty thousand men, well disciplined and equipped, joined the invading force. At first fortune favored the Turks. In Bulgaria and in Asia Minor the Russians suffered serious reverses, and for a time it seemed as if the rash confidence of the Turks might be justified by the event. On the 30th and 31st of July the Russians suffered a disastrous defeat in their attempt to carry the Turkish works at Plevna, a place some twenty-five miles south of the Danube, and from that time on, this unimportant town became the point on which turned the fortunes of the war. In September another unsuccessful attack upon Plevna cost the Russian and Roumanian forces a loss of eight thousand men. A month later the tide turned. On the 15th of October Mûktar Pasha was totally defeated in Armenia, and on the 18th of November Kars surrendered, leaving

the Russians masters of Eastern Asia Minor. On the 10th of December the long and desperate struggle at Plevna was brought to an end by the unconditional surrender of Osman Pasha with his whole army. The fall of Plevna was followed by the sudden and complete collapse of the Turkish cause. All power of resistance was at an end. On the 20th of January, 1878, the Grand Duke Nicholas entered Adrianople, and on the 3d of March (N. S.) the Treaty of San Stefano was signed.

This treaty was signed while the Russian armies lay encamped at the gates of Constantinople, unresisted and irresistible, holding the capital, the government, and the Empire securely in their grasp. It was the dictation of relentless power to a crushed and helpless state. The treaty provided for the complete independence, with enlarged territories, of Montenegro, Servia, and Roumania; and for a war indemnity of more than one billion of dollars, in lieu of the greater part of which the Czar was to accept territory and fortresses in Armenia. The most important article of the treaty, an article which came very near embroiling all Europe in war, and which led finally to the Congress of Berlin, was that constituting the new Principality of Bulgaria. This principality would have included almost all that was left of European Turkey, extending from the Danube to Kavala and the Archipelago, and from Adrianople to the head waters of the Drina and the mountains of Albania. It was to be subject and tributary to the Porte, but its government and all its conditions were so arranged as to make it in reality a mere dependency of Russia. The effect of the treaty would thus have been to firmly establish the power of

Russia, not upon the Bosphorus alone, but upon the Archipelago and the Mediterranean.

English writers and statesmen, seeing all things Eastern in the light of their own interests, have arraigned the attacks of Servia, Russia, and Roumania upon the Turks in the wars of the past two years, as wholly selfish and aggressive, without provocation or justifying cause. But let it not be forgotten that the Turk is a stranger and an alien in Europe, holding his possessions by no other right than that of a most cruel and murderous conquest; that his rule has been that of the true believer over Giaours and Christian dogs; that, save as they were wrung from him and held by the strong hand, he has conceded to his Christian subjects no rights whatsoever, but the right—a partial and uncertain right—*to live*, upon the payment of tribute; and that his government in this nineteenth century has been a monstrous anachronism, a hideous chaos of anarchy, confusion, poverty, and social stagnation, incapable of improvement or reform. Certainly, Europe owes the Turk no consideration, is under no obligations to him, save upon the bond of treaty stipulations; his Christian subjects owe him no allegiance, have no duty towards him but the duty to break his evil yoke from their necks just as soon as they have the power. Nevertheless, it was not for the well-being of Europe, least of all was it in accordance with the interests of England and Austria, that a Russian despotism should supersede that of the Turk at Constantinople. Hardly, therefore, had the Russian armies taken their position before Constantinople, when they found themselves confronted by a British fleet, while the English government put forth

its peremptory demand that the Russians should still hold themselves bound by the treaty of 1856, and submit the treaty of San Stefano to a Congress of the European Powers. It seemed at first as if this demand could not be conceded; but wise and peaceful counsels at last prevailed; Russia yielded to the voice of Europe, and on the 14th of June, 1878, the Congress opened at Berlin—a Congress composed, not of envoys and ambassadors, but of the Prime Ministers of the several Powers, embodying in itself the power and authority of Europe, and marking, by the mere fact of its convening, a new era in the history of the civilized world. A spirit of wisdom, conciliation, and righteous dealing, not always seen in such assemblies, marked the sessions of the Congress, and on the 13th of July, with the joyful approval of Christian Europe, the Treaty of Berlin was signed.

The chief points in this treaty, important to our present purpose, are the following:[1]—

1. Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro are recognized as free and independent states, on condition that they establish the perfect freedom of religious worship and the perfect equality of all religions and the followers of all religions before the law. And, by Article 62, the same religious freedom, the same equality of the adherents of all religions in all political rights, privileges, and prerogatives, is extended to and made the fundamental law of the whole Turkish Empire.

2. The boundaries of the three independent states thus formed receive the following modifications:—

[1] Official English Text of the Treaty of Berlin.—London Mail, July 17, 1878.

Roumania restores to Russia the territory lying east of the River Pruth, and receives the islands at the mouth of the Danube, and the Dobrudja, a district south of the mouths of the Danube, extending to a line drawn from a point on the Danube just below Silistria south-eastward so as to strike the Black Sea below Mangalia.

Servia receives an accession of territory on the south-east, the eastern and south-western boundaries of the Principality being extended so as to meet on the water-shed between the Morava and the Struma, at a point nearly west from Sophia.

Montenegro is enlarged upon the south; the south-eastern boundary being removed so as to pass between Antivari and Dulcigno and cross Lake Scutari. The free navigation of Lake Scutari and the Boyana River are assured to the Montenegrins. Antivari and its territory are thus given to the Principality, but on condition that its harbor be closed to the ships of war of all nations, and that Montenegro shall have neither ships of war nor flag of war.

3. Bulgaria, the province lying north of the Balkans, and extending west to the new boundary of Servia so as to include Sophia, is constituted a semi-independent principality on the same footing formerly occupied by Servia. The Principality is to have its own Prince, freely chosen by the people, its own militia and domestic government, and is to be tributary to the Sultan, but under the supervision of the Great Powers.

4. Bosnia and Herzegovina are to be "occupied and administered by Austria-Hungary."

5. Central Bulgaria, the district south of the Balkans,

of which Philippopolis (Philibeh) is the capital, is constituted an autonomous province, subject to the Sultan, under the name of Eastern Roumelia. The southern boundary of Eastern Roumelia follows the range of the Despoto Dagh Mountains until it strikes the River Arda, then turns north, crosses the Maritsa and the Tunja a few miles above Adrianople, then strikes eastwards to the Black Sea. Eastern Roumelia is to have a Christian Governor-general, appointed by the Porte with the consent of the Powers, for the term of five years. Its system of government and domestic administration is to be elaborated by a European commission to be appointed at once. It is to have its own militia and police forces. The Sultan may occupy and defend the province by his regular army, never by irregular forces or bashi bazouks.

6. The Kingdom of Greece will rectify its northern boundary by agreement with the Porte, in accordance with the 13th Protocol of the Congress of Berlin. The arrangements now in force in the Island of Crete are to be strictly carried out; and Turkish commissions, in which the native populations shall be largely represented, acting with the advice of the European commission for Eastern Roumelia, are to extend the same arrangements, with necessary modifications, to the other provinces of the Turkish Empire.

In considering the effects of the two treaties—the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention—upon the present and the future of the Turkish Empire, it is to be observed:—

1. The northern boundary of the Sultan's European dominions is in effect removed southwards from the Car-

pathians and the Danube to the line of the Balkans; reducing the area of Turkey in Europe by more than one-half. Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro are wholly free; Bulgaria, in every point except its annual tribute, is equally free; and Bosnia and Herzegovina, "occupied and administered by Austria-Hungary," without terms or limitations, must be regarded as permanently annexed to Austria.

2. By this loss of territory the Empire is not essentially weakened; is, on the contrary, greatly benefited and strengthened. Eastern Roumelia is still subject to the authority of the Porte,[1] and, under a better government, will soon become more valuable to the Empire than ever before. Bulgaria is lost, but its tribute still remains; and beyond Bulgaria the loss of territory is in every respect a great gain. The Porte has been relieved of the incumbrance of an immense territory of which it had long had but the most partial control and enjoyment, which had been and would still have remained the occasion of frequent, costly, and ruinous wars. The European provinces still remaining form a vast and magnificent region, compact, homogeneous (comparatively), and easily defensible, enough in themselves to form a great and powerful state.

3. The independence of the Ottoman government is (for the time) effectually swept away. By these two treaties the Powers have extended their authoritative interference and their efficient control to every part of the Turkish Empire and administration. But with this supervision

[1] The relation of Eastern Roumelia to the Empire will be almost exactly like that of one of our own States to the General Government.

there is also protection; and while, for the first time in many generations, good government and prosperity are now made possible to all the peoples of the Empire, it is at the same time relieved from all occasion for its present great and ruinous armaments.

4. The last and most important effect of the Treaty of Berlin is one not distinctly stated, perhaps not contemplated, in that instrument. By this treaty the Powers have in reality drawn a permanent dividing line between the Greek and the Slavonian peoples of the Empire, and "distributed" European Turkey between them. The peoples north of the dividing line [1] are made the masters of their own territories, their own institutions, their own destinies, while the Greeks, excepting one general provision, are passed by in silence. But this one provision in behalf of the Greeks may prove in the end the most important point of the whole Treaty. For that provision is the charter of full deliverance and freedom to the whole Greek race—a charter already given in form and words by the new Turkish Constitution, but now sealed, guaranteed, and made effectual by the authority of Europe. No person in the Turkish Empire can hereafter be excluded, on the ground of difference of religion, from the exercise of civil or political rights, from the public service, functions, and honors, or from the exercise of any profession or industry.[2] This provision of the Treaty must result, in no long time, in transferring to Greek

[1] Except in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which, in their present divided, barbarian state, can only be governed by a strong hand, and are most wisely subjected to the authority of Austria.

[2] Articles 23 and 62.

hands the complete control of all that remains of European Turkey.[1] Theirs are the brains, the intelligence, the capital, the restless activity, the keen sagacity, the practical skill; and now that all disabilities are removed, in their hands must soon center the positive power. By the Treaty of Berlin there is no position open to a Turk to which the Greek may not equally aspire. A Greek may become Pasha, Ambassador, or Grand Vizier, may rise to command the armies of the Sultan. Higher even than this are the possibilities of his future; for in the event—not improbable, perhaps not very remote—of a change of the dynasty reigning at Constantinople, it is at least possible that a Greek should attain to the imperial throne, and so fulfill the fond and long-cherished dream of his race.

[1] Excepting Albania.

CHAPTER XII

TURKEY SINCE THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN.

The provisions of the Congress of Berlin, summed up in the last chapter, although accepted by the Sultan, were met with opposition by some of his subjects, assisted, as some think, secretly by the government at Constantinople. One of these underhand protests against the arrangements made by the treaty of 1878, was the formation of the Albanian League. Some years later a Kurdish League also was discovered to be in existence. The Moslem population of Albania, displeased with the check to Islamism, revolted, formed a league, and raised 25,000 armed men. Mehemet Ali, the Turkish commissioner who was to carry out in Albania the provisions stipulated at Berlin, was murdered. The Albanians have never been thoroughly under the rule of the Turks. They now resolved to govern themselves, giving up no part of Albania to foreign nationalities, but remaining subject to the Sultan. This rendered it hard for the Porte to accede to the demand made by the other powers of Europe that portions of Montenegro should cease to belong to Turkey. In 1881 the Albanian League had increased in power and demanded the union of all Albania under one government superintended by the Porte, that the Albanian language should be the official language, and should

be taught in the schools, that Albanian customs and laws should remain in force, and that the boundaries should be once and for all fixed.

In 1897 this was further extended by a demand that the Porte should grant autonomy to Albania, appointing an Albanian as governor. This, being ignored by the Sultan, led to an uprising which was quelled by the Turkish troops.

In 1884, upon the expiration of the term of office of Aleko Pasha, the governorship of Eastern Roumelia became vacant. Aleko was not reappointed because of his revolutionary tendencies, and the place was given to his minister, Christovitch, a native Bulgarian.

In the following year a revolution broke out in Roumelia, the object of which was to get rid of Christovitch and place Aleko Pasha on the throne as King of United Bulgaria, deposing Prince Alexander. Another party, however, wished to put Alexander on the United Bulgarian throne.

In 1885 this matter was adjusted by making Alexander the Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia.

It was agreed by the signers of the Berlin Treaty that the Sultan should undertake "scrupulously to apply in the Island of Crete the Organic Law of 1868, with such modifications as may be considered equitable," and that the Sultan should depute special commissions for the management of affairs in the island, in which commissions the native element should be largely represented.

In 1884 there was some disturbance in Crete, the cause of which was the innate hatred between the Greek and Moslem inhabitants. This was most bitterly expressed whenever a Greek priest was arrested

and tried by Turkish common law, and was accentuated in the present case by the fact that the governorship of Crete, which had become vacant this year, was about to be filled by a Moslem appointee. The Greek population sent protests, in the shape of petitions by telegraph, both to the English government and to the Sultan. The result of these was the appointment of the former governor of Crete, whose term had just expired, for five years more. Further efforts were made on behalf of the Greek priests, and, on the refusal of the Porte to change the order making them subject to Moslem common law, the interposition of Russia was gained, a change in the Turkish ministry took place, and the Sultan finally granted that the Greek priests need not be brought before civil tribunals.

In 1887 further concessions were made to the people of Crete. Half the revenue of the island was to belong to the Cretans, a deficit in the budget in one year was to be compensated for in other more favorable years, the acts of the Cretan Assembly were to be approved in Constantinople within three months, and the Christian element in the island was to be given a greater recognition in matters of local government.

In 1889 the attention of the European powers was called again to Crete. The discontent of the Christian inhabitants had reached such a pitch that acts of violence were common. Additional Turkish troops were sent to the island, the governor was replaced, and two villages in the interior were the scenes of bloody encounters between the natives and the Turkish soldiery. A movement was set on foot for the annexation of Crete to Greece. The Turkish troops were finally ordered to remain in garrison, which gave opportunity for further

violence in the rural districts. Many persons fled to Greece for safety. At this juncture the Greek government addressed a circular letter to Austria, Great Britain, Italy, Germany, Russia and France, asking them to unite in sending military and naval forces to Crete sufficient to restore order, and said if this could not be done Greece would herself send her whole armament to Crete for that purpose. The request was not granted by the powers, on the ground that the disturbance was not international in character, and that they were not permitted to do so by the Treaty of Berlin of 1878. The Turkish government kept on sending troops till there were 40,000 in the island, and comparative quiet was gradually restored. This was followed by a decree from Constantinople which considerably diminished the privileges of the Cretans. Their assembly was reduced to fifty-seven members, the governor-general was to be appointed for an unlimited term of office, a Turkish police force was established all over the island, and an amnesty granted to all the Cretans except the leaders of the last disturbance. This was met, however, by a firm determination on the part of the Cretans not to yield to the conditions imposed, and the foreign minister of Greece pointed out to the powers that the decree was not in accordance with agreements with the Porte, which had been made even before the Congress of Berlin, and had been again confirmed by that body. He added that the Greek government would be unable to acquiesce in the carrying out of the decree. The position of Greece in the European world was just at this time strengthened by the marriage of the Crown Prince of Greece, the Duke of Sparta, to the Princess Sophie, sister of William II. of Germany.

In 1890 more atrocities were committed by Turkish troops in Crete, and excesses of both Christians and Moslems caused another exodus to Greece, more than 2,000 persons having crossed from Crete. A decree of the Sultan pardoning certain political prisoners made matters more peaceful for a time, but a dispute arose concerning the appointment of Bulgarian bishops to Greek sees.

In 1895 Christian uprisings again occurred. The Turkish forces attacked the insurgents near Apokorona on December 10th, but were repulsed. After being reenforced they captured a number of Christians. In 1896 further friction between Christian and Moslem elements was followed by the retirement of Abdullah Pasha, the governor-general, and the substitution of Georgi Berovitch Pasha, Prince of Samos, who was thought to be both enlightened and humane. Abdullah was retained, however, as commander-in-chief of troops. The Cretans made still further demands upon the Porte, looking to the powers to help them obtain them. The demands included as before that a Christian should be appointed governor, and added others: viz., the establishment of a native militia; the confinement of the Turkish troops to three forts on the island; that a proportionate number of Christian officials should be allowed to hold public office, and, chief among other requests, that the powers should guarantee their fulfillment. After considerable delay upon the Sultan's part, all of these demands were conceded, and an agreement was made between the Sultan and the powers. The carrying out of these provisions was almost prevented by the fact that the commander of the Turkish army in Crete, Abdullah Pasha, was superior in rank to the governor-

general, Berovitch Pasha, and on many occasions refused to co-operate with him.

In 1897 an attempt, at first ineffectual, but later successful, was made by the European powers to come to an understanding among themselves by which they could unite in a combined method of coercion to force the Sultan, by a military and naval display, to carry out in reality the much-needed reforms that he had so long promised. Meanwhile a war had broken out between Greece and Turkey on the borders of Thessaly, and Crete had declared independence from Turkey, with the long-cherished hope of becoming united with Greece. The Island of Crete had become the scene of murder and vandalism. The insurgents on March 25th attacked the Turkish troops in their blockhouses in Akrotisi, and drove them out, but were, after a bombardment by the fleet, forced to retire. The Cretans were re-enforced by Greek troops. The powers proposed the autonomy of Crete and the Sultan agreed to the proposal, but it did not please either Greece or Crete.

The year 1897 passed without any event of importance occurring in Crete, save perhaps the withdrawal of a German army corps. This was thought to be an indication that Germany, who has large commercial interests in the Balkan provinces of Turkey, had concluded not to countenance the attitude of the great powers toward Turkey.

In 1898 the peaceful blockade of the island still continued, and after several outbreaks of the disorders, in one of which some British marines were killed, comparative order was restored by the combined efforts of the admirals. In September they resolved that the Ottoman troops should be obliged to withdraw from the

island for good, and the month of October was set for their departure. Difficulties arose, however, in October, the powers not agreeing as to how much force should be exercised to make the Turks give up their arms.

During the period under review in this chapter, from 1878 to 1898, Turkey has received more attention and disapprobation, for her almost criminal negligence in the management of Armenia, than for anything else that has happened in her administration.

The troubles in Armenia were heard from as early as 1880, when accounts came to the civilized world of terrible destitution and death by starvation in the province of Van. They were oppressed by unjust taxes, only part of which ever reached the imperial treasury at Constantinople; they were continually harassed by the Kurds, who seem to have had no aim but massacre and pillage. Several hundred villages were destroyed, the inhabitants fleeing for protection to Russian territory. Armenia was supposed to have a force of gendarmes, as appointments for the purpose had been made in Constantinople, but had so far been only committed to paper. Immediate protests were registered with the Porte by the powers, and as usual reforms were agreed upon, but as always before and many times afterward the Sultan made little pretense of carrying out his promises. Where he did as he had said, he followed the letter and not the spirit of the agreement. For instance, he was persuaded to divide Armenia into districts more easily to be administered, and such that the Armenians should have some voice in the local management; but the districts when finally made were so divided as to give the Moslems a majority in every dis-

trict. To make matters still harder for the Armenians, the Kurds were organized into a "League" somewhat similar to the Albanian League already noticed.

In 1881 the condition of the Armenians was no better, as they continued to suffer from the inroads of the Kurds; and in 1883 a further protest from Armenia was heard against the delay of the Turkish authorities to carry out the promised reforms. In 1889 Europe again had to interpose, in the cause of justice and in behalf of the Armenians, against the ravages of the Turkish Kurds, whose leader, Moussa Bey, was forced to go to Constantinople for trial; where he was acquitted, as might have been expected, of most of the charges made against him.

In 1890 the affairs of the Armenians were in so sorry a condition that their cause was taken up by a number of Armenian archbishops and bishops, who made a report to the Constantinople government and a petition that the privileges of the Armenian Church might be given back to it, and that the reforms promised by the Sultan's representatives at the Congress of Berlin should at last be made. Charges were trumped up against the churches that they contained rifles and ammunition and that the priests fomented a spirit of revolution, but upon investigation these charges proved to be unfounded. The search made for arms had resulted only in arousing the people to much bitterness of feeling and in damage to the church property. Shops were closed, and, after a Christian attack on some Mohammedan shops, a great slaughter of the Christian inhabitants followed, an armed mob falling upon unprotected men and women, killing them and smashing their houses. The windows of the British consul's office were broken

and the lives of the consul and his wife were imperiled. Twenty persons were killed and over five hundred wounded. Another serious scene of violence was the Armenian Cathedral, in a small town near Constantinople. In this affair two Armenians lost their lives and thirty were wounded. The Patriarch of the Church resigned and a reign of anarchy was about to begin, when the Sultan appointed a commission to inquire into the causes of the disaffection on the part of the Armenian people. The commissioners, who were Armenians, reported that their people had no intention to revolt provided they were given the right to live without incessant persecutions. Their report was re-enforced by the statements of two foreign ambassadors. The Sultan persisted in his policy of delay, and named commissions one after the other to investigate further and further; but no good came of them, save that the Patriarch who had resigned was persuaded to take back his resignation for the peace of the community.

In 1894, after the Kurdish depredations, the Armenians were unable to pay their taxes, and were punished by extremely cruel treatment inflicted on them by the Turkish troops. The first force sent against the mountaineers of the Sassun district was repulsed, but a large number of soldiers was then collected, finishing their work of subduing and pacifying the debtors by laying waste twenty-five villages and murdering several thousand Christians. This was the report sent to civilized Europe from Armenian sources.

The Turkish government published an account of the massacre which may be given as the characteristic Moslem view of these troubles: "Some Armenian brigands, provided with arms of foreign origin, joined an

insurgent Kurd tribe for the purpose of committing excesses, and they burned and devastated several Mussulman villages. To give an idea of the ferocity of these Armenian bands, it is reported that, among other abominable crimes, they burned alive a Mussulman noble. Regular troops were sent to the scene to protect the peaceable inhabitants from these depredations. The Ottoman troops not only protected and respected the submissive portion of the population, as well as the women and children, but re-established order to the general satisfaction. It is not true that the Kurds seized the furniture, effects and cattle of the fugitive Armenians. The latter took their property into the mountains before breaking out into revolt, and confided them to the care of their Kurdish acolytes. The Armenian women at present with the Kurds belong to the families of the brigands, and went of their own accord with their husbands to the insurgent Kurds. As regards the Armenian villages said to have been destroyed, it was the Armenians who carried off all their belongings from their own villages before giving themselves up to brigandage." As was the custom, a commission was appointed to "look into the misdeeds of the Armenian brigands," but it was doubted by all the European nations that this, any more than any other commission, would serve the ends of real justice.

The year 1895 saw absolutely no improvement in the condition of the Armenians. The Sultan again put off the powers of Europe with the appointment of further commissions and the enactment of further laws for the carrying out of reforms, but these were no more fruitful of good result than the many empty promises which he had before given. It seemed as

likely that he was unable as that he was unwilling to enforce the carrying through of the improvements in administration. And to make matters even worse for the Armenians, it became known that a secret revolutionary society had been formed by them in 1887, which had for its objects the assassination by shooting, stabbing or bomb-throwing of the persons whom they found to be most in their way, besides attacks to be made upon mosques and barracks, and upon the Mohammedan officials, including the tax-collectors. They also resolved forcibly to release prisoners arrested for revolutionary demonstrations. It was these facts, and the further statements made by Europeans resident in Turkish provinces, admitting the occasional barbarity of the Armenians themselves in their encounters with the Turks, which delayed the full sympathy of the European nations. But the atrocities reported by eye-witnesses finally became so great that the forcible interposition of civilized nationalities became necessary. A German merchant's report of what he involuntarily saw and heard might be mentioned as a mild instance of the barbarity displayed by Turks against defenceless Armenians. He was on board an Austrian vessel, lying off the city docks of Trebizond, at the time of the massacre of October 8, 1895. An Armenian was shot, wounded, and pushed from the docks into the water. As this was not deep enough to drown him, he was showered with stones. Finally some Turks rowed out to him in a boat, and instead of shooting him dead, cracked his skull with a stone. Another was thrown into the water and held under till he drowned. Accounts even worse than this of torture and butchery would fill a volume and leave the reader with the im-

pression that there is no respect in the hearts of the Turks for the humanity of anything not Moslem, and that Armenians are hated by them and treated by them, in almost every way, worse than dogs of the street.

The year 1896 in the history of Armenian troubles was signalized by the attack upon the Ottoman Bank and the massacres at Constantinople and in Anatolia. The revolutionary party among the Armenians had acquired such strength that a number of them were emboldened to seize the Ottoman Bank at Constantinople August 26, and to threaten that, if the Sultan did not allow them and their fellow Christians, then in imprisonment, to leave the country in safety, they would blow up the bank and themselves along with it. This act, committed with no view of robbing the bank, but only as a means of impressing the Porte with the desperate straits of their countrymen, brought upon the Armenians in Constantinople a visitation of cruelty and barbarity at the hands of the Turks that has not been equaled in many years. The number of persons killed in the rioting which filled the next two days was estimated to be over six thousand. A significant characteristic of the attitude of the Porte in these troubles is furnished by the facts laid before the Sultan in the following collective note, which was sent to him by Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy and Russia: "The representatives of the Great Powers believe it their duty to draw the attention of the Sublime Porte to an exceptionally serious side of the disorders which have recently stained with blood the capital and its environs. It is the declaration on positive data of the fact that the savage bands which murderously attacked the Armenians and pillaged the houses and

shops, which they entered under pretense of looking for agitators, were not accidental gatherings of fanatical people, but presented every indication of a special organization, known by certain agents of the authorities, if not directed by them. This is proved by the following circumstances: 1. The bands rose simultaneously at different points of the town at the first news of the occupation of the bank by the Armenian revolutionaries, before even the police or an armed force had appeared on the scene of the disorder, while the Sublime Porte admits that information was received in advance by the police regarding the criminal designs of the agitators. 2. A great part of the people who composed these bands were dressed and armed in the same manner. 3. They were led or accompanied by Softas, soldiers, or even police officers, who not only looked on unmoved at their excesses, but at times even took part in them. 4. Several heads of the detective police were seen to distribute cudgels and knives among these Bashi Bazouks, and point out to them the direction to take in search of victims. 5. They were able to move about freely, and accomplish their crimes with impunity, under the eyes of the troops and their officers, even in the vicinity of the imperial palace. 6. One of the assassins, arrested by the dragoman of one of the embassies, declared that the soldiers could not arrest him. On being taken to the Yildiz Palace, he was received by the attendants as one of their acquaintances. 7. Two Turks, employed by Europeans, who disappeared during the two days' massacre, declared, on their return, that they had been requisitioned and armed with knives and cudgels in order to kill Armenians. These facts need no comment. The only re-

marks to be added are that they recall what happened in Anatolia, and that such a force, springing up under the eyes of the authorities, and with the co-operation of certain of the latter's agents, becomes an exceedingly dangerous weapon. Directed to-day against one nationality of the country, it may be employed to-morrow against the foreign colonies, or may even turn against those who tolerated its creation. The representatives of the Great Powers do not believe it right to conceal these facts from their governments, and consider it their duty to demand of the Sublime Porte that the origin of this organization should be sought out, and that the instigators and principal actors should be discovered and punished with the utmost rigor. They are ready, on their part, to facilitate the inquiry, which should be opened by making known all the facts brought to their notice by eye-witnesses, which they will take care to submit to a special investigation."

The Sultan thereupon denied that the government had had any part in the control of the murderers, but his statements were received with doubt, as massacres went on in other parts of the empire.

The year 1897 saw continued massacres of Armenians, but more attention was paid to the war with Greece, which broke out on April 9th. Besides sympathizing with the Cretans in their contest with Mohammedans, the Greeks had been led to mobilize their troops on their northern frontier, where Turkish soldiers were being collected in suspiciously large numbers. The first blow seems to have been struck by Greece, though her officers said the attack upon the Turkish encampment in Thessaly had been made without their orders. The war was a series of successes for

Turkey. By the treaty of peace, signed September 18, 1897, the forts on the northern frontier were given into the possession of Turkey, together with a large war indemnity to be paid by Greece. The result of the war was what had been expected, as the Greeks were untrained, ill armed, and badly generaled, and the Turks are thought to have had the skilled advice, in their maneuvers, of certain German army officers.

We have thus given a short account of what has happened since the last chapter was written in two of the principal divisions of the Ottoman Empire; viz., Armenia and Crete. It would be fruitless to follow the intricacies of the history of Bosnia, Bulgaria, Eastern Roumelia, and other states belonging to or tributary to the Turkish government. A word should be said, however, in this place concerning the later history of Egypt, which is the most important vassal state of Turkey.

In 1879 the Khedive, Ismail Pasha, was deposed by the Sultan, and his son, Tewfik, was made Khedive. His position was, to say the least, uncomfortable, as he had several masters—the English and French, who had sent commissioners to superintend Egyptian finances, in order that the money loaned on the Suez Canal should be properly managed and eventually paid back; the Sultan, who had placed him upon the Egyptian throne; and a new so-called "nationalist" party, of which the leader was Arabi Pasha, who had risen from a Fellah to be colonel in the army. With the motto, "Egypt for the Egyptians," he rallied around him the army and the populace, who hated the European Christians. It was not until September 9, 1881, that any open demonstration was made. On that day,

Arabi Pasha marched several regiments of Egyptian troops to the palace of the Khedive, and, with cannon trained on the palace windows, demanded that the Riaz ministry, unpopular with the army, should be retired, that the Chamber of Notables should be summoned, and that certain reforms desired by the army should be carried out. After some hesitation the Khedive granted the first demand, and Arabi gave up the other two. This compromise was followed by the appointment of Sherif Pasha as Prime Minister, with liberty to choose his own Cabinet. Arabi Pasha then took his regiment from Cairo. In the following year, however, the prospect of a military revolt was so evident that two war vessels were sent to Alexandria. The Egyptians began to throw up earthworks opposite the ships as they lay at anchor and to place cannon behind them. The English admiral demanded that these be taken away. Upon the refusal of the troops, who were virtually under the sole control of Arabi, to do this, Admiral Seymour opened fire on them and then on the town. The forts at the entrance of the harbor returned the fire, but at the end of two days a flag of truce was displayed. It was found that Arabi had fled with his regiment. The city was given up to riot and pillage. The British soldiers, coming several days later, took possession of the town, and restored to his palace the Khedive Tewfik, who had fled to a place of safety. Arabi was pursued to Tel-el-Kebir, where he made a stand, but was finally defeated after a sharp battle. Arabi was taken prisoner, sentenced to death by the Khedive, but finally his punishment was commuted to banishment to the island of Ceylon.

The Egyptian army was now reconstructed. About

eleven thousand men were conscribed, half the officers being British. Since then an army of occupation, consisting of four thousand five hundred men, has been maintained in Egypt by Great Britain.

The financial affairs of Egypt were managed by a French and an English adviser—M. Blignieres and Mr. Wilson—until 1883, when the so-called Dual Control was abolished, and an Englishman, Sir A. Colvin, was made financial councilor to the Khedive.

In 1877 Charles George Gordon was appointed by the Khedive governor of the whole of the Soudan, which post he kept until 1880, when he resigned to go to India as secretary to the British governor-general. He was in 1884 persuaded by the Khedive again to take charge of the Soudan, to win it back for the Khedive from the power of the Mahdi, or alleged Mohammedan Messiah, who had got a large following, and, accompanied by Osman Digna, was beginning a revolt of threatening proportions. His efforts in putting down the Mahdist movement were unsuccessful; and after being shut in Khartoum, which was surrounded by the Mahdists, he was finally taken by them and killed, just before a relief expedition of British soldiers could arrive. The British then retired from the Soudan until 1896, when the restlessness of the Mahdists, after the defeat of the Italians in Eretria, and the successes of the new Mahdist leader, the Khalifa, induced the British government to send another force to regain possession of the Soudan. The expedition had succeeded in 1898, under General Sir H. H. Kitchener, in regaining Omdurman, the city built opposite the ruins of Khartoum; and in September of that year had progressed as far as Fashoda, some four hundred

miles southward, where, to their great surprise, they found a French force, under General Marchand, already in possession. It was feared that this would lead to serious complications between France and Great Britain.

The anomalous condition of Egypt to-day, which, as tributary to Turkey, pays her $3,600,000 annually, is well described by a writer in the "Fortnightly Review."

"The serious question for responsible people now to ask themselves is: Whether the beneficial improvement that has taken place in the Khedive's Egypt is to continue, or whether it is to be checked and probably entirely destroyed? One thing is certain, that, unless there is some European control, all the advances that have been gained since 1885 would vanish. Were Egypt left to herself, if that were possible, or were it again to pass under the control of Turkish pashas, all old methods and old abuses would be revived. . . . It is probable that, were European control withdrawn, there would be such a rebound that the last state of the land would be worse than the first. Even the great works that have been commenced would almost certainly be neglected, and, by inattention and carelessness, go to ruin."

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